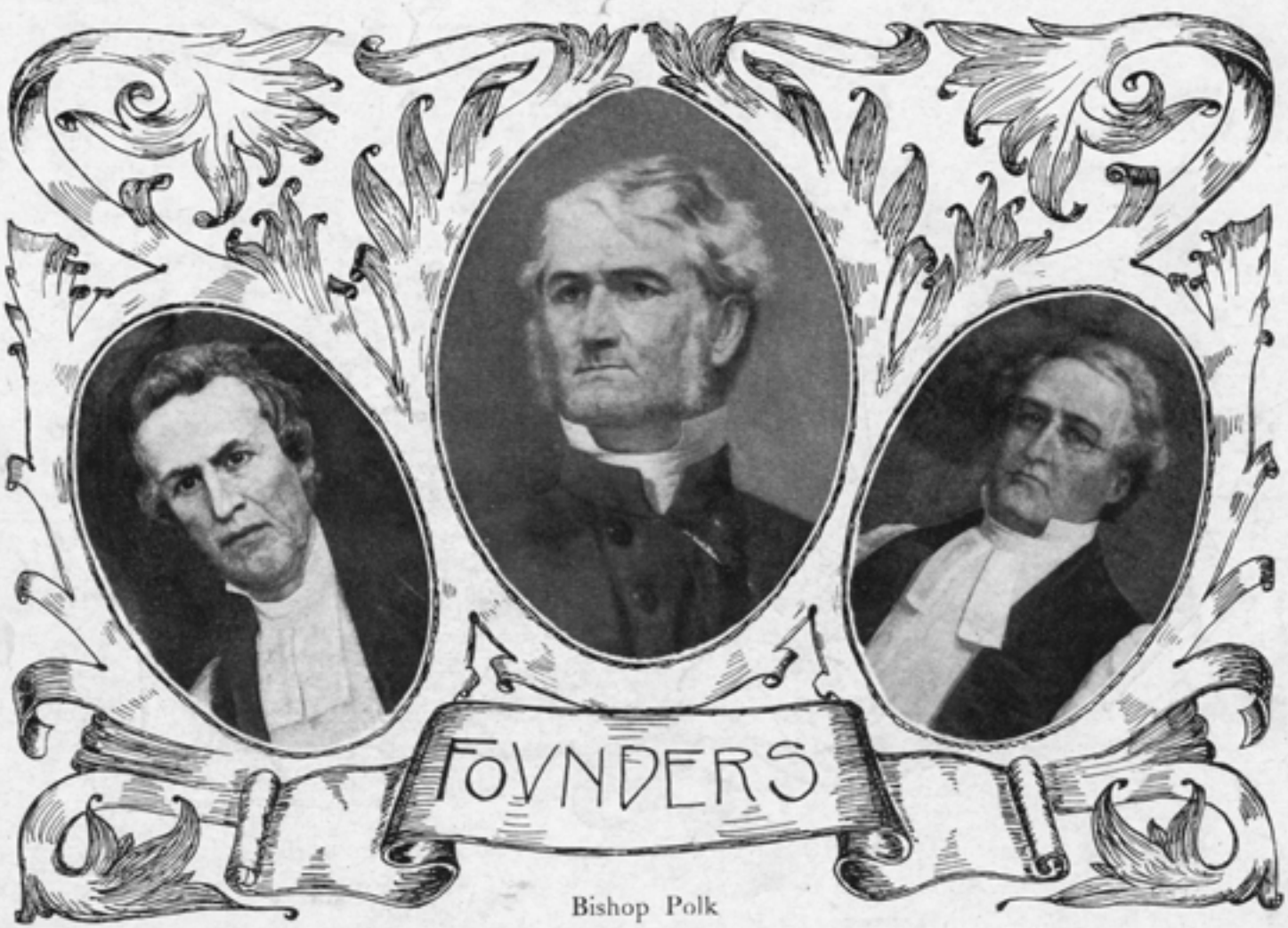


Cap and Gown 1900~

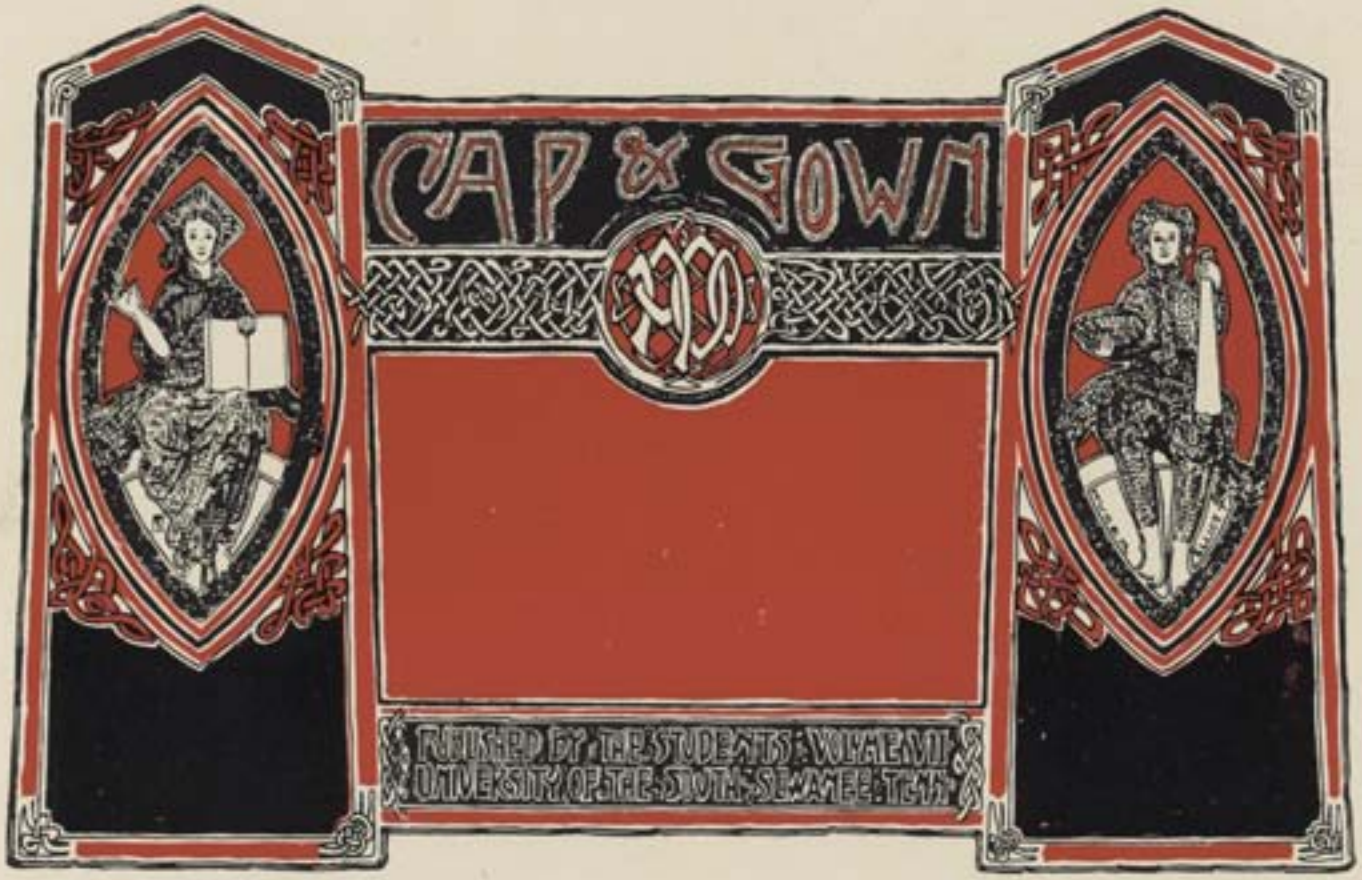

GREETING
WE REHEARSE THE SCENES OF OUR VNIVERSITY'S YESTERDAY WITH A REVERENCE BORN OF THE REALIZATION OF NOBLE TRUTH, WE PASS FORWARD TOWARD THE PLENTEOUS REWARD OF OUR VNIVERSITY'S TO MORROW WITH AN INSPIRATION FIRED OF A REASONABLE HOPE. IN FAITH, THE GIRD OF SERVITUDE AND MANTLE, WE FACE THE DUTIES OF OUR VNIVERSITY'S TO DAY.
IF WE BY ALL INTO YOUR HEARTS ANY REVERENCE FOR SEWANEE'S PAST, ANY DETERMINATION TO MAKE MORE GLORIOUS SEWANEE'S FVTVRE, ANY VITAL INTEREST IN SEWANEE'S PRESENT, THEN OUR SOLE PURPOSE IS ACCOMPLISHED, OUR WORK IS DONE.
TO EVERY ONE WHOSE HEART IS IN ACCORD WITH THE CHERISHED IDEALS OF THIS INSTITVTION, TO EVERY FRIEND AND PATRON OF THIS, THE CHVRCH'S VNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, TO EVERY ONE WHO LOVES THE NAME SEWANEE, WE OFFER THIS NINTH VOLVME OF HER CAP AND GOWN, COMMEMORATIVE OF HER PAST FIFTY YEARS OF STEADY PROGRESS, AND INDICATIVE OF HER PRESENT AND FVTVRE PROSPERITY.
BOARD OF EDITORS.
HALLER ELLIOTT



Bishop Otey

Bishop Polk

Bishop Elliott


CAP & GOWN
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH SEWANEE TENN



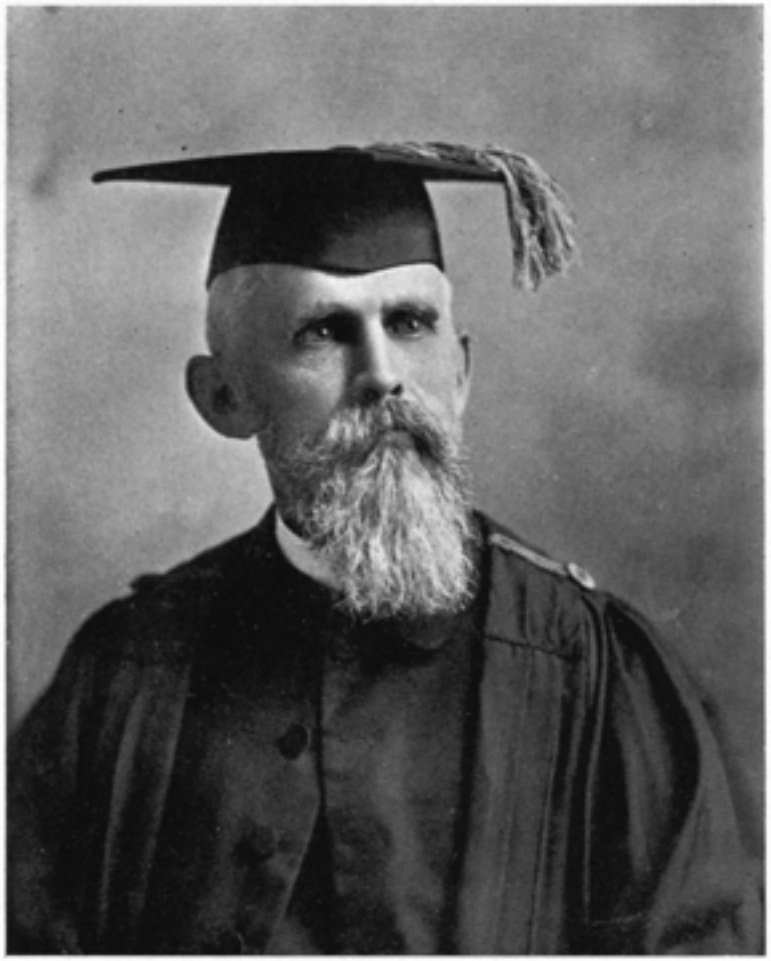
CONTENTS



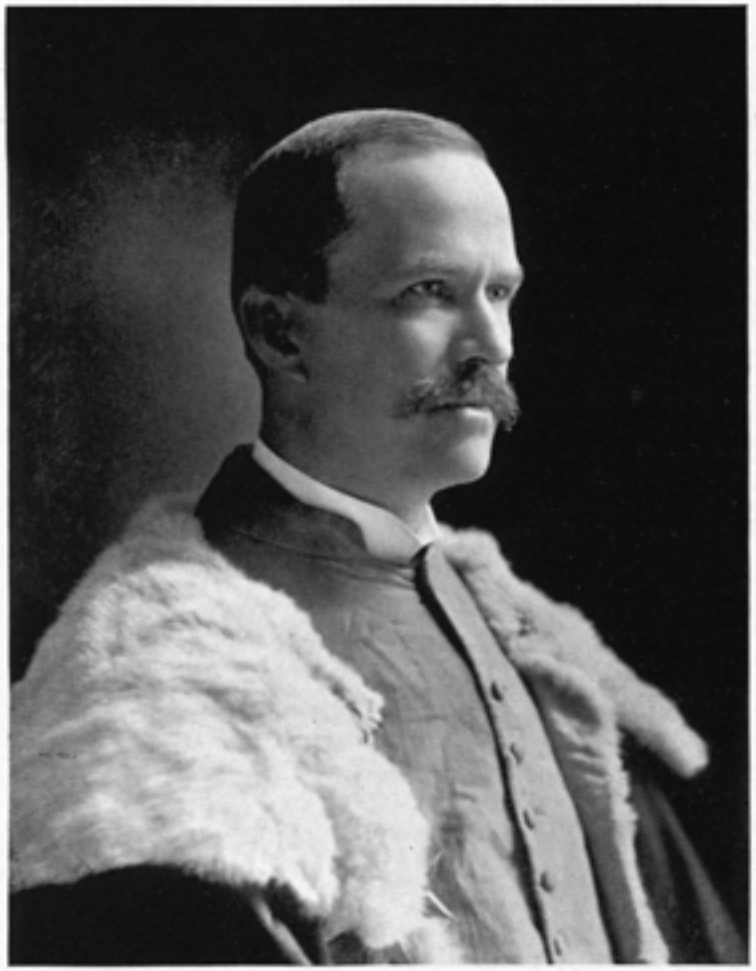
Rev. William Porcher DuBose, M. A., S. T. D. 8
Benjamin Lawton Wiggins, M. A., LL. D. 9
Dedication 10
Greeting 11
The Faculty 12
The Faculty (Medical) 13
Officers of Instruction and Government 14–15
Map of the University Domain 16
Theological Department 17–21
Hodgson Memorial Infirmary 22
Medical Department 23–27
Walsh Memorial Hall and Convocation House 28
Law Department 29–32
Academic Department 33–38
Necrology 39
Quintard Memorial Hall 40–41
Hoffman Memorial Hall 42
Commencement 43–53
Commencement Season 44–46
Medical Commencement 47
Medical Class of 1899 48–49
Class of 1899 50
Class of 1900 51–53
Manigault Park 54
Fraternities 55–77
Alpha Tau Omega 56–58
Sigma Alpha Epsilon 59–61
Kappa Sigma 62–64
Phi Delta Theta 65–67
Delta Tau Delta 68–70
Kappa Alpha 71–73
Pi Kappa Alpha 74–76
Pan-Hellenic Convention 77
Breslin Tower from the Infirmary 78
Literary Societies 79–88
Sigma Epsilon 80–81
Pi Omega 82–83
John S. Cain Medical and Surgical Society 84
Chelidon 85
Homiletic Society 86
The Shakespeare Club of Sewanee 87
Southern Interstate Oratorical Association 88
Prizes 89–90
Sewanee Publications 91–101
Cap and Gown 92–93
Contributors 94–95
The Purple 96–98
The Sewanee Literary Magazine 99–100
The Sewanee Review 101
Sewanee Bibliography 102
Clubs and Organizations 103–145
St. Augustine's Choir 104–105
Glee Club 106–107
University Orchestra 108
Sewanee Alumni Association 109
Ye Anciente Association of Junior Alumni 110
Association of the Texas Alumni of Sewanee 111
The New York Alumni Association 112
Mississippi Alumni Association 113
The Senior German Club 114–115
The Junior German Club 116–117
The Amateur Theatricals 118
The Minstrels 119
The Golf Club 120
Secret Societies 121–127
The E. Q. B. 128–129

The Law Club 130
The Tennis Club 131
Rough House Gang 132
The Owls 133
Palmetto Hall 134–135
The Missionary Society 136
Chess Club 137
Alabama Club 138
The Georgia State Club 139
Florida Club 140
The South Carolina Club 141
Mississippi Club 142
Tennessee Club 143
Texas Club 144
Yankee Club 145
Locust Avenue 146
Athletics 147–161
Athletic Association 148
Football 149–153
Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association . . . 154
Baseball 155–159
Gymnasium Team 160–161
A Literary Shop 162
Literary Department 163
Poem — "Far Greater Colleges in many Lands" . . 164
The Inception of Sewanee 165–167
Sewanee Landmarks 168
The Evolution of Sewanee 169–172
Goodbye to Summer 173
The Sewanee of To-day 174–180
Ye Tale of an Eventful Weeke 181–194
Uncle Mose on Sewanee 195–197
Verses — "Quips" 198
Verses — "Cranks" 199
Some Sewanee Residences 200
Sewanee from a Resident's Point of View . . . 201–204
"Avatar" 205–209
George William Quintard 210
Our Benefactors 211–212
The Carolina Game 213–215
Sewanee Winter Scenes 216–217
Sewanee Alumni in the Spanish War 218
Renascence of the Spirit 219–222
An Adventure with Malice in Blunderland . . 223–227
A Song of the Departments 228
Justice in St. Luke's Court 229–233
Poem — Forensic 234
The Letters of One Bessie Brunt — Summer Girl . 235–238
An Interrupted Discourse 239–242
Dancing: A Dialogue 243–244
Waterfalls near Sewanee 245
The Story of a Story 246–249
The Nineteenth Century 250
Pleasantrie 251
A Page from a Junior's Primer 252–253
Gibes 254
The Want Column 255
The End 256
Advertisements 257





REVEREND WILLIAM PORCHER DuBOSE, M. A., S. T. D.
DEAN OF THE THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT



BENJAMIN LAWTON WIGGINS, M. A., LL. D.
Vice Chancellor of the University

Dedication

SEWANEE, like all living and growing things, has a soul and a body; and so far it has illustrated the Divine plan and has had more soul than body. The soul came first—life, spirit, ideals, nobleness, honor, Christian consciousness. This made our University what it is and enabled it to outlive all perils. The spiritual life is the immortal life, and upon the purity and power of its spirit depends Sewanee's permanence in the future time. But the soul, in order to affect, to influence this common world, must have a body in which and through which to operate. Ideas may become "poor ghosts" if they be not incorporated adequately; and so Sewanee needs the development of its physical, material side.

Sewanee has made its fine, high record of true scholarship, noble spirit and great ideals—its record of "plain living and high thinking," of Professors who loved sacrifice, and of students who in thought and life have honored their *Alma Mater*.

Sewanee can say, as few institutions can say, "All I need is money, is the development of the physical and material side." And we may thank God that it is not the other way, that we do not have to say, "All we have is money, and all we need is spirit and power."

All the men who have worked for Sewanee may be divided into three classes, those who have emphasized the spiritual side; those who have emphasized the material side; those who, having been trained in the spiritual enthusiasm, received inspiration to work and plan for the material progress.

This number of the CAP AND GOWN is dedicated to the REV. WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE, D. D., and to PROFESSOR B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M. A., LL. D., because they represent both elements in Sewanee's life.

Dr. DuBose, though he has drunk of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, must be classed with the Ancients, who made Sewanee's soul. They were a great company—Quintard, Dabney, Gorgas, Shoup, Elliott, McCrady, Harrison, Kirby-Smith, DuBose. Over them the light lingers. Through the mists of the early struggles and privations their stars shine clear, resplendent. For them and through them the spirit was power. The sordid earth could not corrupt them. The pains of poverty could not daunt them. They never stooped to buy popularity by compromise, nor to sell principle for endowments. They created an atmosphere of truth, honor, virtue and the fear of God; and they left an impress upon the soul of Sewanee, that, we pray, shall last forever. God bless them! They are all gone from us now—all but three—into the silent land. Dr. DuBose is the only one left to us, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. We say enough, when we express our reverence for him as for one who stands nobly representative of the honor of the "olden time."

Our Vice Chancellor, Dr. Wiggins, bears the burden of the new day. In scholarship and character he represents the training, the inspiration, of the great founders of the Sewanee soul. More than any other he was their offspring, their favored son; and with this tradition, within him and behind him, he has applied his native force of administration to the practical problems of the present time. He is a modern man, and therefore fitted to be the head of a modern university. His ideals are not less real because they are embodied in the actual. He is young, and so belongs to our own world, which in every department of human activity has expressed its belief in the force, the energy, the success of youth.

The CAP AND GOWN declares its loyalty and devotion to the Past and Present, to Dr. DuBose and Dr. Wiggins. It honors the present through the past and the past through the present; sees the soul through the body and the body through the soul; and so reaffirms the Divine law, "The Present contains the Past; and is the seed of all the Future."


Greeting
This Seventh Volume of
THE CROWN
is intended to mark an Epoch in the History of Sewanee. We feel that our beloved Alma Mater stands upon the Threshold of a new and broader Life wherein there is little of the Old save the Majesty of her Immortal Ideals and the Ancient love and loyalty of her Sons. It is our privilege to chronicle the benefactions, the achievements and the victories of her two most Glorious years Years which have borne Sewanee far toward the attainment of her lofty Destiny. Secure in the belief that our efforts will meet with nothing but generous sympathy and hearty appreciation We, representing the Fraternities of Sewanee, offer most cordial GREETING to the Noble Brotherhood of Sewanee Men. THE EDITORS



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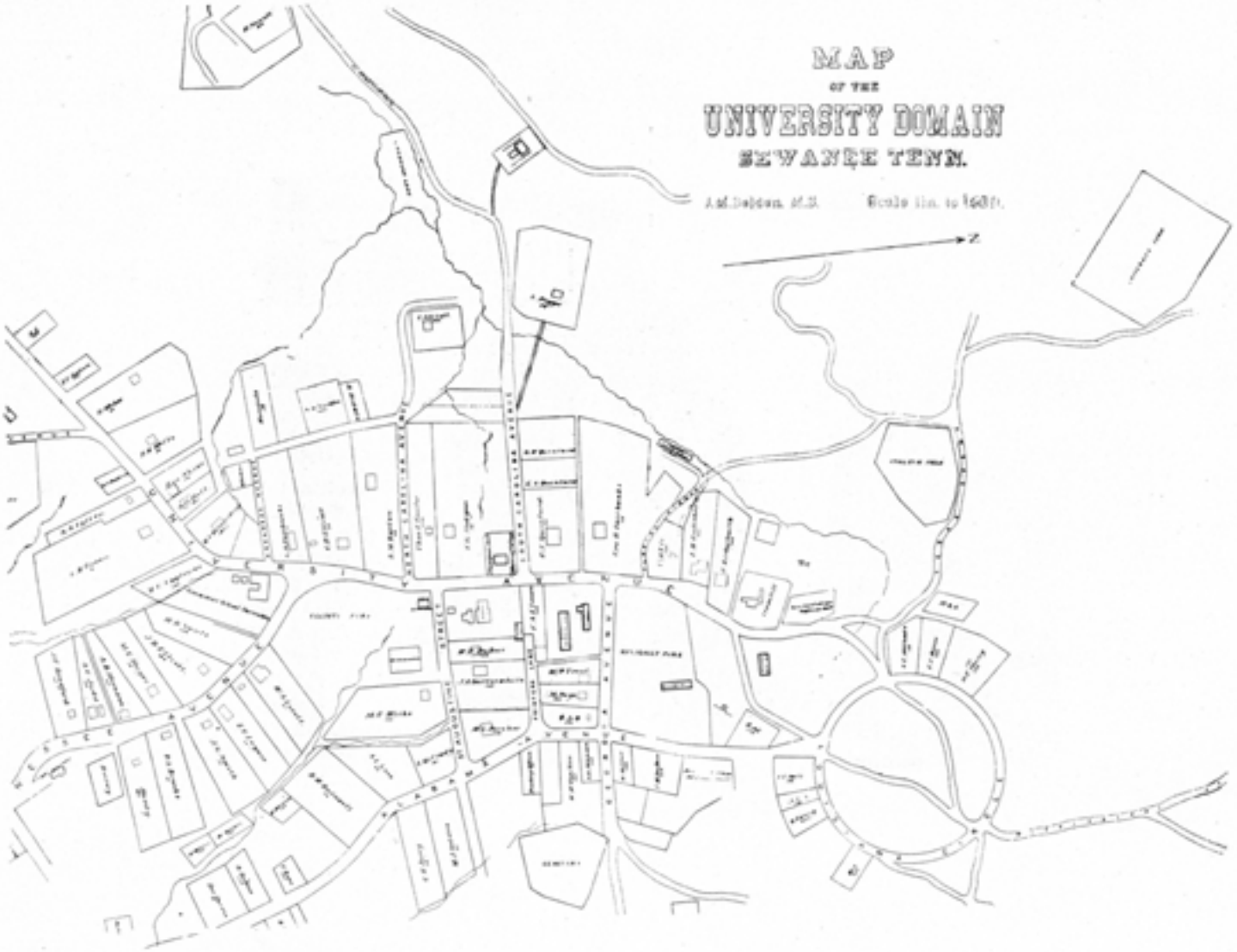
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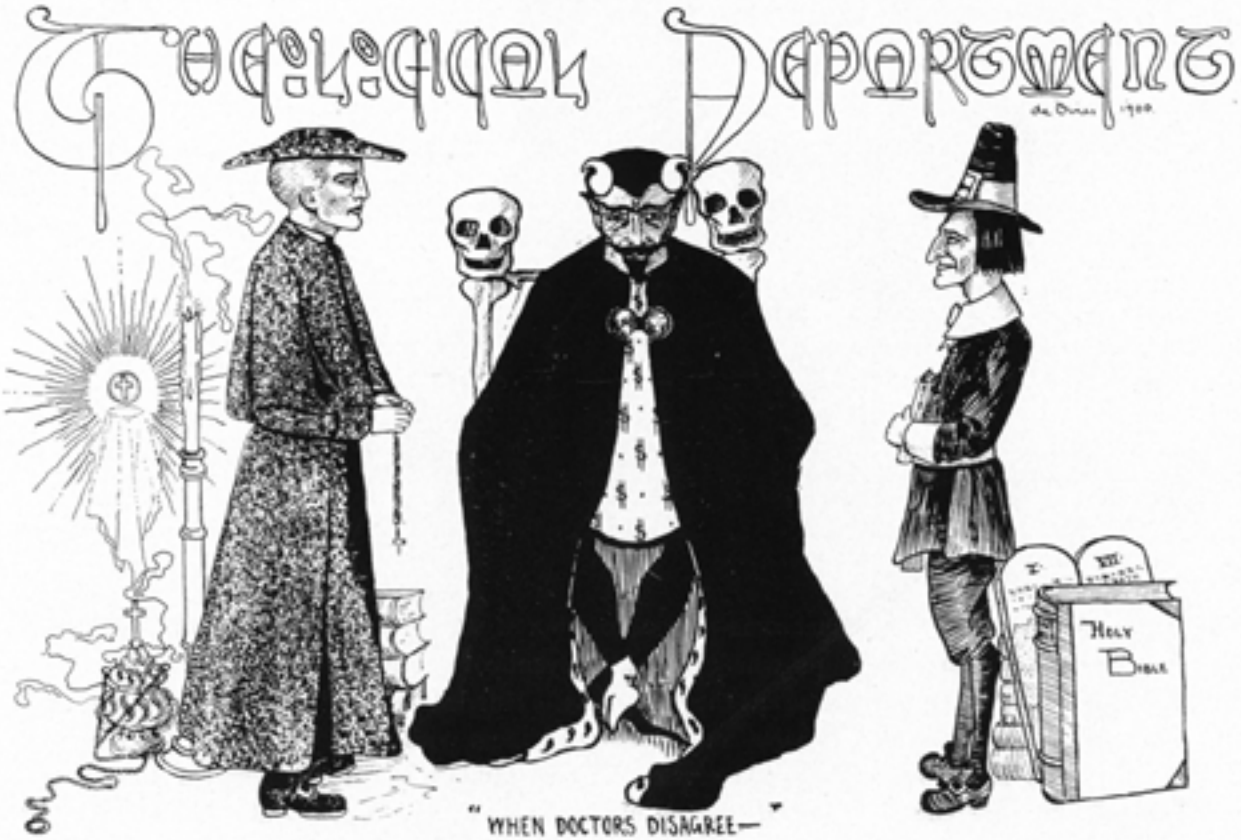
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MAP
OF THE
UNIVERSITY DOMAIN
SEWANEE TENN.


Religion Department
de Dion 1900
Holy Bible
"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE—"

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT



In order to give the readers of this annual some clear conception of the daily routine life of the theological student, we here publish, from a well kept diary, the pages which record the events of a single week:

Sunday, May 27—Awakened by the chimes as they rang 6.45. Hurried to early service and got there on time. Two dogs were having a scrap in the rear of the chapel and I separated them with great difficulty. After breakfast I walked four miles to the church at Roark's Cave and held service. Some members of my congregation were absent on account of the recent death of a revenue officer. The pull up the mountain was tiresome, but I always like to be at St. Luke's for dinner to hear the fellows criticise the sermon. It is very instructive. Tried to take a nap, but some postulants were discussing the *filioque* clause in the Nicene creed and kept me awake. I was mad. Went out to tea and then took Miss O'Donnell to chapel. Paid four calls and learned all the mountain news. Retired at 11.30.

Monday, May 28—Awoke at 8.30, and, with the assistance of some small change, induced the waiter to find me something to sustain life. Went over to the printing office and found the "General" red hot. Spent morning chasing items for the *Purple*. By writing four columns "saved the mail." Read a novel and reviewed it for magazine. At the ringing of the study bell went to meeting of Athletic Association. Came home and wrote Hebrew exercise, which was difficult. Realized that there are times when it is good for man to be alone. Got up more *Purple* stuff and put it in coal house. Tried to make an exegesis of passage in Romans, but could not concentrate my thoughts, because some fellows were singing "My Creole Sue" beneath my window. Gave up in disgust and turned in at 11.15.

Tuesday, May 29—Rose at 6.30 and went to early service in the oratory. The server overslept himself and I took his place. After breakfast read proof and helped print *Purple*. Went to Hebrew and endeavored to get the professor to talk over the prospects of beating Vanderbilt. He sat on me and began to show us some of the fine points of the language. I told him I thought football was of more practical value. He said I would appreciate the use of *daghesh forte* when I had read the Pentateuch. I hope I will. Played tennis in the afternoon. At Frat. meeting we initiated a man and had lots of sport. He was awfully frightened. When we branded him with the hot iron he didn't seem to like it. We got in pretty late, and, as I had fifty pages of Pearson to read, a sermon outline to write, and to prepare for an oral exam. under Mr. White, it was nearly 1 o'clock when I turned in.

Wednesday, May 30—Went to chapel, and then to a meeting of the missionary society. The treasurer reported that the collectors had returned with their lives, thirty dollars, fifteen soda water checks, and five orders on "Uncle Bob." The seventy-second amendment to the constitution was adopted. Stood a B. D. exam. under Dr. Starr on the "*Sermo ad Catechumenos*" of St. Augustine. Knocked it cold. Then went in fear and trembling to my oral under Mr. White. Got along well until he asked me on which side the Emperor Hadrian parted his hair. Didn't know. He told me I must always get up important points like that. At 2 P. M. went to hear Mr. Guerry criticise the sermons preached in the oratory. One was very good, but lacked illustration and did not preserve unity. The other had no antithesis and was poor as to style and delivery. After supper the literary exercises of the missionary society were held and everybody spoke three times on the topic for discussion, then three committees, seven local missionaries, and a delegate to the convention reported at some length. The audience was undoubtedly edified.

Thursday, May 31—Went to chapel and then down to Dr. Richardson's, where we drank coco-cola and discussed the trip to Tullahoma. At 2 left on special train to see the deciding game of the Vanderbilt-Sewanee series. Old "War Horse" Walden pitched a great game, and the department was proud of him. The "Rough House Gang" was there in

full force, and "Father" Bird was Rooter-in-chief. We came home singing "Palms of Victory" and had a great celebration when we reached the mountain. I had five classes to prepare for next day and it was far into the morning when I settled back in my big arm chair, lit my pipe and took a final smoke before retiring.

Friday, June 1—Got up just in time for Hebrew and stayed in class-room until dinner. The Doctor gave us a fine lecture on exegesis. He's hard to beat. I was sitting in my room when Sam Biery brought the water up after dinner, and he stopped a few minutes to talk over the affairs at the University. Sam says he is thinking of writing a book entitled "Some Mistakes of the Vice Chancellor." He also says that the laundry and the University farm are bound to fail in time. I asked Sam if he would mind shaking my rugs once a month, and he told me I was getting too fastidious. Went to Chelidon at 4.15. There were some fine speeches and "Cardinal" Richey waxed eloquent on the subject of "Trusts." DeOvies is always particularly good on political subjects, and Cadman gives us the English view of things. Took tea out and met a girl who is bright as a dollar. She kept me interested until 11.15 and convinced me that I had better take my B. D. before I started to argue with her.

Saturday, June 2—Spent most of the morning in the library working on a debate. After dinner gathered around the big oak tree, smoked and discussed the use of celibates in the ministry. I don't believe in celibacy. Played golf in the afternoon. Broke a stick, lost three balls, and decided I was unfit for my profession. Looked on at "dancing school" for a while and then went up and convinced the judges that my side of the debate was right. Went out to a small spread and came home feeling that Sewanee is the best place to get a practical theological education.

Theological Students, 1899-1900

BERAN, JOHN, Sewanee, Tenn.

CLAIBORNE, REV. WILLIAM STERLING, Lynchburg, Va.

COX, WILLIAM EDWARD, B. A., Seven Springs, N. C.

EDWARDS, GEORGE CLIFTON, M. A., Dallas, Texas.

FINLAY, KIRKMAN GEORGE, B. Litt., Greenville, S. C.

HARRADEN, EDWARD BUCKLEY MONROE, M. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

HARRISON, GEORGE HENDREE, B. S., Atlanta, Ga.

HILL, CHARLES WADSWORTH BALL, B. A., Louisville, Ky.

JONES, JOHN WILLIAM, B. A., Marshall, Texas.

MCBEE, CROSSWELL, B. A., Greenville S. C.

MITCHELL, WALTER, Rolla, Mo.

DEOVIES, RAIMUNDO JORGE GARCIA, England.

POOLE, WILLIAM HENRY, M. A., Glyndon, Md.

RICHEY, FRANCIS HARAMOND, New York, N. Y.

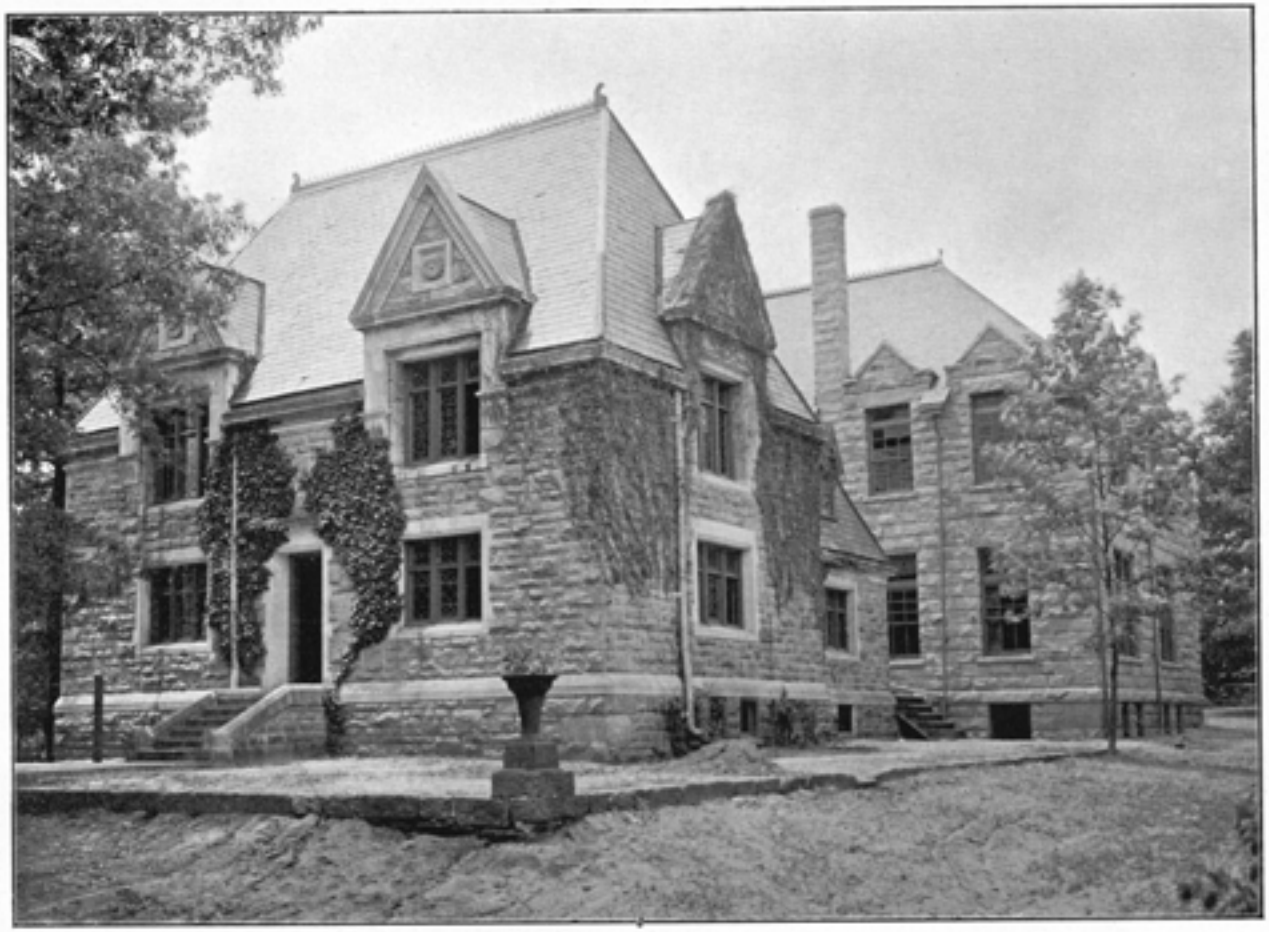
SMITH, REV. HENRY BENTON, Tahlequah, I. T.

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WERLEIN, HALSEY, JR., M. A., St. Louis, Mo.

WILLIAMS, LUTHER GEORGE HALLAM, Macon, Ga.

WINDIATE, REV. THOMAS DE LONG, Memphis, Tenn.



HODGSON MEMORIAL INFIRMARY



A Doctor of Old.



The Medical Department

Of all the changes in Sewanee life none are so pronounced and radical as those which have occurred in the Medical Department. Time was when Dr. Cain, our local genius of the healing art, rose up in chapel to impress the new dignity of his Deanship upon a multitude of meds, and was greeted by empty benches. Unfortunately the Sewanee Medical Department was, at that moment, placidly pursuing his quest of a boarding-house. Those were the good old days when the ancient gibe about shirtless meds was young and strong and lusty.

But times are not what they used to be. The University is deep in the hotel and laundry business. The E. Q. B. has declared for temperance, and gone to roost in the attic of the Supply Store. Strangest of all, Sewanee's erstwhile bare-foot babe is become a great, strapping youth, able and willing not only to find his own bed and board, but even to yield somewhat of loyal support to the fostering mother. His domain, too, is broader. Lest Thompson Hall afford a scope too narrow for his genius, the University has given over to him a second Castle Dangerous, even adding to the original edifice. Here the disciples of Cain may chase the festive germ, and do battle with the doughty microbe.

The Med inhabits a little realm apart, where the Dean is a benevolent despot and Mackby the police force. There is also a sort of turbulent senate, known as the John S. Cain Society, modeled after the Austrian Reichsrath. Secure in one of his strongholds, he flings defiance at proctors, whistles at the summer girls, and occupies himself with musty tomes of weird nomenclature. He is the hardest, most consistently busy, student in the University. All through the day, and far into the night, he is deep in lectures or preparations for them. But he has his times of ease, and then he may be seen at

his window or on his gallery, with heels perched up at a perilous angle, the red tassel cocked rakishly over one eye, chewing the cud of his wisdom, and, from time to time, expectorating with a force and ease that makes him the envy of all small boys.

On occasions of celebration, however, the Med issues from the portal of his reserve, clad in a white sheet, and bearing ghastly trophies of his professional success. He gives of his scant leisure to the athletic teams, too, and his strength and pluck have contributed no little to the success of Sewanee. Indeed, it may be said that he is invaluable to the Football Team. Having selected a vulnerable point in an adversary's anatomy, he inserts his head, foot or fist with perfect impartiality and stunning force, and then completes the treatment with one of his own nostrums. The only failure on record is the case of an ossified man, versed in the art of eating nails.

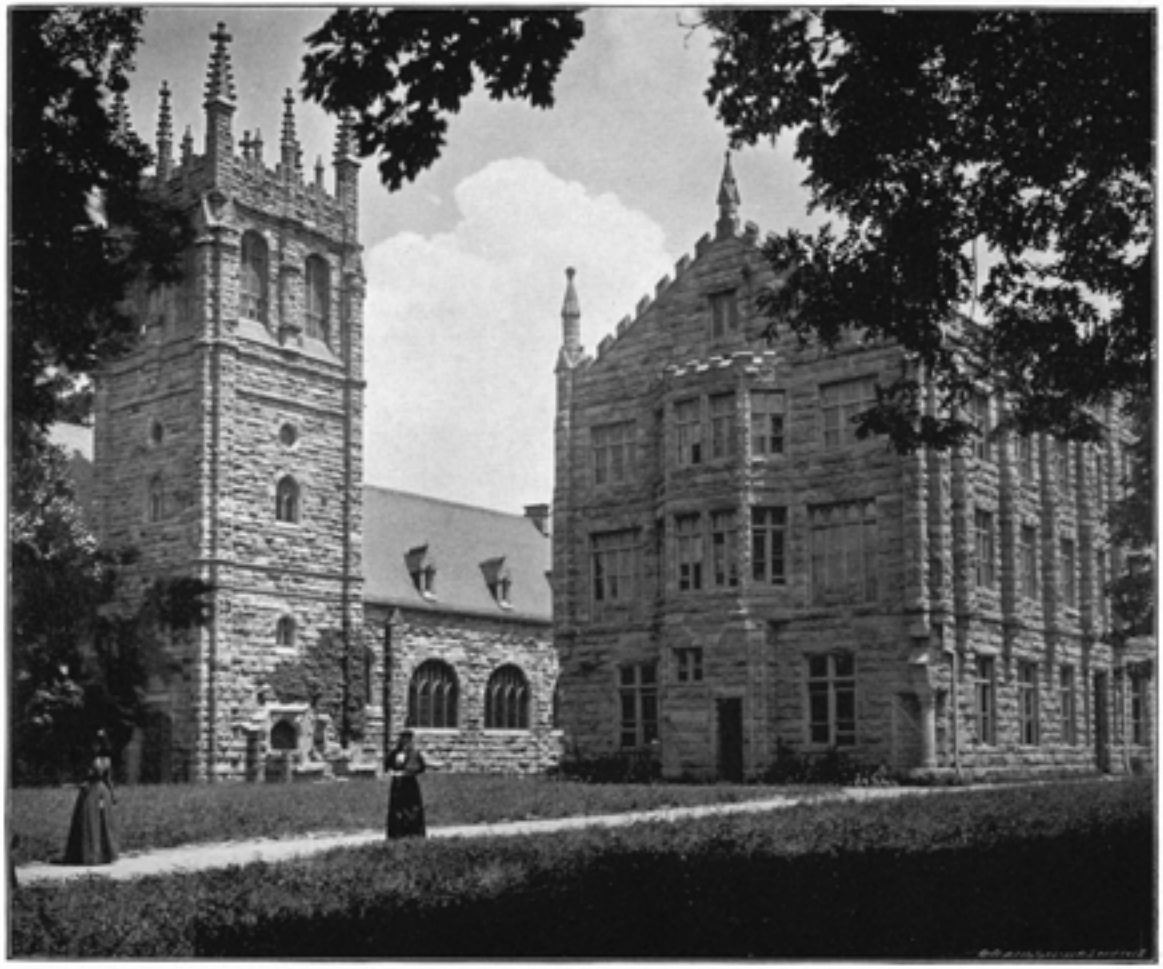
If the Med is less imbued with the Sewanee spirit than those who know and love Sewanee life, he has, at least, plenty of loyalty to his department and to his dean. And this he will tell you is quite sufficient, for, firmly as he believes in the omniscience of Cain, more firmly still is the conviction rooted in his heart that the Medical Department sways the University, even as the frisky pug wags his wisp of tail.



The Medical Department, 1899-1900

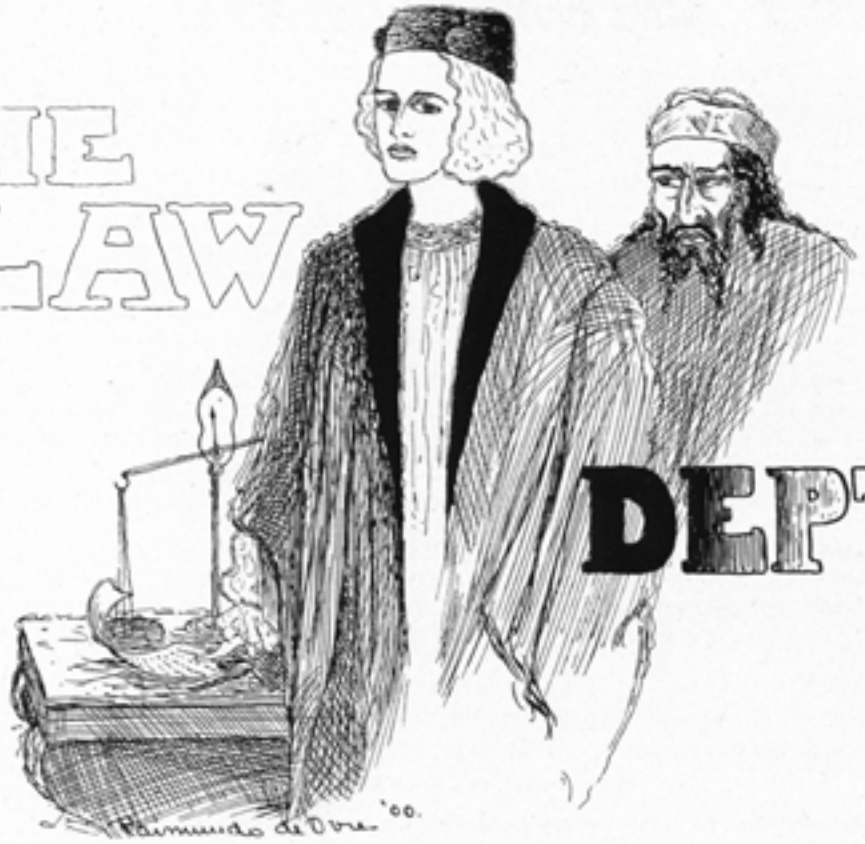
ABERNATHY, ALFRED HOWARD, Monteagle, Tenn.
ALBERT, CHARLES WALKER, Keenan, W. Va.
ASHFORD, HARTWELL TAYLOR, Bolton, Miss.
BEASLEY, ORNAN WINFORD, Coal Creek, Tenn.
BECK, LUCIEN PINKSTON, San Antonio, Texas.
BECTON, EDWARD PINKNEY, JR., Austin, Texas.
BERWICK, DAVID ALLEN, M. Ph., Foster, La.
BEVERLY, EDWARD PERCY, Broad Run, Va.
BOLLING, RICHARD ELLIOTT, Buhler, Texas.
BORDELON, ALBERT LOUIS, Longbridge, La.
BOUGHMER, ROBERT NESBIT, Shamokin, Pa.
BOWMAN, ELMER ELON, Hamburg, Va.
BOYER, THOMAS EDWARD, Gatesville, Texas.
BRAND, ANDREW JACKSON, Lexington, Miss.
BRINKERHOFF, NELSON MITTEN, Philadelphia, Pa.
BROOKS, PRESTON SMITH, JR., Sewanee, Tenn.
BROWN, JAMES MANLY, McCormick, S. C.
BRUCE, WALTER BARWICK, Helena, Ark.
BRYANT, FELIX VINSON, Celeste, Texas.
BUTLER, THOMAS, JR., St. Francisville, La.
BYERS, RICHARD ANDERSON, White Run, Ky.
CAMPBELL, WILLIAM ALLEN, Whiteville, Tenn.
CAROTHERS, HORACE HARVEY, Charleroi, Pa.
CARR, OLIVER FRANKLIN, Pontotoc, Miss.
CARSON, HENRY DAVID, Canon, Ga.
CARTER, JAMES MARTIN, Helena, Ark.
CARTER, OSCAR NEWTON, Sandidges, Va.
CASTLEMAN, HOWELL LEA, Castleman's Ferry, Va.
CINBERG, MORRIS, New York, N. Y.
CLARK, JOHN ARMSTEAD, Pleasant Hill, Tenn.
CLINE, GEORGE P., Dunbar, Ga.
COLLETTE, WILLIAM THOMAS, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
COLLEY, THOMAS JEFFERSON, Birchleaf, Va.
CORLEY, JOHN PERCELL, D. D. S., Greensboro, Ala.
CROW, CHARLES ROBERTSON, Bumpus Mills, Tenn.
CROWELL, BEECHER BINSON, Lewisburg, Tenn.
CUNNINGHAM, ROBERT EDWARD, Rayne, La.
DEARMAN, MILTON MELLON, DeArmanville, Ala.
DEEVY, JOSEPH PAUL, New York, N. Y.
DONALDSON, ROBERT PAYTON, Pontotoc, Miss.
DREW, HORACE RAINSFORD, Jacksonville, Fla.
EDDY, NATHAN ELBERT, Newell's Run, O.
EDWARDS, THOMAS MELDRIM, Daisy, Ga.
EDWARDS, WANZIE WARD, Tazewell, Ga.
ELLISON, WILLIAM THOMAS, PH. G., Glasgow, Ky.
ETHEREDGE, LUTHER BURDETTE, Leesville, S. C.
FANCHER, HAMPTON LANSDEN, Bon Air, Tenn.
FISHER, ROBERT JEFFERSON, Poplin's Cross Roads, Tenn.
FITZHUGH, EDGAR STERLING, Nolensville, Tenn.
FONTAINE, MAURY BLACKWELL, Pontotoc, Miss.
FORD, JOHN GORDON MCWILLIAMS, Shreveport, La.
GAMBLE, HENRY LISLE, Moonfield, W. Va.
GILCHRIST, THOMAS LEE, Pickaway, W. Va.
GLASS, JOHN WILEY, Spring Place, Ga.
GORMLY, HARRY HEMMING, Troy, N. Y.
GRAVES, WILDY HARDING, Murray, Ky.
GREEN, HENRY DANIEL, Atlanta, Ga.
HACKNEY, FRANCIS JOSEPH, Knoxville, Tenn.
HALL, WESLEY WILLIAM, JR., Eastabuchie, Miss.
HARRIS, FRANK LENOIR, Kilmichael, Miss.
HARRIS, GEORGE RALPH, Homer, La.
HATCHETT, EDWARD ADOLPHUS, Sago, Va.
HAY, JOSEPH SMYSER, York, Pa.
HAYDEN, ELMER FORREST, Carrollton, Ky.
HAYES, HENRY WELLS STANLEY, B. Litt., Phelps, N. Y.
HENSAL, THOMAS WILLIAM, Madera, Pa.
HINDMAN, DAVID SILAS, Prairie Plains, Tenn.
HOBDY, WILLIAM, Crandall, Texas.
HOLSBERRY, FRENCH SAMUEL, Kalamazoo, W. Va.
HOLTZHAUSSER, GEORGE JACOB, Philadelphia, Pa.
HOWELL, ASA, Sunny Lane, Texas.
HOWELL, SILAS JOHN, Sunny Lane, Texas.
INZER, HENRY HAINES, Lingleville, Texas.
ISHAM, ANDREW JOHNSON, Sevierville, Tenn.

JACKSON, WALTER BASSIL, Ozro, Texas.
JOHNSTON, JOHN BLOSSINGAME, Reeseville, S. C.
JOHNSTON, LEWIS STUART, Omaha, Texas.
JONES, WILFRED HUNT, Philadelphia, Pa.
JORDAN, HARRISON, Rayville, La.
KENNEDY, THOMAS JOSEPH, Abbeville, Ala.
KEYES, HENRY SHERIDAN, Cambridge, Mass.
KING, ADAM RUSH, Palmer, Texas.
KINNEY, HANCE HAMILTON, Bremer, Ala.
LAWS, JOSEPH HIRAM, Wildersville, Tenn.
LAYFIELD, JOHN WILLIAM, Chipley, Ga.
LEE, ALBERT SIDNEY, Magnolia, Miss.
LEE, FLETCHER EUGENE, Morriston, Miss.
LITTLE, RICHARD MOBLEY, Dresden, Tenn.
LOONEY, WILLIAM CALVIN, Sewanee, Tenn.
MAGRUDER, LEVIN WAILES, Fairview, La.
MASON, JAMES LUNSFORD, Beech Grove, Tenn.
MASON, LANDON RANDOLPH, Marshall, Va.
MAXWELL, WALTER JOHN, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
McCAMBRIDGE, PATRICK, B. A., M. D., Amherst, Canada.
McCLENDON, HENRY LEONIDAS, Goodwater, Ala.
McDANIEL, JOHN R., Mud Creek, Miss.
McGARVEY, FRED BROWN, Huron, S. Dak.
McKINNON, HUGH LAWSON, Addison, Miss.
MELVIN, WALTER GIBSON, Camden, Miss.
MONEY, ERNEST NOEL, Weybridge, England.
MOORE, JOHN ALEXANDER, Beach, Ga.
MOORMAN, MARION RIDLEY, Somerville, Tenn.
MULLINS, IRA, B. S., Praise, Ky.
NEILL, JAMES ABNER, Waldo, Ark.
NELSON, ARTHUR W., Boonville, Mo.
NEWMAN, OSCAR CLARENCE, Jay Bird, O.
PARKER, JAMES PORTER, New Orleans, La.
PARMER, WILLIAM JOHNSON, Porterville, Miss.
PATTEN, HARRY F., Dayton, O.
PATTERSON, WILLIAM BAILEY, JR., Denver, Idaho.
PERLSTEIN, FRANK, New York, N. Y.
PRINCE, EDMOND MORTIMER, Bessemer, Ala.
RAGLAND, BENJAMIN DEMARQUIS, Beltwood, Tenn.
REAVES, WILLIAM PERRY, Whig, Tenn.
REYNOLDS, JOHN HENRY, Macon, Ga.
RILEY, WILLIAM MADISON, Arlington, Ga.
ROBERT, JOSEPH CLARKE, B. S., V. M. D., Starkville, Miss.
ROSIER, MAURICE, New York, N. Y.
SANDBERG, ERIK THEOPHILE, Hammertiog, Sweden.
SAVAGE, HENRY JAMES, Evergreen, Ala.
SCHAFER, CHARLES MARTIN, Pittsburgh, Pa.
SCULL, WILLIAM EMMETT, Lavernia, Texas.
SHEPHERD, FRANK DENNIS, Eccles, Mo.
SHEPHERD, HORACE ALFRED, Washington, D. C.
SHIVERS, MARCUS ORELIUS, B. S., Boyle, Miss.
SHOLARS, ARTHUR RANSOM, Orange, Texas.
SHUMATE, JOHN RUFUS, Oakvale, W. Va.
SIMS, BARTLETT ET ULTIMUS, Bryan, Texas
SMITH, JOHN THEODORE, Dalton, Ga.
STOLPER, JOSEPH H., Wilnor, Russia.
STOUT, THOMAS JEFFERSON, Bay Village, Ark.
STROUD, EDWARD CLAYTON, Locust, S. C.
THERIOT, ALEXANDER, JR., Raceland, La.
THOMAS, HERSCHEL G., Joshua, Texas.
THOMPSON, CLAUDE DURANT, Stanley, N. C.
THOMPSON, ERNEST LINDREL, Williston, Tenn.
TIDMORE, DOTSON WRIGHT, Phipps, Ala.
TIMMONS, ERNEST ANDREW, Godwin, Tenn.
TOLSON, JOHN, Lafayette, La.
TUCKER, OTIS BENJAMIN, Chipley, Ga.
TURNER, THOMAS JACKSON, Senatobia, Miss.
TURNER, WILLIAM ALLEN, JR., Newnan, Ga.
VICK, FLETCHER MACK, Waxahatchie, Texas.
WALKUP, HENRY CLAY, McIntosh, Fla.
WALL, JOHN ALEXANDER, Jackson, La.
WALL, SAMUEL DAVIS, Jackson, La.
WAMPLER, JOHN TAZE, Guzzle, Va.
WARD, JOHN HESTER, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
WARE, JOHN LOWRY, Cato, Miss.
WARNER, JAMES SHELBURNE, Pomona, Texas.
WARREN, JAMES WILLIS, Gadsden, Tenn.
WATSON, DAVID ALLEN, Gano, Texas.
WEBB, ANDERSON MILLER, Bell Buckle, Tenn.
WHITAKER, JOEL, JR., Raleigh, N. C.
WILEY, JAMES MADISON, Oxford, Miss.
WILMERDING, WILLIAM EDWARD, Austin, Texas.
WOODRUFF, AARON CHAPMAN, Sparta, N. C.
WUNSCHOW, OTTO BUFORD, Chattanooga, Tenn.
YANCEY, THOMAS BRAGG, Somerville, Tenn.
YOUNG, ELISHA ASHE, Greensboro, Ala.
YOUNG, HENRY TUTWILER, Greensboro, Ala.



WALSH MEMORIAL HALL AND CONVOCATION HOUSE

THE LAW DEPT.





LAW DEPARTMENT

The Law of the Law School

(Craving the Pardon of Kipling's "Law of the Jungle")

[Just to give you an idea of the immense variety of this Bungle Law, I have translated into verse (Burr J. always recited them in a sort of sing-song) a few of the laws that apply to the Law boys. There are, of course, hundreds and hundreds more, but these will do for specimens of the simpler rulings.]

Now these are the rules of the Law Class—as tried and as true as they're just;
And the man that shall keep them may prosper, but the man that shall break them must bust.

Skip classes as oft as convenient; drink deeply, but never too deep;
And remember the night is for boozing, and forget not the day is for sleep.

The Junior may follow Trent's bidding, but now that thy top-knot is grown,
Remember those green threads mean freedom—go forth and kill Botts of thine own.

Keep peace with those terrible Cow-hides—Real Property, Contracts and Torts;
And trouble not Criminal Pleading, nor put Bills and Notes out of sorts.

When the Dean meets with Wiggs in his office, and your fair name is tattered and torn,
Q. T. till the leaders have spoken—you may wish that you'd never been born.

The Lair of the Lawyer's his refuge, and where he has made him his home,
Not even the Proctor may enter, not even the V. C. may come.

The Lair of the Lawyer's his refuge, but where he has raised too much cain
The See-saw Board sends him a message, and so he shall change it again.

If ye booze before midnight, be silent, and wake not the woods with your lay,
Lest ye frighten the Proctor from slumber, and you and your trunk go away.

Ye may drink only legal Potations, till your brain sings its own lullaby;
Abhor ye low Apple-jack's ravings—consume only Hunter's Old Rye.

Sleep soundly the night before quizzes, that your minds may be ready and bright,
Be sure you know naught of the subject, for to know anything isn't right.

Skipclass—Right's the right of the upright, the righteous, the honest, the true,
And a student to be in good standing, must always skip one out of two.

Degree—Right's the right of the sinner, who transgresses the law here laid down,
Who rubs Trouser-seats out in the class-room, and wears for two years a dark frown.

Fire—Bote is the right of the Dean to have saplings too verdant expelled,
But the timber is scarce just at present; 'tis not often the saplings are felled.

Now don't gibe at the poor Law Department, in the first place the joke's old, at best;
Moreover, sad truth might be chanced on, for true words are oft said in jest.

Ye never must emulate Brodie; he's a youth of rare virtue and sense,
And as such must be shunned and avoided—he's no business within the Law Fence.

Because of his age and his red head, because of his wisdom and jaw,
In all that the Law leaveth open, there President Scott's word is law.

Now these are the Laws of the Law Class, and many and mighty are they,
But the head and the hoof of the law, and the haunch and the hump is—Burr J.



Cake Walking
(A vision)

Law Students, 1899-1900

Avery, John Campbell, Jr., Pensacola, Fla.

Brodie, James Hawkins, Henderson, N. C.

Cope, Harris Goodwin, Savannah, Ga.

Davis, Albert Hueling, LL. B., Louisville, Ky.

Galleher, Clarkson, Sewanee, Tenn.

Hull, Daniel Baldwin, Savannah, Ga.

Jervey, Huger Wilkinson, Charleston, S. C.

Johnston, Charles DeVane, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Kilpatrick, Ringland Fisher, Bridgeport, Ala.

Parrott, Thomas Sargent, LL. B., Newnan, Ga.

Scott, Frederick Myers, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.

Seibels, Henry Goldthwaite, B. A., Montgomery, Ala.

Smith, Sydney, Shreveport, La.

Waties, John Collins, Houston, Texas.

Wilder, Oscar, Louisville, Ky.

Williams, Laurence Moore, Patterson, La.

Wilson, William Blackburn, Jr, Rock Hill, S. C.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.



THE NEW GOWNSMAN "HEP! HEP!"



ACADEMIC DEPT.

A STUDENT admitted to the University, matriculates before the Vice Chancellor, and is then subject to the regulations of the University, is the way the catalogue puts it. In order that the said student may know what things he must do and what things leave undone, he is presented with a copy of rules and regulations. By a perusal of this interesting document, he finds that he is expected to indulge freely in chapel-going and be most abstemious in the use of fire-arms and fire-water. If he is wise, he will immediately begin to take advantage of the exceptional spiritual and educational opportunities offered at Sewanee. If he is foolish, he will do neither of these things. Wisdom or folly, however, will not of itself bestow upon the new matriculate immunity from the fraternities, who go about like raging lions seeking whom they may devour.

But just as a single swallow must always fail to make a summer, so mere registration in the University and the presence of a fraternity pin on a conspicuous part of the vest, do not constitute the Junior. No! no! He must do and learn other things, he must develop other characteristics before he becomes typical.

Now, to ascertain what songs the sirens sung and what name Achilles bore when he hid himself among women, has been acknowledged a difficult question; but the perplexities which beset the path of one who would give to the world an accurate definition of the Junior, have never been fully recognized except by those who have attempted it. The Junior, in common with the rest of nature, is the result of a gradual evolution. He grows and unfolds and expands under the warm

sun of education. The several marks which distinguish him from everything human appear one by one, just as bubbles rise to the surface of a placid lake.

One of the earliest developed of those idiosyncrasies which differentiate him from the rest of his kind, is the hearty desire on the part of every true Junior to establish and maintain a reputation for inordinate evil-doing. He strives by his conduct and his conversation to be surrounded by that delicate aroma of wickedness which is supposed to work such wonders with the fair. Any means are to him justified by so desirable an end ; no resource is ever left untried, except a personal participation in vice.

Another side of the Junior's individuality which asserts itself at an early stage in his evolution is the apathy, one might even say antipathy, which characterizes his attitude towards any form of mental exertion. He may have grave misgivings as to the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel or the efficacy of auricular confession, but he firmly and fixedly believes that much study is wearisome to the flesh and that any amount whatsoever is brutalizing, degrading, and destructive of self-respect.

Moreover, the Junior is at heart an idealist. He constantly longs for the good old times which really never existed. No wonder then that he clings to the theory that life under the old hall system was a much finer thing than existence at the Hoffman Dormitory. No wonder he believes that the grass was greener then than it is now ; that the very moon shone with a lustre that is forever gone. Yes, he is an idealist. He idealizes himself, his fellows, and, above all, "his lady." He idealizes her and continues to idealize her until long after she has sighed farewell to Sewanee. In fact, the process never stops until he has waited several months for an answer to his second letter, with emotions that run the whole gamut, from forlorn hope to doubting despair. Then, at length, he finds himself some night in his room, with no companions except hack bills, no comfort or consolation save the consciousness that it is all over; and there in secret and silence and insolvency, he learns the great lesson of life—that in this vale of tears, though it may be better to love and to lose than never to love at all, it is also more expensive and more painful.

His experience, therefore, at the game of unrequited affection is a good thing for the Junior. It tends to produce a more or less accurate estimate of his own charms and to weaken his faith in his own personal infallibility. It also encourages that "maturity of character" which is one of the qualifications for advancement to the the order of gownsmen. For, to be a gownsman is the ultimate aim, the *finis finalis* of the Junior. "Grave or gay, lively or severe," each one looks forward to the day whose rising sun shall behold him shrouded in the sombre folds of this emblem of academic achievement. A student of psychic phenomena might write volumes upon the metamorphosis produced by having this "badge of dis-

tinction" draped from one's shoulders. The change is immediate and far-reaching. At the same time it defies description or explanation. I remember once reading of certain relics of Thomas à Becket which were a sure specific for obesity, mendacity, alchoholism and many other ills to which human flesh is heir. In somewhat the same way the possession of a gown is a positive antidote against humility, self-depreciation or any of those kindred weaknesses which prey upon the lives of the young and guileless. If a Junior is diffident and averse to the public expression of his opinions, give him a gown and he will speak with all the jaunty dogmatism of a Presbyterian divine. Is he meek and lowly? Let him wear a mortar board for a week and he will remind you of the man mentioned by Coleridge who was advanced to such a pitch of self-esteem, that he never spoke of himself without removing his hat. Is he contented with his lot and tolerant of his fellows at the Hoffman? Before he has taken his first gownsman's skip at Chapel, he will grow lachrymose in his commiseration of latter-day degeneracy and will spend hours in telling himself and his friends how much better the Juniors were when he was still among them.

But just as a traveller upon a mountain's side reaches the summit of one ridge only to find that a steeper ascent looms far above him, so the aspirant for academic honors becomes a gownsman only to realize that the real goal towards which he is moving is graduation. He learns all too soon that there are other things besides petty college honors; that his little victories which seemed so great at the time, and his small defeats which cost so many a heart-ache, are alike trivial and meaningless. Then at last there comes the momentous day when the multi-colored procession winds slowly from Convocation to the Chapel. And he remembers the first time he ever saw that long line with its silk robes and gaudy hoods. How funny it all seemed to him as he walked 'way up there in front with the Grammar School boys! How different it is now! The procession moves on and after a great deal of pomp and ceremony, his degree is conferred. He knows that the end has come; that it is all over. And then somehow he is given the seer's vision. He looks far into the future and sees himself out in the arena of life. His foes press hard upon him, his failures are many. He feels his heart grow sick within him at the sordidness and paltriness of it all. And then the memories of his mountain home rush back upon him with the "scent of old world roses," and he calls Sewanee blessed.

Academic Department, 1899-1900

Post Graduates

COLMORE, CHARLES BLAYNEY, B. A., Sewanee, Tenn.
GRAY, CHARLES QUINTARD, B. A., Ocala, Fla.
LEA, LUKE, B. A., Nashville, Tenn.
MATTHEWS, JAMES FOUCHÉ, B. A., Anniston, Ala.
SELDEN, JOSÉ MARTIN, C. E., M. S., Sewanee, Tenn.

Gownsmen

BIRD, STEPHEN MOYLAN, Galveston, Texas.
BLACK, RALPH PETERS, Atlanta, Ga.
BLOUNT, EUGENE HARMON, Nacogdoches, Texas.
BRANCH, AUSTIN THOMAS PLUMER, Augusta, Ga.
BULL, JAMES ARMITAGE, Arlington Heights, Mass.
BULL, HENRY TILGHMAN, Arlington Heights, Mass.
CADMAN, GODFREY WILLIAM RADCLYFFE, Narcoossee, Fla.
CAFFEY, GUY HAMILTON, Verbena, Ala.
COWART, ROBERT ERWIN, JR., Dallas, Texas.
DAVIDSON, ALBERT TREAT, Augusta, Ga.
DUBOSE, MARION PORCHER, Sewanee, Tenn.
EASTER, HENRY FREDERIC, Knoxville, Tenn.
GILLETT, WILLIAM LOWRY, Evansville, Ind.
GRAY, CAMPBELL, Orlando, Fla.
HALL, RICHARD CONKLIN, Trenton, Tenn.
HAMILTON, JOSEPH GRÉGOIRE DE ROULHAC, Hillsboro, N. C.
HARRISON, MCVEIGH, Hannibal, Mo.
HOGUE, BRADLEY BROWN, Birmingham, Ala.
HUDSON, ROBERT DOVE, Birmingham, Ala.
JOHNSON, OTIS HACKETT, Waco, Texas.
LEA, OVERTON, JR., Nashville, Tenn.
LONBERG, CHARLES FREDERICK CHRISTIAN, Louisville, Ky.

Gownsmen — *Continued.*

MCNEAL, AUSTIN MILLER, Bolivar, Tenn.
RADFORD, CHAPIN WINSTON, Lynchburg, Va.
SHEPHERD, DAVID ALEXANDER, Sewanee, Tenn.
SEWALL, WILLIAM CLEVELAND, Houston, Texas.
SIMKINS, ORMOND, Austin, Texas.
STARR, HOMER WORTHINGTON, San Angelo, Texas.
TUPPER, VERNON SOUTHALL, Atlanta, Ga.
WILLIAMS, JAMES THOMAS, JR., Greenville, S. C.
WINTHROP, GILMAN JOSEPH, Tallahassee, Fla.

Juniors

AIKEN, BUDD SLAWSON, Sewanee, Tenn.
ATKINS, JOHN NORTON, Bayonne, N. J.
BARNETT, HARLOW, Jacksonville, Fla.
BARNWELL, BOWER WILLIAMSON, Sewanee, Tenn.
BARNWELL, ROBERT WOODWARD, Selma, Ala.
BENJAMIN, PERCY OZIER, Atherton, La.
BETANCOURT Y CASTILLO, ULISES, Puerto Principe, Cuba.
BROWN, JOHN, Columbia, Tenn.
CAMERON, DWIGHT FREDERIC, Chicago, Ill.
CARNES, WILLIAM HENRY, Dallas, Texas.
CARRIER, ALBERT ALONZO, Pittsburg, Pa.
CHAFEE, HENRY LATHAM, Georgia.
CLEVELAND, ROBERT BENJAMIN, Spartanburg, S. C.
CONNOR, THOMAS LAWTON, JR., Eutawville, S. C.
CRANDELL, HOWARD FARRAR, Birmingham, Ala.
CROFT, GEORGE WILLIAM, Aiken, S. C.
CROWNOVER, HUGH L., Sewanee, Tenn.
DAGGETT, JESSE BOOMER, Marianna, Ark.

Juniors — *Continued.*

Evans, Thomas, Florence, S. C.
Evins, Andrew Cleveland, Spartanburg, S. C.
Felder, John Lawson, Guthrie, Oklahoma.
Folsom, Charles, Biltmore, N. C.
France, Albert Lee, St. Joseph, Mo.
Gerard, Lloyd Ashford, Grenada, Miss.
Goodman, John Calvin, St. Francisville, La.
Gibbs, George Wildy, Dallas, Texas.
Graves, William Elijah, Cuero, Texas.
Hall, Freeman, Dallas, Texas.
Hildreth, Harold Edwin, New Decatur, Ala.
Hill, Robert Edward Lee, Covington, Ky.
Hollis, Frederick Richard, Uniontown, Ala.
Huger, Percival Elliott, Savannah, Ga.
Hull, Asbury, Augusta, Ga.
James, John Craigmiles, Franklin, Tenn.
Jeffries, James Gould, Augusta, Ga.
Johnson, Oliver Morgan, Leland, Miss.
Jordan, Francis Victor, Rayville, La.
Kirby-Smith, Joseph Lee, Sewanee, Tenn.
Landauer, Leo Levy, Natchez, Miss.
Lee, Robert Edward, Sewanee, Tenn.
Lodge, Richard Leslie, South Pittsburg, Tenn.
Masterson, Harris, Jr., Houston, Texas.
McBee, John Harbour, Jr., Lexington, Miss.
Nash, Douglas Williams, Paducah, Ky.

Juniors — *Continued.*

Parker, Florence Hoffman, Canton, Miss.
Pearce, Hugh Miller Thompson, Jackson, Miss.
Phillips, Henry Disbro, Atlanta, Ga.
Phinizy, Coles, Augusta, Ga.
Pugh, Prentice Andrew, Clarksville, Tenn.
Randolph, Vallée Joseph, Tallahassee, Fla.
Reardon, Edwin Morris, Jr., Dallas, Texas.
Richardson, Roger Wolcott, New Orleans, La.
Ruden, John Daniel, Atlanta, Ga.
Rylance, Joseph Bozeman, New York, N. Y.
Selden, James Montgomery, Sewanee, Tenn.
Shaffer, Baxter Randolph, Ellendale, La.
Shelton, Robert Fain, Dallas, Texas.
Simpson, William Hester, Terry, Miss.
Smith, Herbert Edmunds, Dallas, Texas.
Snowden, John Bayard, Memphis, Tenn.
Stringfellow, Horace, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Suter, Jesse Louis, Greensburg, Penn.
Tarlton, Guy, Hillsboro, Texas.
Tucker, Royal Kenneth, Mobile, Ala.
Watson, Charles Paul, Atlanta, Ga.
Wells, Frederic Lyman, New York, N. Y.
Wenger, Joseph Bainbridge, Cairo, Ill.
Williams, James Russell, Pinopolis, S. C.
Wilson, George Ash, Jr., Lexington, Miss.

In Memory of

REVEREND JOHN GASS
DIED
AUGUST 26, 1898

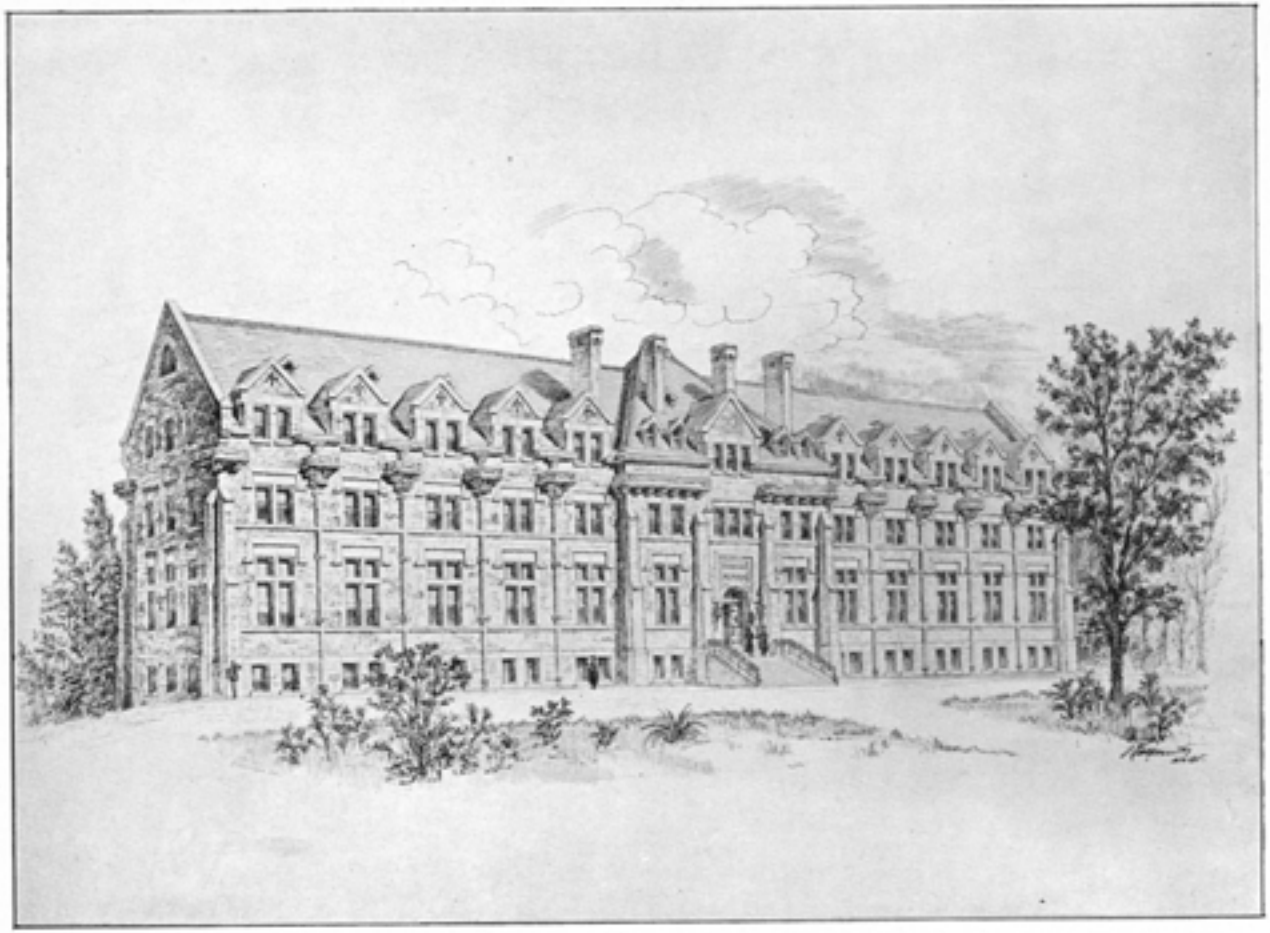
FRANK ALFRED RUTH
DIED
DECEMBER 27, 1898

JAMES WILSON, JR.
DIED
FEBRUARY 6, 1899

WILLIAM DU BOSE STEELE, M. A.
DIED
MARCH 15, 1899

SILAS JOHN HOWELL
DIED
NOVEMBER 21, 1899

LIEUTENANT JOHN BARBEE GALLEHER, U. S. V.
DIED
FEBRUARY 23, 1900



QUINTARD MEMORIAL HALL

QUINTARD MEMORIAL HALL

Erected in memory of Charles Todd Quintard, M.D., D.D., LL.D., Second Bishop of Tennessee, Second Founder and First Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South, to whose unselfishness, faith and courage, under God, the University owes its existence,

BY

George W. Quintard, Esq., a loving brother, a true Christian, a wise counsellor, a generous friend, a good man.

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh:" "All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."—Eccles. i: 4; iii: 20.

"Then spake Jesus I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—S. John viii: 12.

"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."—1 John iv: 16.

"Fear not; I am the First and the Last; I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."—Rev. i: 17.



HOFFMAN MEMORIAL HALL


COMMENCEMENT

Thirty-second Anniversary

THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON, JULY 26 to AUGUST 8, 1900

Order of Events

Thursday, July 26

9 A. M. Meeting of the Board of Trustees. Opening service in St. Augustine's Chapel. Address of the Right Reverend Thomas U. Dudley, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L., Bishop of Kentucky, Chancellor.

8 P. M. Concert by the Sewanee Glee Club in Forensic Hall.

Friday, July 27

8 P. M. Contest in Declamation for the Knight Medal in Forensic Hall.

Contestants

HARRIS MASTERSON, JR., Texas.

VALLÉE JOSEPH RANDOLPH, Florida.

RAIMUNDO JORGE GARCIA DEOVIES, England.

JOHN BEEAN, Tennessee.

DWIGHT FREDERIC CAMERON, Florida.

JAMES THOMAS WILLIAMS, JR., South Carolina.

Saturday, July 28

5 P. M. Laying corner-stone of Quintard Memorial Hall.

8 P. M. Anniversary exercises of Gamma Epsilon Literary Society.

Sunday, July 29

7 A. M. Celebration of the Holy Communion in St. Augustine's Chapel.

11 A. M. Commencement Sermon by the Reverend Percy S. Grant, of New York.

8 P. M. Annual meeting of St. Luke's Brotherhood in St. Augustine's Chapel.

Monday, July 30

10 A. M. Graduating Exercises of the Sewanee Grammar School in St. Augustine's Chapel.

8 P. M. Contest in Oratory between the Pi Omega and the Sigma Epsilon Literary Societies and delivery of medal for prize Essay, in Convocation Hall.

Orators

Sigma Epsilon	Pi Omega
Huger Wilkinson Jervey, South Carolina.	William Edward Cox, North Carolina.
William Henry Poole, Maryland.	James Thomas Williams, Jr., South Carolina.

Essayists

Sigma Epsilon	Pi Omega
Overton Lea, Jr., Tennessee.	Halsey Werlein, Missouri.
James Fouché Matthews, Alabama.	Crosswell McBee, South Carolina.

9 P. M. Alpha Tau Omega German in Forensic Hall.



Tuesday, July 31

8 P. M. Gymnasium exhibition in Forensic Hall.

9 P. M. Reception given by the Vice Chancellor, and the Promenade.

Wednesday, August 1

8 P. M. Annual Literary Exercises of the Alumni Association in Forensic Hall.

10 P. M. Annual Banquet of the Alumni.

Commencement Day

Thursday, August 2, 10.30 A. M., St. Augustine's Chapel

Opening service.
Latin Salutatory, McVeigh Harrison, of Missouri.
University Oration.
Presentation of Certificates and Diplomas by the Vice Chancellor.
Award of Medals and Prizes.
Conferring of Degrees by the Vice Chancellor.
Conferring of Honorary Degrees by the Chancellor.
Valedictory Oration, Joseph Grégoire de Roulhac Hamilton, of North Carolina.
Concluding service.

9 P. M. Commencement Hop in Forensic Hall.

Friday, August 3

10 P. M. Banquet of the Graduating Class.

Saturday, August 4

10 P. M. Banquet of The Chelidon.

Monday, August 6

9 P. M. Commencement German.

Wednesday, August 8

9 P. M. The Red-Ribbon German.



Commencement Exercises

Medical and Pharmaceutical Departments, University of the South, December 16, 1899

ORDER OF EXERCISES

Morning Prayer	
Address	By the Chancellor
Presentation of Certificates	By the Dean
Conferring of Degrees	By the Vice Chancellor
Charge to the Graduating Class	By Prof. Cameron Piggot, M. D.
Valedictory Oration	By John Alexander Wall, of Louisiana

William Edward Wilmerding, M. D., of Texas, received the Honor of the Class

Class of 1899

Medical

Medical Class Officers

Marcus Orelius Shivers, B. S.	*President*
Wesley William Hall, Jr.	*Vice President*
Thomas Jackson Turner	*Secretary*
William Emmett Scull	*Treasurer*
Thomas William Hensal, Ph. G.	*Poet*
William Thomas Ellison, Ph. G.	*Prophet*
Thomas Lee Gilchrist	*Historian*

Pharmacy Class Officers

John Hester Ward	*President*
Henry Daniel Green	*Vice President*
Luther Burdette Etheridge	*Secretary*
Oscar Clarence Newman	*Treasurer*
William Thomas Collette	*Poet*
Elmer Forrest Hayden	*Historian*

Members

Charles Walker Albert
Lucien Pinkston Beck
Edward Percy Beverley
Albert Lewis Bordelon
James Manley Brown
William Allen Campbell
Horace Harvey Carothers
Henry David Carson
Oscar Newton Carter
Morris Cinberg
George P. Cline
William Thomas Collette
John Percell Corley, D.D.S.
Chas. Robertson Crow, M.D.
Joseph Paul Deevy, A. B.
Nathan Elbert Eddy
Wanzie Ward Edwards
William Thomas Ellison, Ph. G.
Luther Burdette Etheredge
Hampton Lansden Fancher
Edgar Sterling Fitzhugh
Henry Lisle Gamble
Thomas Lee Gilchrist
John Wiley Glass
Harry Hemming Gormly
Wildy Harding Graves
Henry Daniel Green
Francis Joseph Hackney

Wesley William Hall, Jr.
Edward Adolphus Hatchett
Joseph Smyser Hay
Elmer Forrest Hayden
Henry Wells Stanley Hayes, B. L.
Thomas William Hensal, Ph. G.
French Samuel Holsberry

George Jacob Holtzhausser, Ph. G.
Asa Howell
John Blassingame Johnston
Wilfred Hunt Jones
Thomas Joseph Kennedy
Henry Sheridan Keyes
Joseph Hiram Laws

John William Layfield
Richard Mobley Little
Levin Wailes Magruder, Jr.
Patrick McCambridge, B. A., M. D.
Henry Leonidas McClendon
John R. McDaniel

Ernest Noel Money
John Alexander Moore
Ira Mullins, B. S.
James Abner Neill
Arthur W. Nelson
Oscar Clarence Newman

William Bailey Patterson, Jr.
Frank Pearlstein, Ph. G.
Benjamin DeMarquis Ragland
John Henry Reynolds
Joseph Clark Robert, B. S., V. M. D.
Maurice Rosier
Erik Theophile Sandberg

Charles Martin Schafer
William Emmett Scull
Horace Alfred Shepherd
Marcus Orelius Shivers, B. S.
John Theodore Smith
Joseph H. Stolper
Edward Clayton Stroud

Herschel G. Thomas, B. A.
Dotson Wright Tidmore
Otis Benjamin Tucker
Thomas Jackson Turner
William Allen Turner
John Alexander Wall, B. S.

John Hester Ward
John Lowry Ware
James Willis Warren
William Edward Wilmerding
Otto Buford Wunschow
Henry Tutwiler Young

Class of 1899

Telfair Hodgson, M. A.
Huger Wilkinson Jervey, M. A.
William Henry Poole, M. A.
Winfield Pinson Woolf, M. A.

Harbert Wilson Benjamin, B. A.
Charles Quintard Gray, B. A.
Horace Haas Landauer, B. A.
Luke Lea, B. A.
Charles Stevens Partridge, B. A.
Howard Sank Risley, B. A.
Henry Goldthwaite Seibels, B. A.

William Mercer Green, Jr., M. A., B. D.
Thomas Pasteur Noé, M. A., B. D.

Robert Leighton Crawford Barrett, LL. B.
Albert Hueling Davis, LL. B.
Thomas Sargent Parrott, LL. B.
Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, LL. B.
Dana Tyrrell Smith, LL. B.

Francis Willis Ambler, G. D.
Harold Thomas, G. D.



Class of 1900



CLASS OF 1900

H. T. Bull

Bird Cadman O. Lea McBee Beean Shepheed

J. A. Bull Matthews L. Lea Harrison Windiate Hamilton Branch

Harraden Gray Blount Johnson Colmore

Class of 1900

COLORS — Purple and Gold. BANQUET — Friday, August 3

Officers

LUKE LEA, B. A.	*President*
CROSSWELL MCBEE, B. A.	*Vice President*
JOSEPH GRÉGOIRE DE ROULHAC HAMILTON	*Secretary*
EUGENE HARMON BLOUNT	*Treasurer*
JOSEPH GRÉGOIRE DE ROULHAC HAMILTON	*Valedictorian*
MCVEIGH HARRISON	*Salutatorian*
OTIS HACKETT JOHNSON	*Poet*
OVERTON LEA, JR.	*Historian*

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

LUKE LEA, B. A. JOSEPH GRÉGOIRE DE ROULHAC HAMILTON AUSTIN THOMAS PLUMER BRANCH
MCVEIGH HARRISON CHARLES BLAYNEY COLMORE, B. A. CHARLES QUINTARD GRAY, B. A.
JAMES FOUCHÉ MATTHEWS, B. A.

Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts

OVERTON LEA, JR. DAVID ALEXANDER SHEPHERD EUGENE HARMON BLOUNT OTIS HACKETT JOHNSON
GODFREY WILLIAM RADCLYFFE CADMAN WILLIAM LOWRY GILLETT STEPHEN MOYLAN BIRD
JAMES ARMITAGE BULL

Candidate for the Degree of Civil Engineer

HENRY TILGHMAN BULL

Candidate for the Degree of Bachelor of Divinity

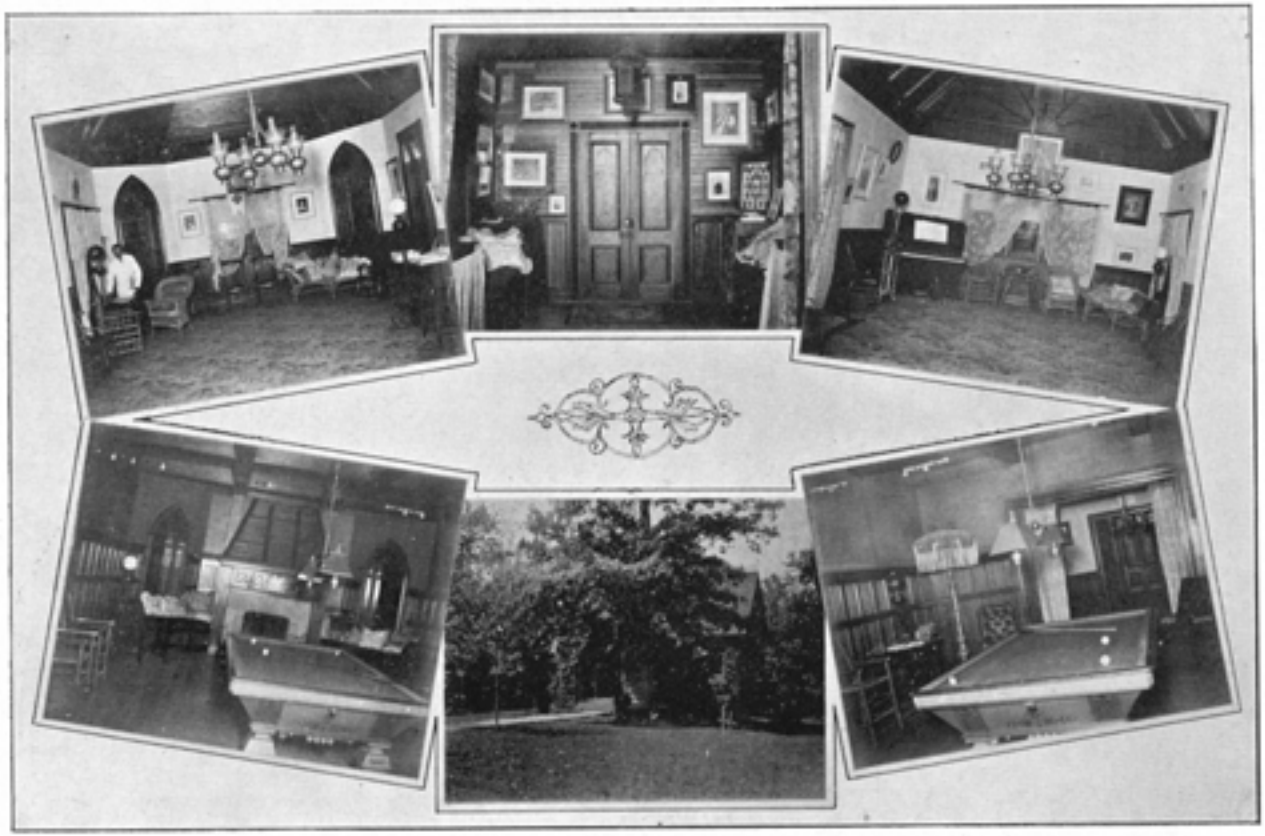
CROSSWELL MCBEE, B. A.

Candidates for the Degree of Graduate in Divinity

THOMAS DE LONG WINDIATE EDWARD BUCKLEY MONROE HARRADEN, M. A. JOHN BEEAN




FRATERNITIES



ALPHA TAU OMEGA CHAPTER HOUSE



TENNESSEE OMEGA OF ALPHA TAU OMEGA

RICHEY HUGER COPE MATTHEWS MR. COLMORE JERVEY C. B. COLMORE P. S. BROOKS, Jr.
WERLEIN L. LEA O. LEA JOHNSTON BIRD MR. BROOKS
SHAFFER HULL DR. WIGGINS MR. NAUTS MR. DUBOSE
RYLANCE AIKEN SEWALL MCNEAL
MASTERSON

Tennessee Omega of Alpha Tau Omega

ESTABLISHED 1877

Fratres in Urbe

PRESTON SMITH BROOKS — ROBERT LIONEL COLMORE

In Facultate

BENJAMIN LAWTON WIGGINS, M. A., LL. D. — WILLIAM BOONE NAUTS, M. A.

WILLIAM HASKELL DUBOSE, M. A., B. D. — HUGER WILKINSON JERVEY, M. A.

In Officio

STEPHEN MOYLAN BIRD — LUKE LEA, B. A.

In Theologia

FRANCIS HARAMOND RICHEY — HALSEY WERLEIN, JR., M. A.

In Medicina

PRESTON SMITH BROOKS, JR. — BARTLETT ET ULTIMUS SIMS, M. D. — ARTHUR NELSON, M. D.

In Lege

HARRIS GOODWIN COPE — DANIEL BALDWIN HULL — CHARLES DEVANE JOHNSTON

In Academia

BUDD SLAWSON AIKEN — THOMAS LAWTON CONNOR, JR.

CHARLES BLAYNEY COLMORE, B. A. — HENRY FREDERIC EASTER

PERCIVAL ELLIOTT HUGER — OLIVER MORGAN JOHNSON

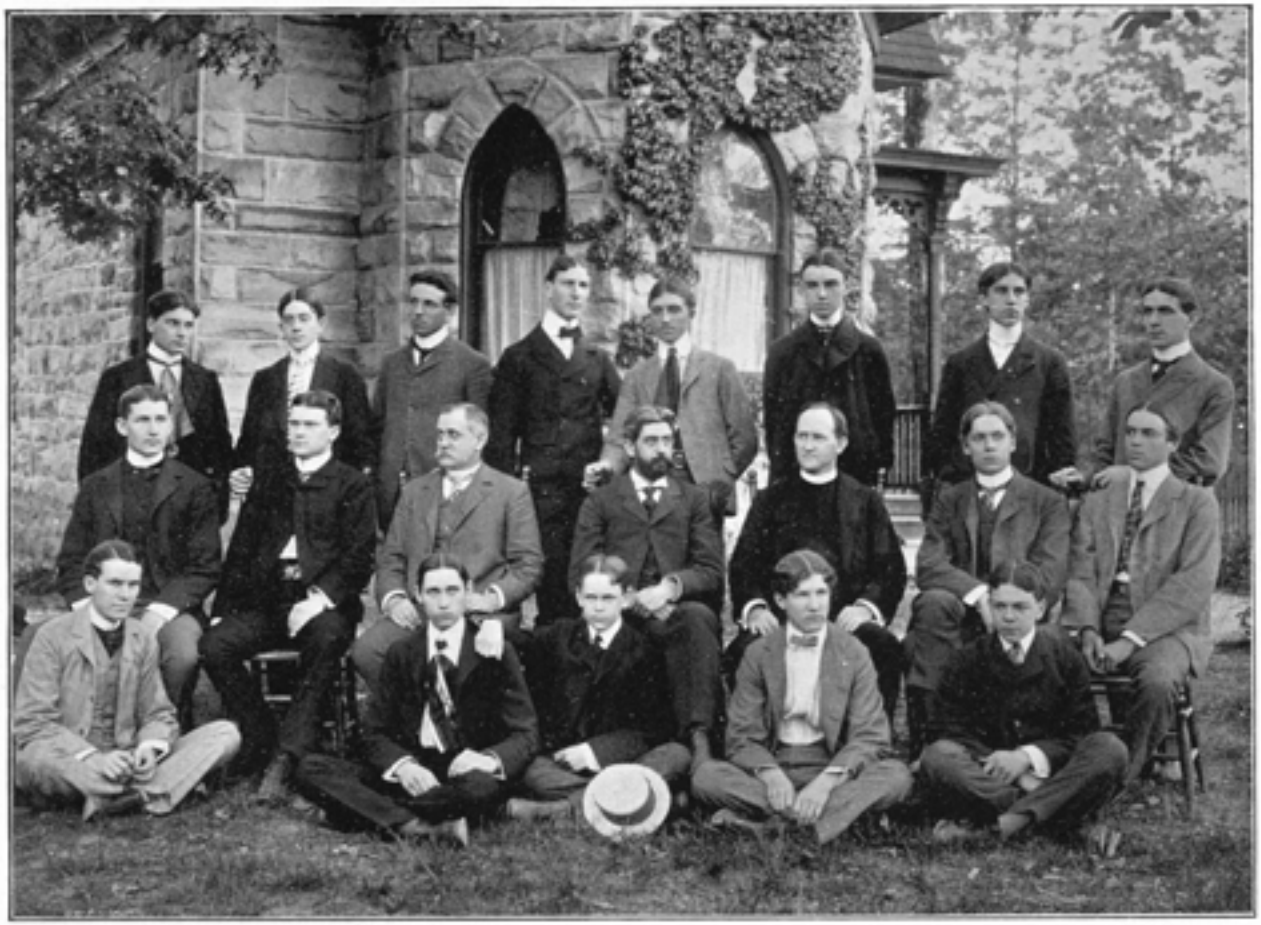
OVERTOH LEA, JR. — AUSTIN MILLER MCNEAL

HARRIS MASTERSON, JR. — JAMES FOUCHÉ MATTHEWS, B. A.

JOSEPH BOZEMAN RYLANCE — WILLIAM CLEVELAND SEWALL — BAXTER RANDOLPH SHAFFER



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON CHAPTER HOUSE



TENNESSEE OMEGA OF SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Tupper	Graves	Goodman	Barnwell	Smith	Cowart	Williams	James
McBee	Harrison	Dr. Piggot		Dr. Hall	Mr. Guerry	Branch	H. T. Bull
Cameron		Snowden		Evans	Croft	Phinizy	

Tennessee Omega of Sigma Alpha Epsilon

ESTABLISHED 1881

Fratres in Facultate

WILLIAM ALEXANDER GUERRY, M. A., B. D.
WILLIAM BONNELL HALL, M. A., M. D.
CAMERON PIGGOT, M. D.

Fratres in Theologia

GEORGE HENDREE HARRISON, B. S.
CROSSWELL McBEE, B. A.

In Medicina

EDWARD PERCY BEVERLEY
JOHN GORDON McWILLIAMS FORD
ELISHA ASHE YOUNG
HENRY DANIEL GREEN
JAMES EDWARD WILKINSON
JOHN WALKER CARTER JONES

In Lege

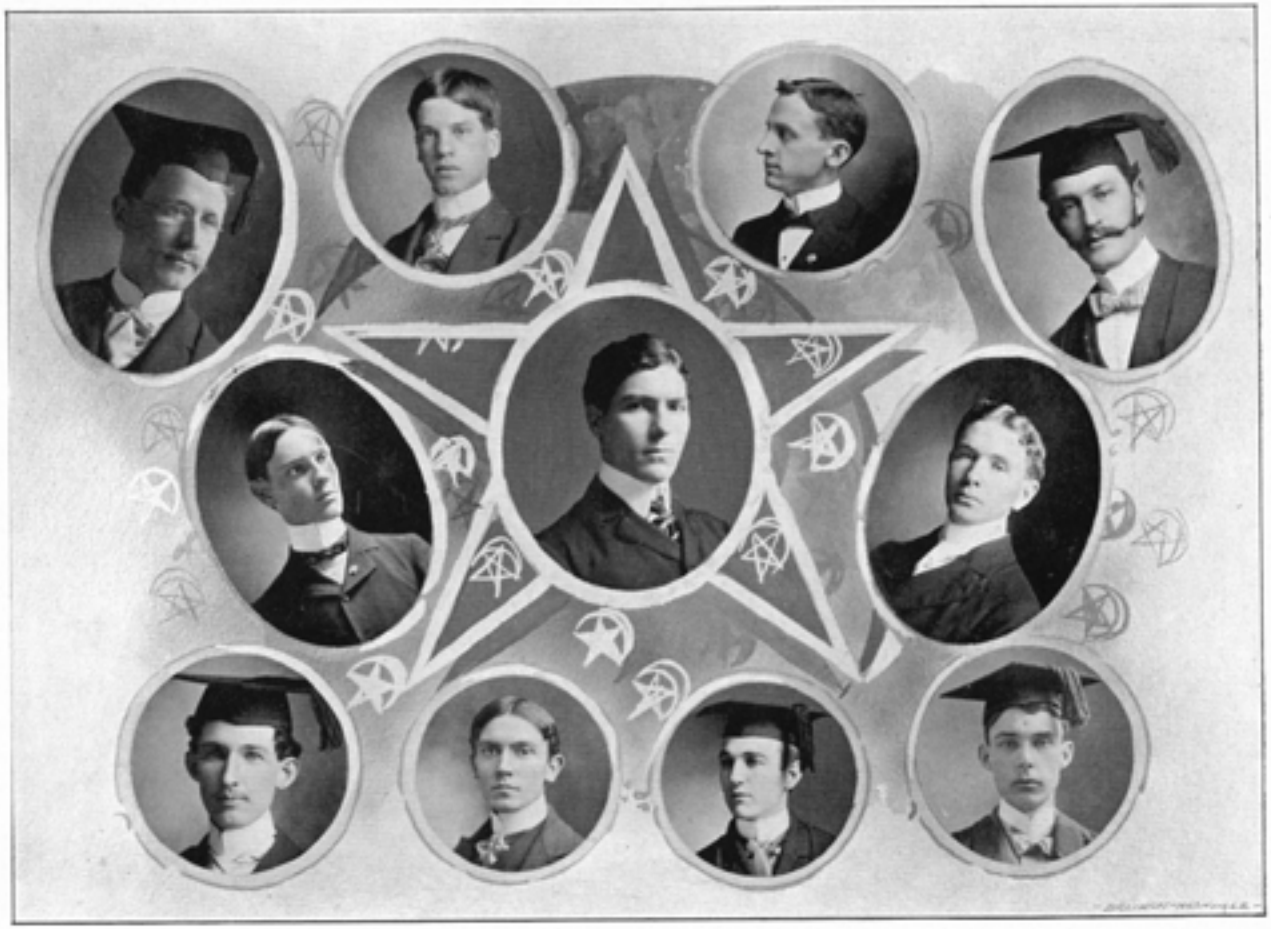
CLARKSON GALLEHER
SYDNEY SMITH

In Academia

MILTON BACON
BOWER WILLIAMSON BARNWELL
AUSTIN THOMAS PLUMER BRANCH
HENRY TILGHMAN BULL
DWIGHT FREDERIC CAMERON
ROBERT ERWIN COWART, Jr.
HENRY LATHAM CHAFEE
GEORGE WILLIAM CROFT
THOMAS EVANS
JOHN CALVIN GOODMAN
WILLIAM ELIJAH GRAVES
JOHN CRAIGMILES JAMES
COLES PHINIZY
EDWIN MORRIS REARDON, Jr.
JOHN DANIEL RUDEN
JOHN BAYARD SNOWDEN
VERNON SOUTHALL TUPPER
JAMES THOMAS WILLIAMS, Jr.



KAPPA SIGMA CHAPTER HOUSE



OMEGA OF KAPPA SIGMA

EGLESTON JOHNSON CARRIER HILL LONBERG YANCEY WALL

TURNER MOORMAN EDWARDS CARTER

Omega of Kappa Sigma

ESTABLISHED 1882

Frater in Facultate

William Egleston, M. D.

In Officio

George Clifton Edwards, M. A.

In Medicina

Marion Ridley Moorman
William Allen Turner, Jr.
Samuel Davis Wall
James Martin Carter
Arthur Ransom Sholars
John Alexander Wall
Henry Tutwiler Young
Thomas Bragg Yancey
Charles Miller Swartz

In Academia

Albert Alonzo Carrier
Otis Hackett Johnson
Charles Frederick Christian Lonberg
Florence Hoffman Parker
Roger Wolcott Richardson
Robert Edward Lee Hill



PHI DELTA THETA CHAPTER HOUSE



TENNESSEE BETA OF PHI DELTA THETA

	Mr. DuBose	Mitchell	Hudson	Atkins	L. M. Williams	Mr. White	
Parrott	Smith	Kirby-Smith			Cox	Blount	H. W. Benjamin
Jemison	Hodgson	Finlay			J. R. Williams	Walden	Nash
	Gillett	Wilson	Shelton	M. P. DuBose	P. O. Benjamin	Weed	

Tennessee Beta of Phi Delta Theta

ESTABLISHED 1883

Frater in Facultate

REV. GREENOUGH WHITE, M. A., B. D.

In Officio

ROBERT MARION DuBOSE

In Theologia

WILLIAM EDWARD COX, B. A.
KIRKMAN GEORGE FINLAY, B. LITT.
WALTER MITCHELL
HARRY THOMAS WALDEN

In Lege

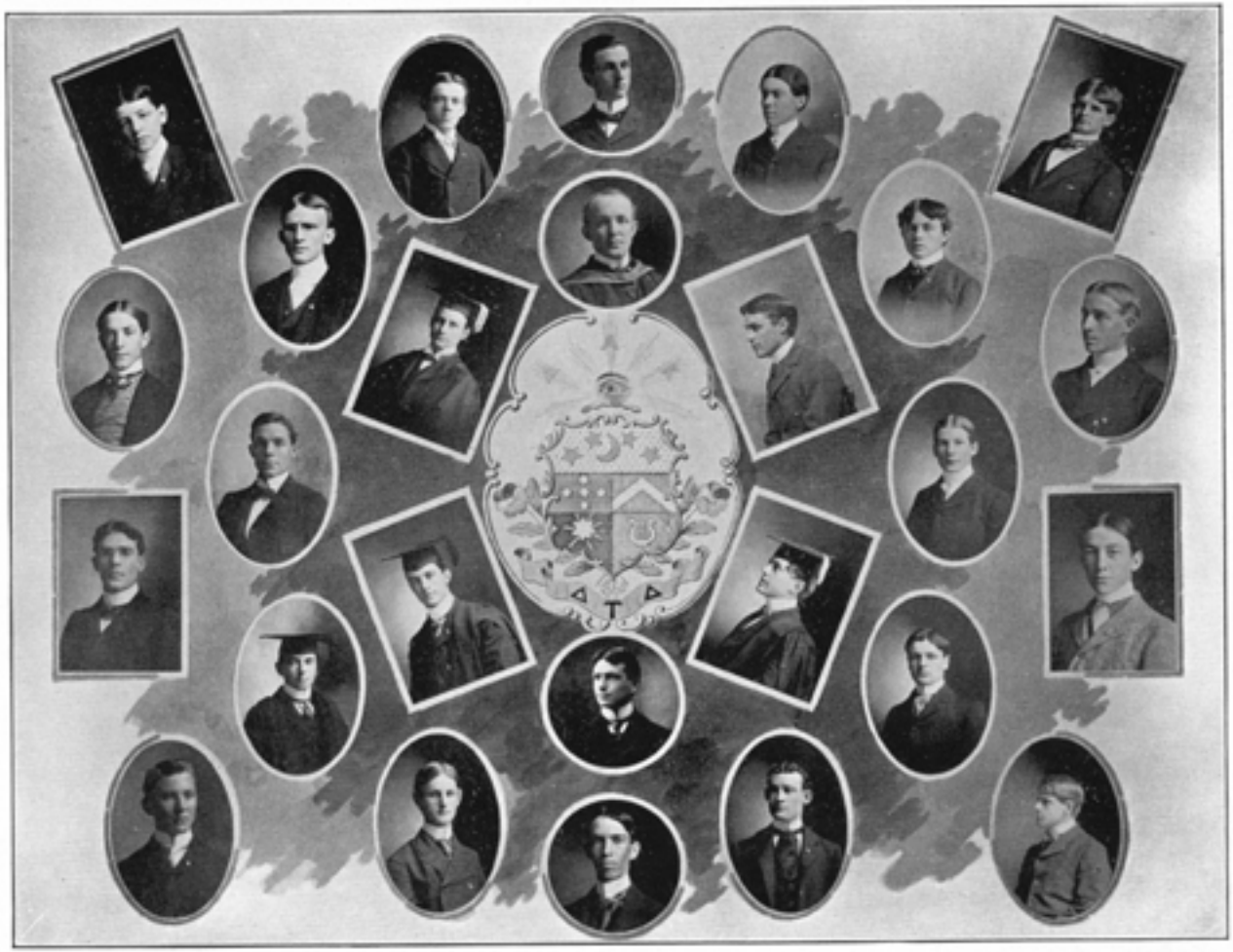
THOMAS SARGENT PARROTT
LAURENCE MOORE WILLIAMS

In Academia

JOHN NORTON ATKINS
HARBERT WILSON BENJAMIN
EUGENE HARMON BLOUNT
MARION PORCHER DuBOSE
WILLIAM LOWRY GILLETT
ALBERT CHRISTIAN GARBER
TELFAIR HODGSON, M. A.
ROBERT DOVE HUDSON
DOUGLAS WILLIAMS NASH
ROBERT FAIN SHELTON
HERBERT EDMUNDS SMITH
JOSEPH LEE KIRBY-SMITH
JOHN HARBOUR McBEE, JR.
GEORGE ASH WILSON, JR.
JAMES RUSSELL WILLIAMS
PERCY OZIER BENJAMIN



DELTA TAU DELTA CHAPTER HOUSE



BETA THETA OF DELTA TAU DELTA

HULL
WINTHROP

JONES
PHILLIPS

AVERY
AMBLER
PARTRIDGE

TUCKER
R. W. HOGUE

DAVIS
B. B. HOGUE

WILMERDING
POOLE

STARR
BULL

GIBBS
SELDEN

DE OVIES
WATIES

SIMKINS
BLACK
KILPATRICK

PEARCE
HALL

FOLSOM
CRANDELL

Beta Theta of Delta Tau Delta

ESTABLISHED 1883

In Officio

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON PEARCE

In Theologia

RAIMUNDO JORGE GARCIA DEOVIES

WILLIAM HENRY POOLE, M. A.

JOHN WILLIAM JONES, B. A.

In Medicina

HORACE RAINSFORD DREW

WILLIAM EDWARD WILMERDING

JOSÉ MARTIN SELDEN, C. E., M. S.

In Lege

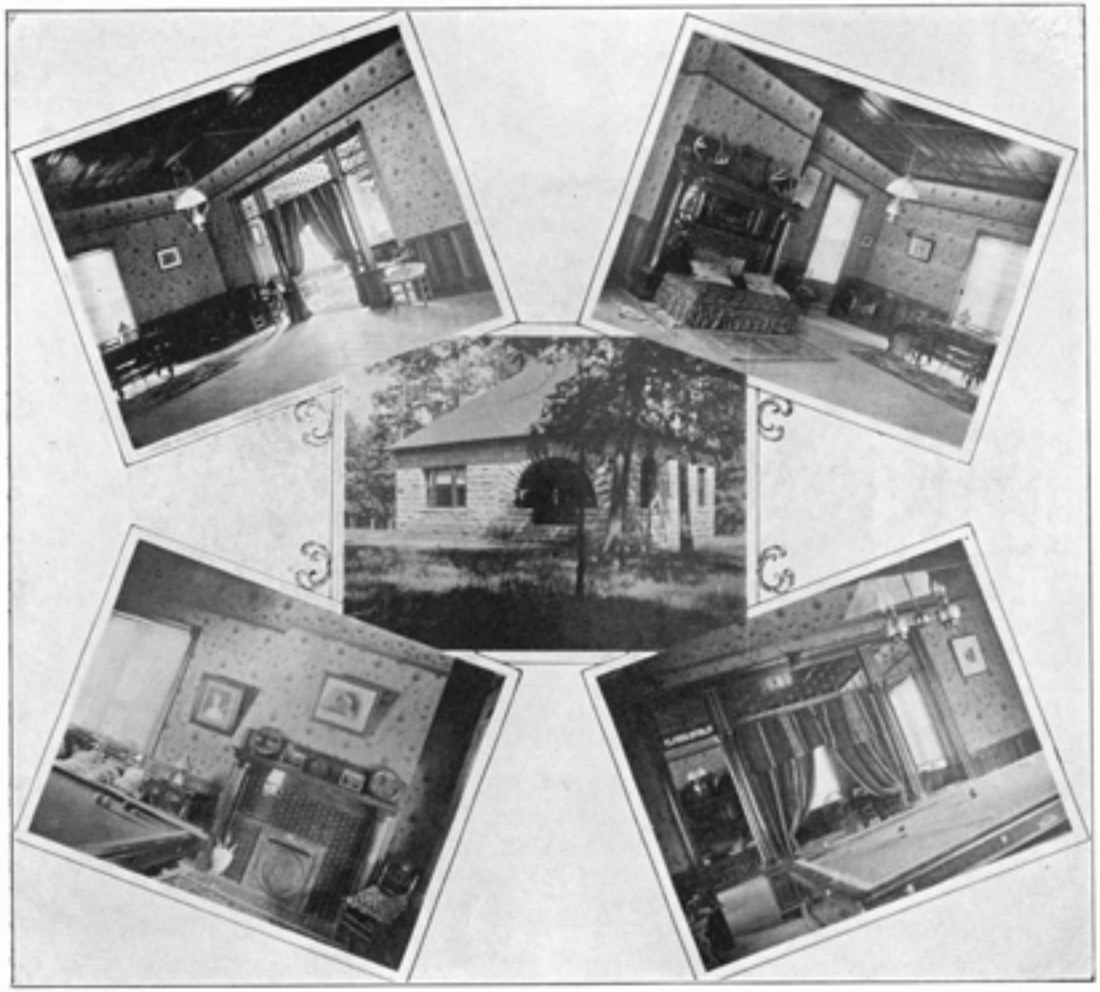
JOHN CAMPBELL AVERY, JR.

ALBERT HUELING DAVIS

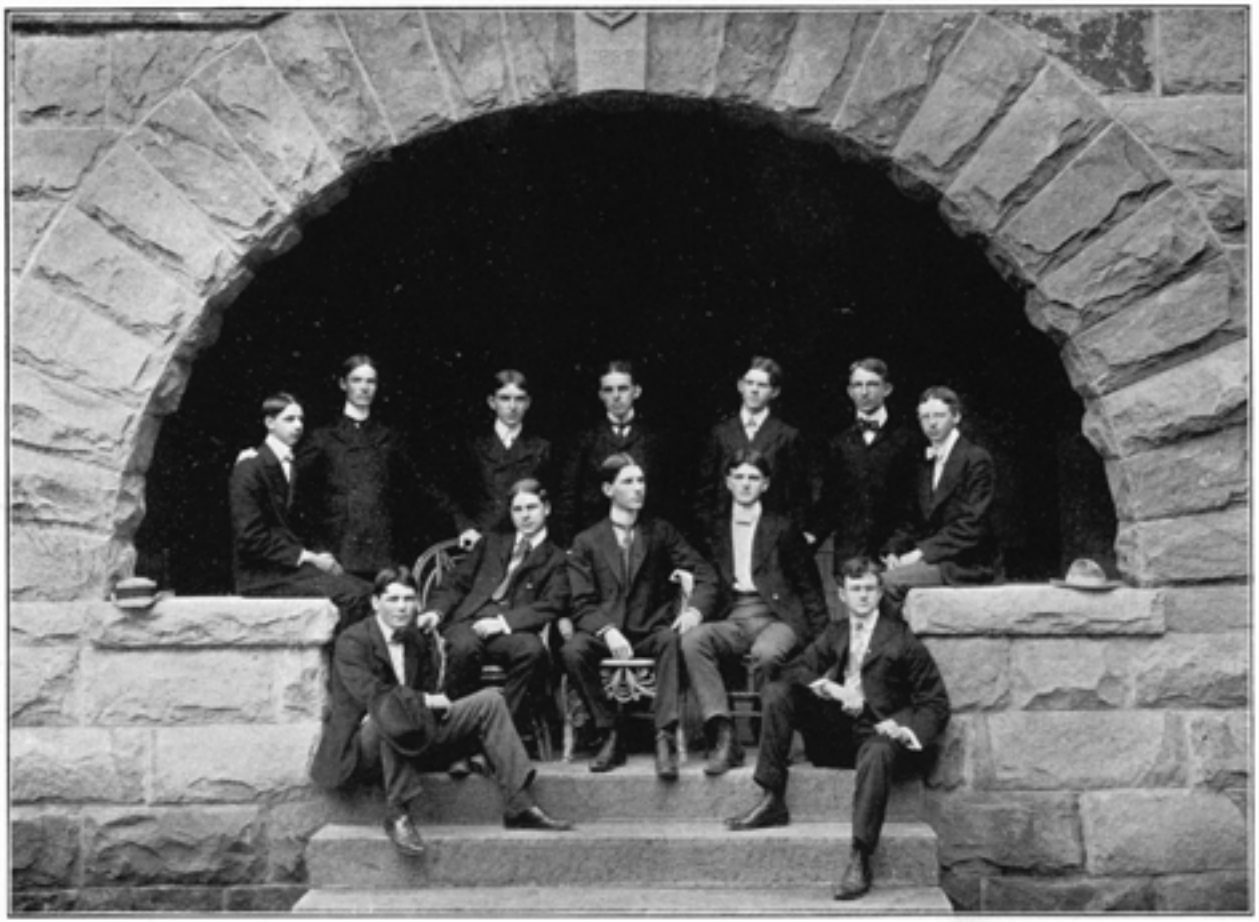
RINGLAND FISHER KILPATRICK

In Academia

RALPH PETERS BLACK
JAMES ARMITAGE BULL
WILLIAM HENRY CARNES
HOWARD FARRAR CRANDELL
CHARLES FOLSOM
GEORGE WILDY GIBBS
FREEMAN HALL
BRADLEY BROWN HOGUE
ASBURY HULL
CHARLES STEVENS PARTRIDGE
JESSE LOUIS SUTER
HENRY DISBRO PHILLIPS
ORMOND SIMKINS
HOMER WORTHINGTON STARR
ROYAL KENNETH TUCKER
GILMAN JOSEPH WINTHROP



KAPPA ALPHA CHAPTER HOUSE



ALPHA ALPHA OF KAPPA ALPHA

DAVIDSON BARNETT SIMPSON C. Q. GRAY HALL BRODIE SCOTT
SEIBELS HAMILTON HARRISON C. GRAY BARNWELL

Alpha Alpha of Kappa Alpha

ESTABLISHED 1883

Fratres in Officio

CHARLES QUINTARD GRAY, B. A.

HENRY GOLDTHWAITE SEIBELS, B. A.

In Medicina

LANDON RANDOLPH MASON

Fratres in Lege

JAMES HAWKINS BRODIE

FREDERICK MYERS SCOTT

In Academia

HARLOW BARNETT

ROBERT WOODWARD BARNWELL, JR.

GUY HAMILTON CAFFEY

ARTHUR FERDINAND COOPER

CAMPBELL GRAY

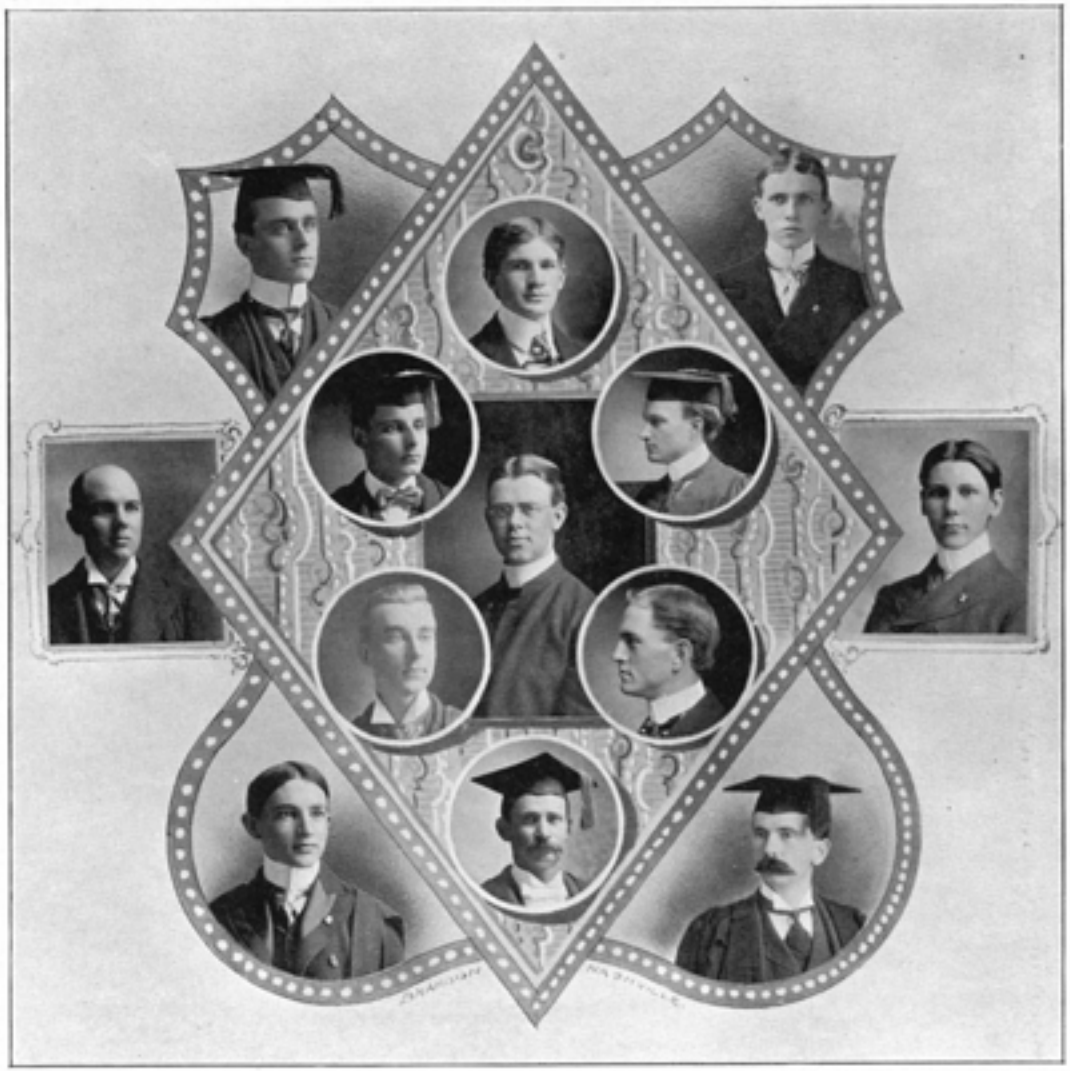
RICHARD CONKLIN HALL

JOSEPH GRÉGOIRE DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

McVEIGH HARRISON

WILLIAM HESTER SIMPSON

The Chapter House of Chi Chapter, Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity, is now in process of erection on the lot in the rear of Right Bower



CHI OF PI KAPPA ALPHA

McLaurine — Ward — Radford — Williams — Cadman — Gerard — Claiborne — Boyd — Bruce — Hill — Lee — Mason — Brown

Chi of Pi Kappa Alpha

Frater in Facultate

GEORGE MCLAURINE, PH. G.

In Theologia

WILLIAM STERLING CLAIBORNE

CHARLES WADSWORTH BALL HILL

LUTHER GEORGE HALLAM WILLIAMS

In Medicina

WALTER BARWICK BRUCE

HOWELL LEA CASTLEMAN

In Academia

JOHN BROWN

GODFREY WILLIAM RADCLYFFE CADMAN

LLOYD ASHFORD GERARD

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

CHAPIN WINSTON RADFORD

GUY TARLTON

Pan-Hellenic Convention

Officers

W. H. Poole *President*

McVeigh Harrison *Secretary*

Delegates

A T Ω

Overton Lea, Jr.
H. W. Jervey
C. B. Colmore

Σ A E

G. H. Harrison
V. S. Tupper
A. T. P. Branch

K Σ

O. H. Johnson
C. F. C. Lonberg
G. C. Edwards

Φ Δ Θ

Walter Mitchell
L. M. Williams
R. D. Hudson

Δ T Δ

J. W. Jones
R. F. Kilpatrick
W. H. Poole

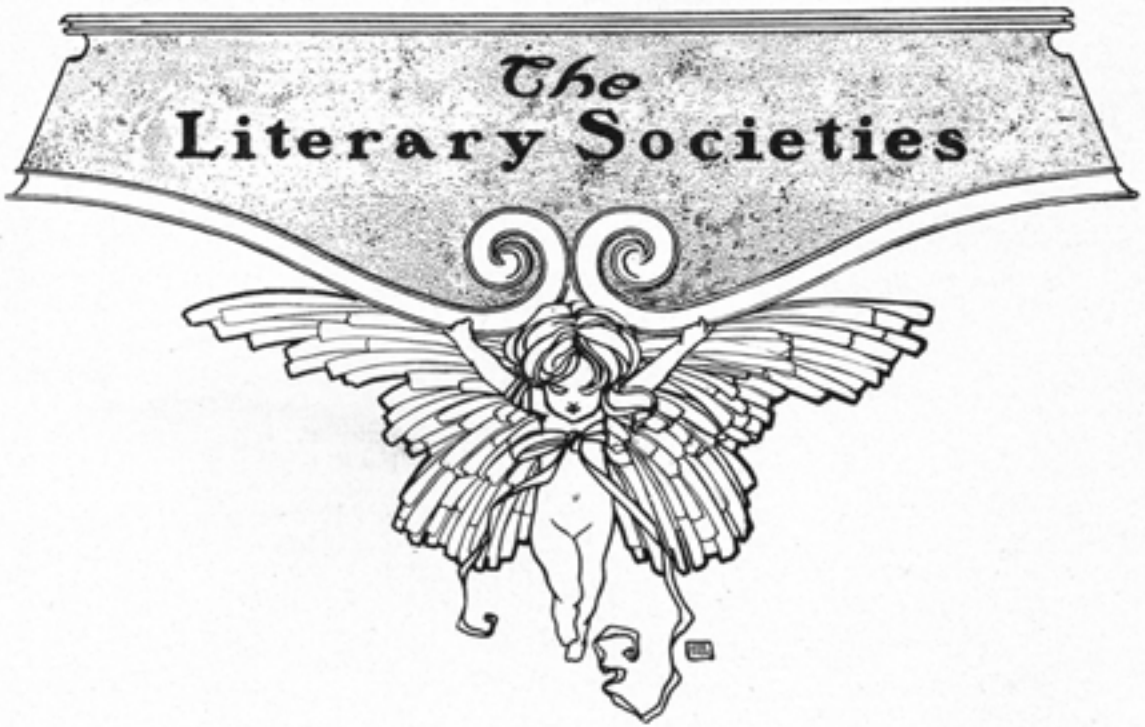
K A

J. G. de R. Hamilton
C. Q. Gray
McVeigh Harrison

Π K A

C. W. Radford
L. G. H. Williams
C. W. B. Hill




The
Literary Societies



Trinity Term, 1898

H. S. Risley	*President*
W. H. Poole	*Vice President*
R. W. Hogue	*Critic*
H. W. Jervey	*Secretary*
R. C. Hall	*Treasurer*

Lent Term, 1899

McVeigh Harrison	*President*
H. W. Jervey	*Vice President*
W. H. Poole	*Critic*
R. C. Hall	*Secretary*
Overton Lea, Jr.	*Treasurer*

Trinity Term, 1899

H. W. Jervey	*President*
W. H. Poole	*Vice President*
McVeigh Harrison	*Critic*
R. C. Hall	*Secretary*
Walter Mitchell	*Treasurer*

Lent Term, 1900

A. T. P. Branch	*President*
W. H. Poole	*Vice President*
H. W. Jervey	*Critic*
R. C. Hall	*Secretary*
Overton Lea, Jr.	*Treasurer*

Trinity Term, 1898

A. T. P. Branch McVeigh Harrison*	*Trent Debaters*

Lent Term, 1899

A. T. P. Branch	*Anniversary Reader*
R. C. Hall	*Anniversary Essayist*
C. F. C. Lonberg	*Anniversary Orator*
R. J. G. deOvies* L. G. H. Williams	*Contestants for the Anniversary Medal*
Overton Lea, Jr. Lucien Memminger	*Inter-Society Essayists*
H. W. Jervey W. H. Poole	*Inter-Society Orators*
McVeigh Harrison†	*Vanderbilt Debater*
R. W. Hogue*	*Sewanee Representative in the S. I. O. A. Contest*
R. J. G. deOvies L. G. H. Williams M. P. DuBose	*Inter-Society Contestants in Declamation*

Lent Term, 1900

J. G. de R. Hamilton	*Anniversary Reader*
B. B. Hogue	*Anniversary Essayist*
Harris Masterson, Jr.* L. G. H. Williams	*Contestants for the Anniversary Medal*
Overton Lea, Jr. J. F. Matthews	*Inter-Society Essayists*
H. W. Jervey W. H. Poole	*Inter-Society Orators*
H. W. Jervey A. T. P. Branch	*Vanderbilt Debaters‡*
R. J. G. deOvies Harris Masterson, Jr.	*Inter-Society Contestants in Declamation*

* Medallist. † Sewanee won. ‡ Debate postponed one year, at the request of Vanderbilt.

Pi Omega



Trinity Term, '98

H. W. Starr	*President*
C. W. Boyd	*Vice President*
Crosswell McBee	*Secretary*
R. S. Jemison	*Treasurer*
F. W. Ambler	*Critic*

Trinity Term, '99

G. Hendree Harrison	*President*
G. W. R. Cadman	*Vice President*
V. S. Tupper	*Secretary*
W. L. Gillett	*Treasurer*
H. W. Starr John Beean	*Critic*

Lent Term, '99

F. W. Ambler	*President*
G. Hendree Harrison	*Vice President*
H. G. Seibels V. S. Tupper	*Secretary*
W. L. Gillett	*Treasurer*
Harold Thomas	*Critic*

Lent Term, '00

E. H. Blount	*President*
O. H. Johnson	*Vice President*
V. S. Tupper	*Secretary*
R. P. Black	*Treasurer*
G. Hendree Harrison	*Critic*

Trinity Term, 1898

F. W. Ambler, R. S. Jemison — *Trent Debaters*

W. M. Green, Jr. — *Anniversary Orator*

F. W. Ambler — *Anniversary Essayist*

H. W. Starr *, G. P. McKee — *Contestants for the Anniversary Medal*

Lent Term, 1899

J. W. Jones *, C. W. Boyd — *Inter-Society Essayists*

John Bean *, H. W. Starr — *Inter-Society Orators*

W. M. Green, Jr. † — *Vanderbilt Debater*

John Bean, H. W. Starr *, J. T. Williams, Jr. — *Inter-Society Contestants in Declamation*

Trinity Term, 1899

John Bean — *Anniversary Orator*

G. W. R. Cadman — *Anniversary Essayist*

J. T. Williams, Jr., J. W. Jones * — *Contestants for the Anniversary Medal*

R. E. L. Hill — *Anniversary Declaimer*

Lent Term, 1900

Halsey Werlein Jr., Crosswell McBee — *Inter-Society Essayists*

W. E. Cox, J. T. Williams, Jr. — *Inter-Society Orators*

D. F. Cameron, John Bean, J. T. Williams, Jr., V. J. Randolph — *Inter-Society Contestants in Declamation*

* Medallist. † Sewanee won.

John S. Cain Medical and Surgical Society

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H. C. Walkup *Vice Fxesident*

T. M. Edwards *Secretary*

F. S. Holsberry *Treasurer*

F. E. Lee *Librarian*

Officers, 1900

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G. R. Harris *Librarian*

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John William Jones, B. A.
William Henry Poole, M. A.
Overton Lea, Jr.
McVeigh Harrison
George Hendree Harrison, B. S.
Luke Lea, B. A.
Walter Mitchell
Raimundo Jorge Garcia de Ovies
Joseph Grégoire de Roulhac Hamilton
John Beran
Godfrey William Radclyffe Cadman
Francis Haramond Richey
Richard Conklin Hall
Crosswell McBee, B. A.

Homiletic Society

Trinity Term, '98

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B. M. ANDERSON, B. A.	*Secretary*
C. W. BOYD	*Critic*

Lent Term, '99

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C. W. BOYD	*Critic*

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The Shakespeare Club of Sewanee

Rev. Dr. W. P. DuBose *Presiding Officer*
Rev. W. H. DuBose *Chairman of Topic Committee*
Miss Louise Finley *Librarian and Treasurer*

On the twenty-fifth of May, 1899, the conservative old English Club, which had been fettered for so long by academic prejudice that many were beginning to suspect that it was a moth-eaten angel, burst the prosaic chrysalis that had tied it to the earth, and soared into the Shakespearian ether, a splendid butterfly. In plain words, the old organization underwent another of its periodical phases, and renewing its youth like the phœnix, or like the nautilus, adding a fresh and larger cell to its chamber, it reörganized, without change of membership, as The Shakespeare Club—the first that has blessed Sewanee. This departure from antiquated traditions, productive though it was of much heart-burning among the reactionary, has been followed by unexampled growth and prosperity. On this point one bit only of evidence is conclusive—there is a surplus in the treasury.

Upon entering the mighty forest of Shakespearian drama, the first thing to do was to blaze a path—to make a selection that should be both representative and connected. The Club could not do justice to more than six or seven plays in the course of a year of reading; and the difficult problem was to make those few include examples of both English and Roman History plays, of two periods of Comedy, of Tragedy and Romance, that should also form a solid course, affording points of contact with each other. A happy suggestion—to take those dramas in which a supernatural element is introduced—proved the solution of this exacting problem, furnishing at once the variety in unity so devoutly wished; and the members began the study of King Richard the Third, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, Macbeth and The Tempest, adding, to satisfy the above requirement respecting Comedy, the play of As You Like It, which, though it possesses nothing supernatural except beauty, is a poetic and romantic work that affords many interesting features of comparison with others in the list. The plan was to have a written Introduction, historical and critical, to each play, followed, at the ensuing meeting, by a reading, in parts, of as much of the dialogue as time permitted. This plan was carried out with success, and was productive of enjoyment and benefit to the members.

So much having been accomplished, the course for 1900 was easier to map out. It consists of plays representative, as before, of the species and periods of Shakespeare's work, the necessary unity being provided by a preponderance of Comedy. This year the comic element is the special subject of study; and the plays are The Merchant of Venice, King Henry the Fourth, Twelfth Night, All's Well that Ends Well, Othello, Anthony and Cleopatra, and Cymbeline.

The course for the year 1901 is easy to predict: it is simply the remaining half-dozen first-class plays illustrative of the periods of the great poet's career, and with preponderance of Tragedy.

Southern Interstate Oratorical Association

ESTABLISHED 1891

Sewanee Representatives in the Contests

Paul Trapier Gadsden	1891	at the University of Virginia
Hudson Stuck	1892	at Vanderbilt University
Henry Coolidge Semple	1893	at South Carolina College
* Mercer Green Johnston	1894	at the University of the South
Stuart Strother McLean	1895	at Washington and Lee University
* John Barbee Galleher	1896	at Centre College
* John Stewart Tanner	1897	at the University of Texas
Richard Wallace Hogue	1898	at Vanderbilt University
* Richard Wallace Hogue	1899	at the University of Virginia

Colleges Represented

University of Virginia

Washington and Lee University

Centre College

University of Texas

University of the South

Vanderbilt University

South Carolina College

* Medallist



Kentucky Medal for Greek

'98.	James Fouché Matthews	Alabama
'99.	Huger Wilkinson Jervey	South Carolina

Master's Medal for Latin

'98.	James Fouché Matthews	Alabama
'99.	Huger Wilkinson Jervey	South Carolina

Ruggles-Wright Medal for French

'98.	Austin Thomas Plumer Branch	Georgia
'99.	Not awarded	

Van Hoose Medal for German

'98. WINFIELD PINSON WOOLF Georgia
'99. Not awarded

Price Medal for English

'98. Not awarded
'99. Not awarded

Knight Medal for Declamation

'98. RICHARD WALLACE HOGUE, B. A. '99. HOMER WORTHINGTON STARR.

Louisiana Medal for Oratory

'98. RICHARD WALLACE HOGUE Alabama
'99. JOHN BEEAN Tennessee

Isaac Marion Dwight Medal for Philosophical and Biblical Greek

'99. THOMAS PASTEUR NOE, M. A. North Carolina

The E. G. Richmond Prize in Political Science

'99. JOSEPH GRÉGOIRE DE ROULHAC HAMILTON North Carolina

South Carolina Medal for Essay

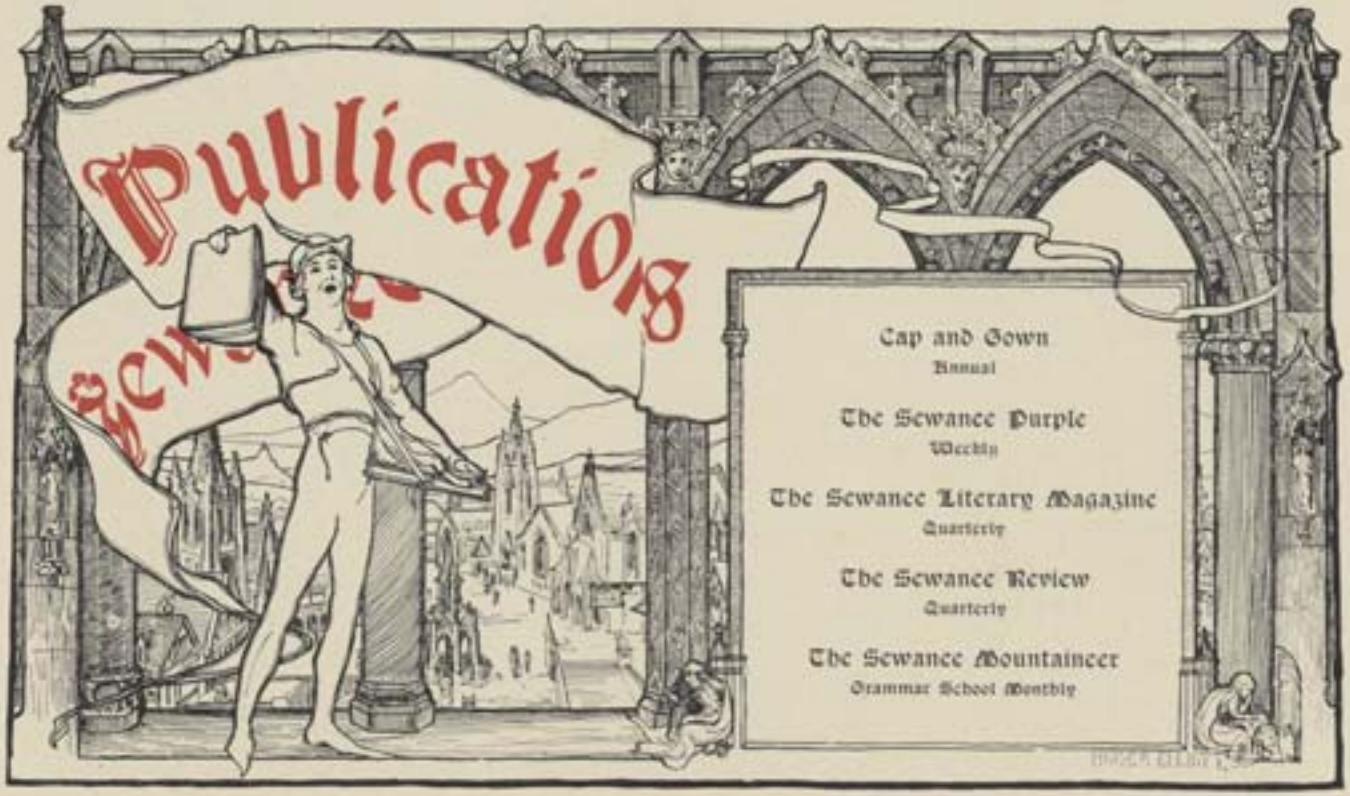
'98. WINFIELD PINSON WOOLF Georgia
'99. JOHN WILLIAM JONES, B. A. Texas

The Arthur Handly Marks Prize (of Books) for Rhetoric

'99. ROBERT ERWIN COWART, JR. Texas

Trent Medal for Debate

'98. MCVEIGH HARRISON Missouri
'99. Not awarded


Publications
Cap and Gown
Annual
The Sewanee Purple
Weekly
The Sewanee Literary Magazine
Quarterly
The Sewanee Review
Quarterly
The Sewanee Mountaineer
Grammar School Monthly



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JOHNSON LEA MITCHELL HARRISON POOLE WILLIAMS BRANCH DEOVIES

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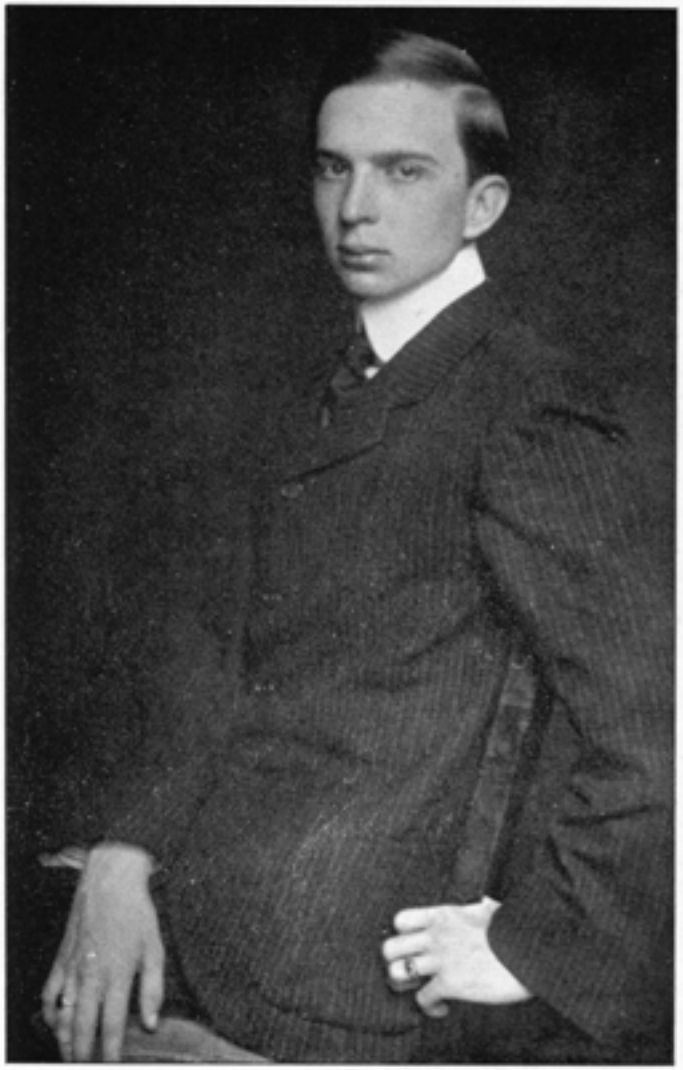
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Huger Elliott
F. V. Wilson

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THE PURPLE



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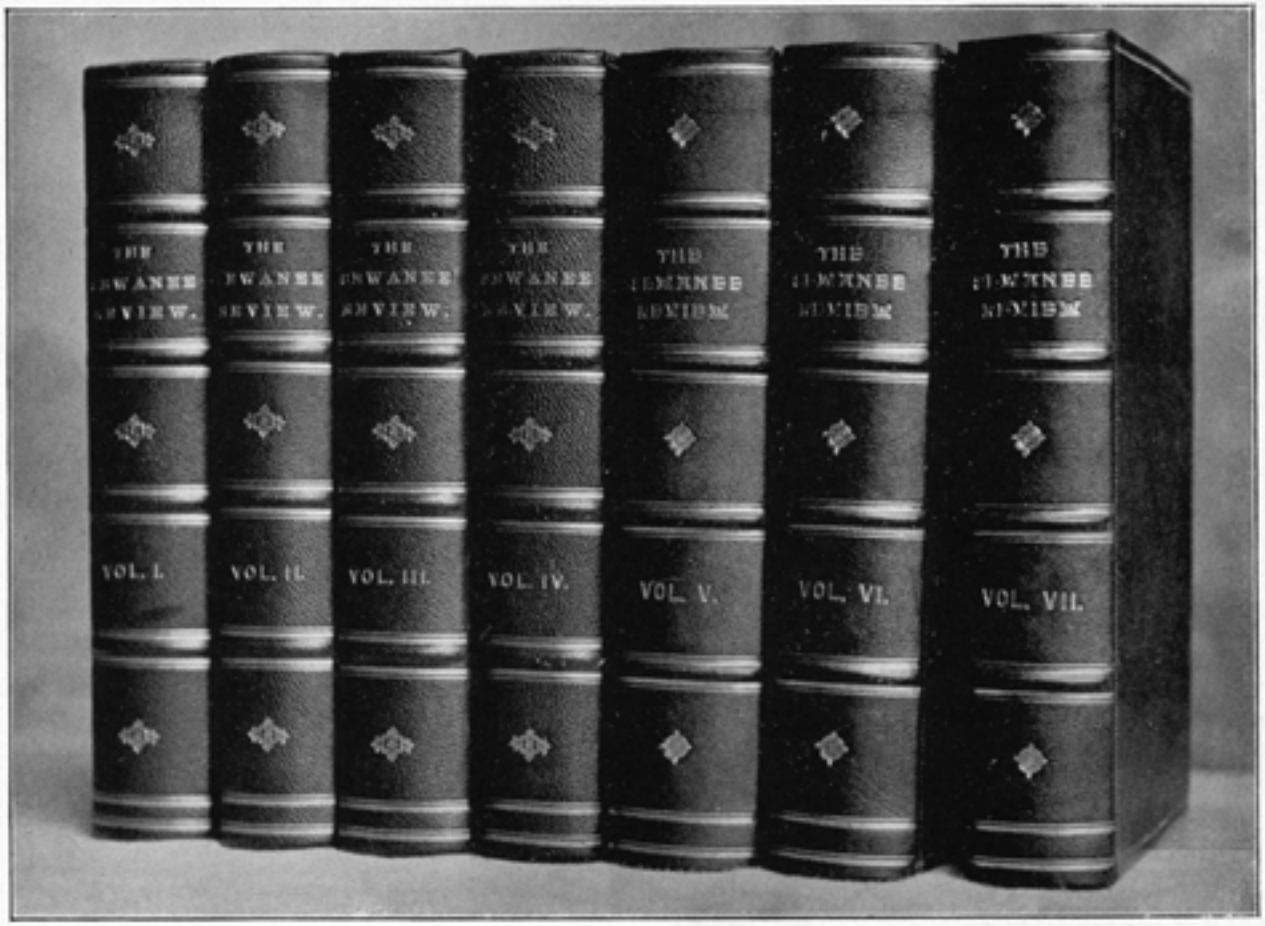
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GLEE CLUB
CONCERT
THURSDAY JULY 28 1898
ATHLETIC
SHOW
5-6-'00
CHESS CLUB



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S. Moylan Bird	*Organist and Choirmaster.*
J. G. de R. Hamilton	*Crucifer.*
Charles Glover and Frank Gumm	*Soloists.*

Sopranos

John Gass, Henry Gass, Charles Glover, Frank Gumm, Carl Judd
Silas McBee, Charles Puckette, Stephen Puckette, Ferdinand Rodgers

Alto

Baldwin Darrow

Tenors

C. Q. Gray, J. E. Miles
Walter Mitchell, H. M. T. Pearce
R. M. Stuart, R. K. Tucker

Bassos

Campbell Gray, R. E. L. Hill
P. E. Huger, Harris Masterson
Ormond Simkins



GLEE CLUB



The Glee Club



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C. Q. GRAY Treasurer

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G. J. WINTHROP
WALTER MITCHELL
R. M. STUART

Second Tenors

J. E. MILES
J. G. DE R. HAMILTON
R. E. L. HILL

First Basses

ORMOND SIMKINS
M. P. DUBOSE
R. J. G. DE OVIES

Second Basses

S. M. BIRD
CAMPBELL GRAY
P. E. HUGER

University Orchestra

H. W. JERVEY *Conductor*

First Violin
WALTER MITCHELL

First Cornet
H. M. T. PEARCE

Clarinet
J. E. MILES

Second Violins
W. E. COX
J. L. FELDER

Second Cornet
C. W. B. HILL

Flute
R. K. TUCKER

Piccolo
L. C. FELDER

Trombone
S. M. BIRD

Cello
C. Q. GRAY

Double Bass
R. J. G. DEOVIES

Assisted by MISS VIRA ADAMS



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Ye Anciente Association of Junior Alumni



President
Frank Constant

Secretary
F·R·Kimbrough

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C·C·Pinckney

The young but lusty order of Junior Alumni sprang into existence with enthusiastic precipitation just one year ago. The sponsors in baptism who stood for the infant at its christening down in the old E. Q. B. house, last August, were those whose youth was yet unquestioned and who were thus in close sympathy with the undergraduate spirit of the University. Its members are more banded together in good fellowship and student friendship than those of the senior association, and they feel themselves a part of the organism of the vital Sewanee. But the two organizations are not in any way at cross purposes. The Juniors mean to aid and abet the Seniors in all their labors, and, to prove themselves no sluggards, subscribed a nucleus for the track fund at their baby banquet, as an earnest of their future endeavor. The monumental dignity of the Senior Alumni banquet is respectfully endorsed by the Juniors, with much intellectual gratification and less gastronomic amiability. The Episcopal wit is enjoyed by the court almost as much as by the jesters themselves. The wine is pronounced not poisonous by the young and lowly, and then heartily quaffed by those that sit in the high places. The Southern Sees indulge in gentle eulogy of one another, until the rosy morn outdoes them in the noble art of blushing; and everybody goes home wishing he belonged to that Society of inter-admiring prelates. Now, the Junior Alumni banquet is not like this. To be sure everyone admires everyone else extravagantly, just like the bishops; there are speeches in plenty; the wine is not poisoned, and the motion to adjourn is made from a neighboring hen house—but, somehow, it's different. If you ever go to one, you'll see why.

Association of the Texas Alumni of Sewanee

Texas Association

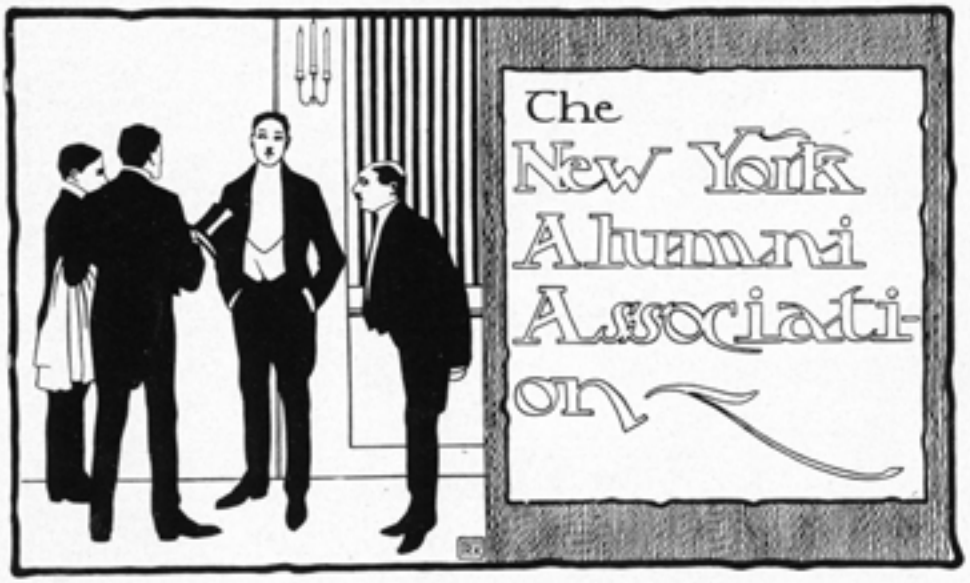
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J. N. Brown	*Secretary*

Dallas Division

F. E. Shoup	*President*
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Dr. J. H. P. Hodgson, 29 Washington Square	*Secretary*
Mr. Spruille Burford, M. A., 610 West One Hundred and Fifty-Second Street	*Treasurer*

All Sewanee men on their arrival in New York City, or vicinity, are requested to send their names and addresses to the Secretary. Annual dinners take place during January of each year. The dinner of 1900 was given at Sherry's, Forty-Fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, and the guest of honor was Governor Theodore Roosevelt.

Mississippi Alumni Association

ORGANIZED AT JACKSON, MISS., MAY 2, 1900

REV. W. M. GREEN, Jackson, ... *President*

REV. QUINCY EWING, Greenville, ... *Vice President*

MR. GEO. C. HARRIS, JR., Mont Helena, ... *Second Vice President*

DR. E. F. HOWARD, Vicksburg, ... *Secretary and Treasurer*

The object of the Association is to promote the welfare and progress of Sewanee. All Mississippi Alumni are eligible to membership.


The Senior
German Club

Senior German Club

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H. W. Jervey	*President*
Overton Lea, Jr.	*Vice President*
Telfair Hodgson	*Secretary*
W. H. Poole	*Treasurer*

Trinity Term, 1899

Luke Lea	*President*
J. G. de R. Hamilton	*Vice President*
W. L. Gillett	*Secretary*
J. G. McW. Ford	*Treasurer*

Lent Term, 1900

Luke Lea	*President*
J. G de R. Hamilton	*Vice President*
R. D. Hudson	*Secretary*
D. A. Shepherd	*Treasurer*

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Telfair Hodgson
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J. M. Selden
S. M. Bird
R. P. Black
E. H. Blount
A. T. P. Branch
W. L. Gillett
J. G. McW. Ford
McVeigh Harrison
J. G. de R. Hamilton
V. S. Tupper
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German
Club

Junior German Club

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J. B. RYLANCE



FORENSIC HALL, July 10, 1900.

Program

Part I

VIOLIN SOLO Selected
Miss Viva Adams

QUARTET "Let Not Thine Eyes upon Me Rest"
C. O. Gray, R. M. Stuart, E. J. G. de Ovies, S. M. Bird

BALLAD "Answer"
Miss Perret

SCENE FROM "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"
Mrs. Lillian Harlee and Mr. R. E. L. Hill

PIANO SOLO
Mrs. Callihan

DIXIE

Part II

"THE FIRST TIME" — A Farce in One Act.

WILFRED BURTON, a landscape artist, for the first time defying his ideals.
Mr. R. E. L. Hill

SYLVIA GARDEN, for the first time a model
Mrs. Lillian Harlee

VINA, a little drudge with a big heart, for the first time in love
Miss Josephine Kirby-Smith

MRS. DE SOTO BEANS, a wealthy and eccentric widow, for the first time domineered
Mrs. Lydia Hale

FREDERICK TORRINGTON, an actor, for the first time utterly fooled.
Mr. Edward Miles

FINALE



J. Edward Miles, Manager

Bones

Mr. Wilson

Mr. Wilcox

Interlocutor

Mr. Davis

Tambos

Mr. Ashford

Mr. Miles

Stage Manager

Mr. W. B. Thompson

Programme

Part I

1 Opening Chorus — Grand Medley Entire Company
2 Whistling Solo Mr. A. H. Davis
3 Ballad — "Because," Mr. S. Cary Beckwith
4 End Song — "Why Don't You Get a Lady of Your Own," Mr. J. E. Miles
5 Flute Solo — Selected Mr. H. S. Ashford
6 Ballad — "Out on the Deep," Mr. S. M. Bird
7 End Song — "Pack Up Your Rags and Go," Mr. H. S. Ashford
8 Trio — Medley Messrs. Bird, Q. Gray, and Miles
9 Banjo Solo — Selected Mr. M. Bacon
10 Closing Chorus — March Entire Company

Part II

1 Juggling and Swinging Wire Mr. T. J. Turner
2 Instrumental Quartette Messrs. Ashford, Davis, Q. Gray, and Miles
3 The Serenade By the Original Tullahomians
4 Quartette Messrs. Bird, Q. Gray, Davis, and Miles
5 "A Little Rag Time," by Huger W. Jervey and a Few Old Shirts from the New Laundry.

Sweet Singers

Mr. Hamilton

Mr. Q. Gray

Mr. Winthrop

Mr. Bacon

Mr. de Ovies

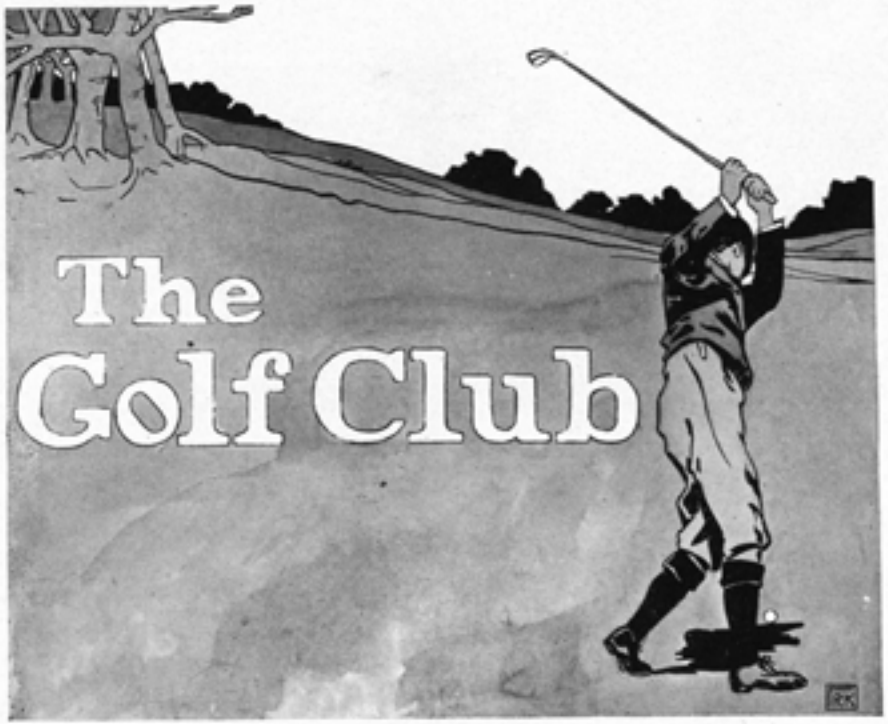
Mr. Beckwith

Mr. Bird

Mr. C. Gray

Musical Director

Mr. Huger W. Jervey



Dr. Reginald H. Starr,	*President*
A. T. P. Branch,	*Vice President*
José M. Selden,	*Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

Bishop Thos. F. Gailor
Dr. B. L. Wiggins
Prof. W. B. Nauts
Dr. H. W. S. Hayes
Dr. W. L. Bevan
Rev. W. A. Guerry
H. T. Bull

F. M. Scott
H. W. Jervey
J. H. Brodie
V. J. Randolph
Telfair Hodgson
R. E. L. Hill
Overton Lea, Jr.

Luke Lea
C. B. Colmore
A. M. McNeal
G. J. Winthrop
L. G. H. Williams
D. C. Gillett
M. W. Goldstein

G. P. Gates
Ephraim Kirby-Smith
C. E. Daggett
D. B. Hull
H. G. Cope
J. E. Miles

Handicap Tournament, 1899

José M. Selden (scratch)	Winner
Telfair Hodgson (handicap 27)	Runner-up



Active

Luke Lea, B. A.
Telfair Hodgson, M. A.
Overton Lea, Jr.
Austin Thomas Plumer Branch
George Hendree Harrison, B. S.
William Bonnell Hall, Jr., M. A., M. D.
Henry Goldthswaite, Seibels, B. A.
Huger Wilkinson Jervey, M. A.

Ormond Simkins
McVeigh Harrison
Walter Mitchell
Stephen Moylan Bird
Vernon Southall Tupper
Frederick Myers Scott, Jr.
Charles Quintard Gray, B. A.
William Henry Poole, M. A.

Alumni

John Young Garlington, LL. B.
Abner Green, LL. B.
Joshua Robertson Nicholls
Francis Langing Coyle, M. A.
Edward Bridge Nelson, M. A., M. D.
Francis Vaux Wilson
Wilbur Gayle Brown, C. E., B. S.
Marshall Woolfolk
Robert Woodward Barnwell Elliott, M.A., LL. B.
John Morton Morris, B. A.
Daniel Heywood Hamilton, M. A.
Edward Douglas Johnston, M. A., LL. B.
Henry Steiner Dunbar, C. E., B. S.
Grant Shepherd
Richard Sanford Rust, Jr.
Hardee Chambliss, B. S. (V. M. I.)
William Clendennen Robertson, M. A.
Alexander Galpin Blacklock, M.A., LL. B.
Robert Franklin McMillan, C. E.
Allen Harvey Woodward
George Henry Glass
Frederick Gray Hebbard
Robert Scott Spilman, B. S.



Alumni

St. John Courtenay
Francis Elliott Shoup
George Freeland Peter, B. D.
Oscar Wilder
Reynold Marvin Kirby-Smith, M. D.
John Barbee Galleher, LL. B.
William Beverly Wescott
Frank Richmond Kimbrough
Mercer Green Johnston
Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, LL. B.
Samuel Cary Beckwith, M. A.
Robert Irvine Branch, B. A.
William Bess Thompson, II.
Edgar Howard Farrar, Jr.
Robert Sorsby Jemison
George Reneau Rau, M. D.
Francis Willis Ambler, G. D.
Alfred Newell King
Lucien Memminger
Thomas Sargent Parrott, LL. B.
Joseph Bruce Smith
Arthur Nelson, M. D.

Honorary

Sydney Smith
Ormond Simkins
Robert Dove Hudson
Stephen Moylan Bird
Otis Hackett Johnson
Richard Conklin Hall
Charles Quintard Gray
Gilman Joseph Winthrop
Vernon Southall Tupper
Howard Farrar Crandell

Alumni

Alexander Penn Woolridge
William Beverly Wescott
John Campbell Avery, Jr.
Henry Campbell Chafee
Duncan Cameron Green
Albert Hueling Davis
George Wildy Gibbs
Samuel Boden Laird
Clarkson Galleher
James Wilson, Jr.
Oscar Wilder

Active

Coles Phinizy
Freeman Hall
John Harbour McBee, Jr.
Budd Slawson Aiken
Horace Stringfellow
John Bayard Snowden
John Craigmiles James
Joseph Lee Kirby-Smith
Hugh Miller Thompson Pearce



Alumni

Burgess Wade Kirkpatrick
Kennett Malcolm Douglas
Thomas Sargent Parrott
William Lowry Gillett
Albert Christian Garber
Alfred Newell King
Lucien Memminger
Douglas Williams Nash
John Collins Waties
Dana Tyrrel Smith
Matthew Watson
Joseph Underwood Rutledge Young





Active

DANIEL BALDWIN HULL
RALPH PETERS BLACK
RINGLAND FISHER KILPATRICK
CHARLES DE VANE JOHNSTON
HARRIS GOODWIN COPE
GEORGE ASH WILSON, JR.
LAURENCE MOORE WILLIAMS
BAXTER RANDOLPH SHAFFER
ALBERT TREAT DAVIDSON
WILLIAM BLACKBURN WILSON, JR.

Alumni

RALPH NESBIT, JR.
WILLIAM ALLISON BUNTIN
JOHN NEILSON FURNISS
JULIEN BAPTISTE ADOUE
CORNELIUS MACPHERSON MURRAY
JOHN GORDON McWILLIAMS FORD
GEORGE PENDLETON EGLESTON
EDGAR STOCKTON LAIRD
CALHOON WILSON
CHARLES STEVENS PARTRIDGE
OLIVER MORGAN JOHNSON
HENRY LATHAM CHAFEE

The E. Q. B.

The University club is at once an antique and a curio. Its origin is lost in the earliest beginnings of the great venture of faith which crowns our mountain's brow, and its presence is the puzzle and the possibility of the multitudinous students who throng its multifarious schools of learning.

Approximately the E. Q. B. may be said to be coeval with the Hebdomadal Board. In the olden days when the latter institution was not marked by the harmonious spirit which now pervades its discussions and decisions, the club was a sort of trysting place where the combatants washed their gory blades and healed their wounded hearts in social and literary intercourse over a glass of beer.

For many years it tabernacled in the wilderness. The meetings were held in the houses of the members. Then it acquired a little building of its own, to which creature comforts were added from time to time, and finally, when the new supply store was erected last year, it moved into the capacious suite of rooms in the second story with the sun-parlor overlooking the "Crow's Nest" and Dr. Richardson's.

This new departure has brought the club into much closer external relations to the students of the University than it ever sustained before and has quickened their interest in it as a "curio" of Sewanee. No one is allowed to be enrolled among its members except the professors and teachers connected with the University and the Grammar School and a few distinguished gentlemen who make their home either temporarily or permanently upon the mountain. The adolescent junior and the begowned and erudite senior alike look upon the E. Q. B. with longing eyes as their ears catch faint echoes of its literary lore and epigrammatic brilliancy over their ices and coco colas in the canvas-covered nook beneath its eaves.

The objects of the club were set forth and its presidential possibilities (we refer, of course, to the club itself) were sketched by the present president, Dr. Starr, in his inaugural address in April of this year. "The club," he said, "stands for three things: Recreation, bodily and mental; Good Fellowship, and Discussion. When our fathers selected the motto of the University they little dreamed of the singular significance and felicitous fecundity of the initial letters of its opening Latin words as calculated to furnish a name for the University club. They embody graphically the threefold aim by which its members are inspired. In the apt parlance of the student body 'E. Q. B.' means Enormous Quantities of Beer, and, without stopping to question the student measurements, the beer and cheese and crackers represent the good fellowship —the bonhommie—for which we stand, and which is always to be found here.

Then 'E. Q. B.' stands for the Excellent Quality of our Billiards and our Books and so the club gives its members that healthful recreation of body and mind so much needed and coveted by the recluse of hall and lecture room.

Once more: 'E. Q. B.' stands for the Egotistic Quality of our Blowing. We come here to air our opinions, and we air them to the full and to our mutual and entire satisfaction in the varied and manifold discussions which take place from time to time. For us 'there is nothing new under the sun,' for we thresh out everything in literature, and politics, and science, and economics, and theology until it is old and threadbare from the flagellation."

Then, in referring to the onerous position which he had been called to fill and the lustre which had been and would be shed in coming years upon the presidential chair, Dr. Starr gave the following racy sketch of the personnel of the club. After a flattering reference to the urbane manner and mathematical proficiency of his immediate predecessor, Dr. Barton, he spoke as follows:

"The intellectuality of a Gailor, the executive energy of a Wiggins, the psychic subtlety of a DuBose, the literary breadth and balance of a Trent, the legal acumen of a Ramage, the classical niceties of a Nauts, the healthful healing of a Piggott, and the scientific sanguineness of a Hall, the unshaken firmness of a Colmore, the rare refinement of a Leigh, the oratorical brilliancy of a Guerry, the encyclopædic knowledge of a White, the Hebraistic heights of a Haskell, the economics of a Bevan, and the pedagogics of an Edwards, the linguistic lore of a Woolf, the Græco-Roman knowledge of a Matthews, the athletic agility of a Miles, the keen-sightedness of a Judd, the piscatorial proclivities of a Brooks,

and the financial forcefulness of an 'Uncle Bob' fill me with admiration. Then there are the flashes from the Diamond and the sweet odors from the Gridiron that come to me through a Suter, a Seibels, a Selden, and a Charlie Colmore, and there are the prolific possibilities of a host of others who on this mountain-top can not be 'born to blush unseen or waste their fragrance on the desert air.'"

Twice, we understand, the muse has been wooed by members of the club and two poems are carefully stored away in the archives. The second of these formed part of the inaugural address in April last, and we give it in full:

"Here we meet in right good fettle,
Here we meet to show our mettle,
Here profoundest issues settle;
Scared by neither man nor devil,
Certain, too, to find our level
On this E. Q. Bian floor.

"Armed like stalwart, eager foemen,
Benignant nature's loyal yeomen,
Far from love and wiles of women,
In these sacred halls secluded,
Of all self-conceit denuded,
On this E. Q. Bian floor

"Free from class-rooms' cares and worry,
Far from chapels' rush and flurry,
And breakfasts bolted in a hurry;
Stripped of cumbering academics,
Away from boards and carping clerics,
On this E. Q. Bian floor.

"So, then, brothers, strong and tender,
Put your feet upon the fender,
To sweet dreams your souls surrender;
Carping cares we leave behind us,
Books and beer and balls beguile us
On this E. Q. Bian floor."



The Law Club



Officers

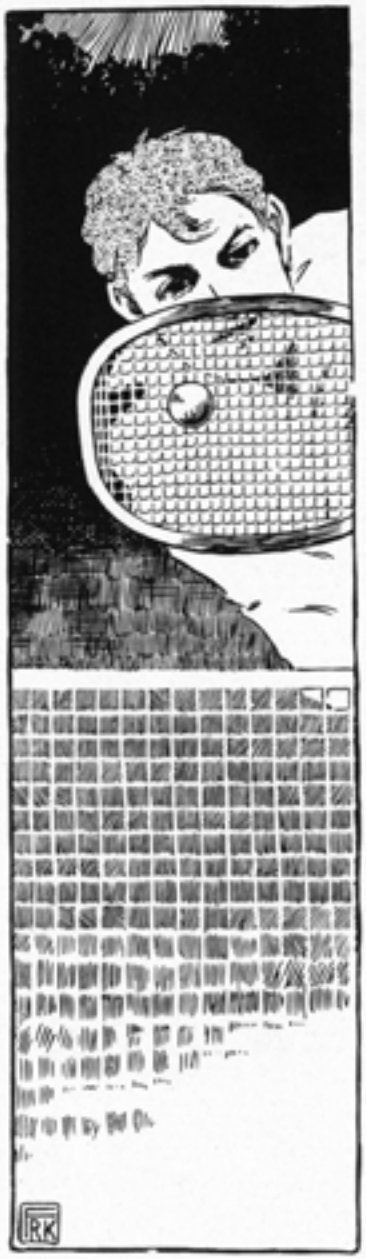
F. M. Scott, Jr., Atlanta, Ga. *President*
J. H. Brodie, Henderson, N. C. *Vice President*
L. M. Williams, Patterson, La. *Secretary*
R. F. Kilpatrick, Bridgeport, Ala. *Treasurer*

Members

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T. S. Parrott, Newnan, Ga.
H. G. Cope, Savannah, Ga.
W. B. Wilson, Rock Hill, S. C.
H. W. Jervey, Charleston, S. C.
C. Gallgher, Sewanee, Tenn.
H. G. Seibels, Montgomery, Ala.
D. B. Hull, Savannah, Ga
Sydney Smith, Shreveport, La.
C. D. Johnston, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Oscar Wilder, Louisville, Ky.

Alumni

A. H. Davis, Louisville, Ky.
J. C. Waties, Houston, Texas.
C. C. Pinckney, Charleston, S. C.
L. R. Smith, Shreveport, La.
W. B. Thompson II, Dallas, Texas.



The Tennis Club

Officers

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James A. Bull *Secretary and Treasurer*

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H. C. Cope
R. P. Black
A. T. P. Branch
H. M. Suter
V. J. Randolph
P. O. Benjamin
Telfair Hodgson
B. R. Shaffer
J. B. Snowden
R. C. Cowart
V. S. Tupper
H. T. Bull
J. E. Miles
B. B. Hogue
G. W. Croft
Thomas Evans
Harlow Barnett
R. F. Kilpatrick
Freeman Hall
Coles Phinizy
D. F. Cameron
R. F. Shelton
J. M. Selden

BEWARE THE WHITE ELEPHANT



	1	2	3	4	5
2	F	B	C	D	T
3	B	C	D	T	F
4	C	D	T	F	B
5	D	T	F	B	C
	T	F	B	C	D
	5	4	3	2	1

TKGG DY 1899
MY FSV 1900
ETR MLY 1900



A Tea-totaler

"Bats!" cried the owl in his evening dress,
With a hoot at the crescent moon;
And a comet tattled to the stars,
As he bore a dispatch to his uncle Mars:
"The owl is on a howling spree —
He must have drunk a *pot* of tea!"
Ere long down went the crescent moon,
Up rose the sun, red in the skies;
The owl, wise bird, blinked both big eyes,
And hooting, cried in great surprise:
"I thought she'd get full soon!"

RAIMUNDO DE OVIES The Artist.
DE ROULHAC HAMILTON The Mosquito (gad!)
RICHARD C. HALL The Litterateur
CAMPBELL GRAY The Philosopher
MCVEIGH HARRISON The Absent-minded Youth



GLIMPSES OF LIFE AT PALMETTO HALL

The Three Pamphleteers

A Bloodless Revolution in 2½ Acts

Dramatis Personae

Plotters against Lawton XVI	Mirabeau Branch Danton Harrison Robespierre Scott
A sympathetic non-combatant	"Hugger" Jervey
Delegates to the States General	"Judge" Brodie "Blitham" Hull "Baby" Cope "Planter" Johnston
A messenger	"Harmony" Blount
A peace-breaker	"Dove" Hudson
A punster	"Platypus" Black
A megaphone	"Boreas" Davidson

Two gendarmes of the Royal Life Guards; a bold, bad buccaneer; Charlotte Corday, a mute character; other supes.

Synopsis

Act I—*Scene I.*

(Chamber in Palmetto Chateau.)

The three pamphleteers are going up in social smoke. Messenger bursts in announcing that the whole court is in an uproar over the tyranny of Lawton XVI and his retainers. The three noble patriots swear upon their relics of Hunter's gallon jugs that they prefer to drink Jeff Davis' beer for aye rather than to submit to a despot.

Scene II.

(Plots and Counter Plots.)

Some hot-heads favor beheading the dictator, others endorse the rope method. Milder counsels prevail. It is decided to subdue the tyrant by sending to him peers of the realm who, by much speaking, shall bore him into submission.

Act II—*Scene I.*

(Audience Chamber in Fulford Castle.)

Peers received with many smiles by Lawton XVI. Expostulations, interrogations, equivocations, numerous citations of potations, shocking revelations, exclamations, promissory declarations, mutual congratulations.

Scene II.

(Salle à Manger of Palmetto Chateau.)

Those above the salt—the agitators—discuss some things and cuss some people.
Those below the salt—all who are not agitators—hear with much awe, and peradventure more amazement.

Act III.

This act has never been finished. The revolutionist pot is still boiling merrily. Lawton XVI is still promising merrily, and has proved that he is a piece of abominable board, too tough to be bored into submission, even by such a delegation of augurs.



THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY



Trinity Term, 1898

T. P. Noë	*President*
W. M. Green	*Vice President*
Crosswell McBee	*Secretary*
Harold Thomas	*Treasurer*

Lent Term, 1899

T. P. Noë	*President*
W. M. Green	*Vice President*
Crosswell McBee	*Secretary*
Harold Thomas	*Treasurer*

Trinity Term, 1899

T. D. Windiate	*President*
W. S. Claiborne	*Vice President*
R. J. G. de Ovies	*Secretary*
L. G. H. Williams	*Treasurer*

Lent Term, 1900

F. H. Richey.	*President*
John Behan	*Vice President*
Crosswell McBee	*Secretary*
L. G. H. Williams	*Treasurer*

CHESS CLUB



Officers

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F. M. Scott	*Secretary*
L. M. Williams	*Treasurer*

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John Brown
R. P. Black
A. A. Carrier
H. E. Hildreth
Thomas Evans
J. B. Snowden
F. L. Wells
L. M. Williams
H. G. Cope
L. G. H. Williams
R. L. Lodge
F. M. Scott
H. T. Bull
Coles Phinizy



RINGLAND FISHER KILPATRICK *President*
ROBERT DOVE HUDSON *Vice President*
BRADLEY BROWN HOGUE *Secretary*
HORACE STRINGFELLOW *Treasurer*

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"Cream-puff" Walden, New Decatur
"Theologue" Hill, Eutaw
"Bishop" Barnwell, Selma
"Kitson-lights" Hogue, Birmingham
"Dove" Hudson, Birmingham
"Another" Tucker, Mobile
"Piggy" Hildreth, New Decatur
"Rex." Kilpatrick, Bridgeport
"Kid" Johnston, Tuscaloosa
"Ditty" Seibels, Montgomery
"Grouchy" Matthews, Anniston
"Jack" Stringfellow, Tuscaloosa
"Med" Crandell, Birmingham

Yell — Hey-Ro-Kee, who are we,
We are the no-bil-i-ty.
Rah-Ho-Pah, Alabama,
Hot stuff, Hot stuff, Hot Pas-ma-la

Flower — Obelisk Brand

Favorite Dish — Chafing Dish

Color — Light Brown

Drink — S. S. S. for the blood

Song — "Alabama Cornshucking"

Recent Books — "To Have and to Hold," by Senator Morgan.
"A Prisoner of Hope," by Gov. Johnston

Motto — À bas Prohibition

The GEORGIA State Club



YELL — G-e-o-r-g-i-a!
Georgia Crackers,
H—l you say!

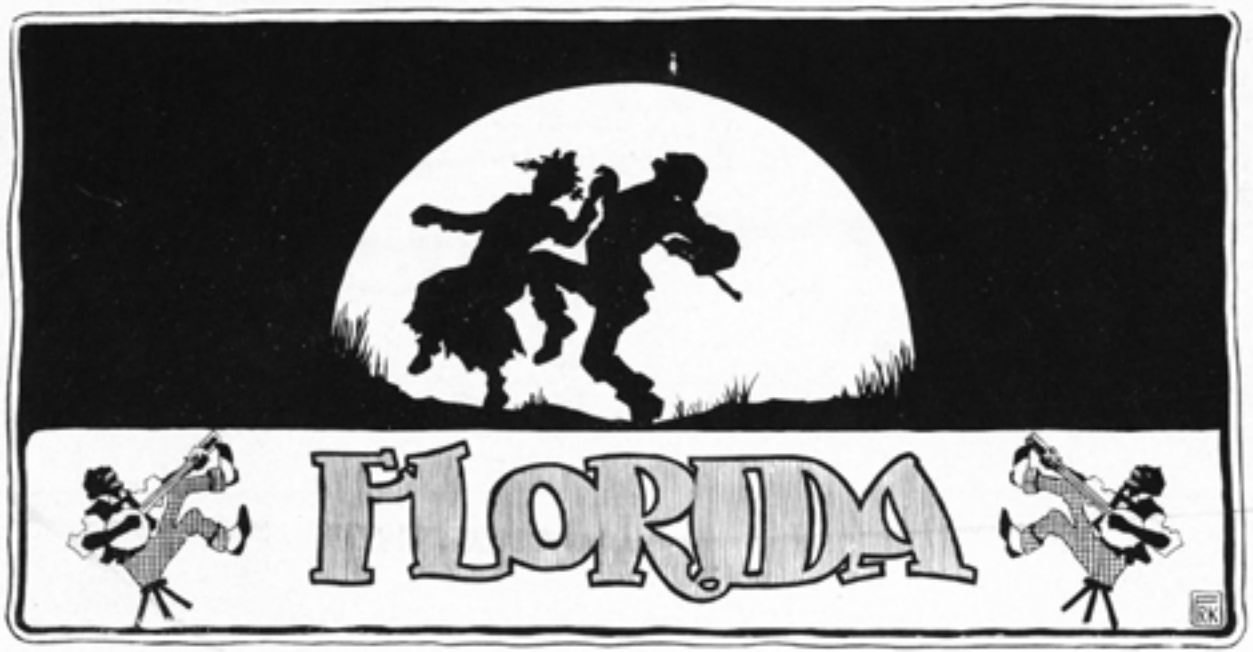
COLOR — Lilac.

Officers

A. T. P. BRANCH	*President*
F. M. SCOTT, JR.	*Vice President*
V. S. TUPPER	*Secretary*
R. P. BLACK	*Treasurer*

Members

G. H. HARRISON
A. T. P. BRANCH
H. D. PHILLIPS
A. T. DAVIDSON
R. P. BLACK
ASBURY HULL
J. M. SELDEN
W. P. WOOLF
D. B. HULL
F. M. SCOTT, JR.
H. G. COPE
P. E. HUGER
L. G. H. WILLIAMS
V. S. TUPPER
COLES PHINIZY



YELL—The yell is an old Indian war-whoop, but, as there were some marked differences of opinion among the members as to the manner of spelling, we confine ourselves to vocal demonstration.

Officers

C. Q. GRAY	*President*
G. J. WINTHROP	*Vice President*
W. H. POOLE	*Treasurer*
G. W. R. CADMAN	*Secretary*
V. J. RANDOLPH	*Poet*
D. F. CAMERON	*Historian*

Members

C. Q. GRAY V. J. RANDOLPH G. J. WINTHROP G. W. R. CADMAN HARLOW BARNETT
D. F. CAMERON W. H. POOLE R. J. G. DEOVIES H. R. DREW



The SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB

Officers

H. W. Jervey, M. A. *President*
Crosswell McBee, B. A. *Vice President*
T. L. Connor *Secretary and Treasurer*

South Carolina is the rough-house State;
She's raised one every time she's been irate—
And that is often. We are mighty proud,
And give the cold feet to the other crowd
When they imply we're not the *summum bonum*,
And, though we think it, that we do not own 'em.

Here's Thomas Evans—"Beans"—of childlike face,
The scrappy scion of a scrappy race.
He comes from Florence; and the Silent "Bud,"
Whose cognomen is *Evins*, chews the cud
Of Spartanburg, a budding Southern town.
James Thomas Williams, Greenville, has a gown.
With ladies fair he very often walks;
He talks, besides he talks, and then—he talks.
Young R. B. Cleveland has departed hence,
Like Grover famèd for his corpulence.
But Thomas Lawton Connor, Jr.'s here;
Gets from his Uncle Wiggs his taste for beer.

George William Croft from Aiken hails;
He's fond of Shakespeare and females.
But if you're speaking of good looks,
Our beauty-show is P. S. Brooks.
James Russell (Lowell) Williams is a poet,
If 'twere not for his name you'd never know it.
Budd Schlossen Aiken has a tongue-tied name,
So Todd we call him, short and sweet, if tame.
Friend Finlay dwells in St. Luke's holy place,
But secretly he goes that killing pace.
We have a guyless, guileless Galahad
In Crosswell McBee; he's a little lad
Who drinks his coca-colas like a lamb,
And searched in Webster for that strange word—damn.
Now Huger Jervey, upturned as to nose,
Thinks Charleston's atmosphere's *couleur de rose*,
That South Ca'lina is the world's home base,
That even Tillman has this saving grace.



FLOWER — Rose

COLORS — Purple and Crimson

G. A. WILSON, JR.	*President*
W. H. SIMPSON	*Vice President*
L. A. GERARD	*Secretary*
L. L. LANDAUER	*Treasurer*

Members

W. M. GREEN, JR.
H. H. LANDAUER
G. A. WILSON, JR.
W. H. SIMPSON
L. A. GERARD
J. H. MCBEE, JR.
F. H. PARKER
O. M. JOHNSON
CALHOON WILSON
L. L. LANDAURR



Tennessee Club

YELL—Hullaballo! Wahoo!
Hullaballo! Wahee!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Tennessee!

COLORS—Green and White.

ANNUAL BANQUET—June first.

Officers

OVERTON LEA, JR.	President
R. C. HALL	Vice President
J. C. JAMES	Secretary
A. M. McNEAL	Treasurer

Members

B. W. BARNWELL
JOHN BROWN
C. B. COLMORE
M. P. DUBOSE
H. F. EASTER
J. L. KIRBY-SMITH
LUKE LEA
R. L. LODGE
P. A. PUGH
D. A. SHEPHERD
J. B. SNOWDEN



YELL—Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Texas! Texas!
Old Lone Star.

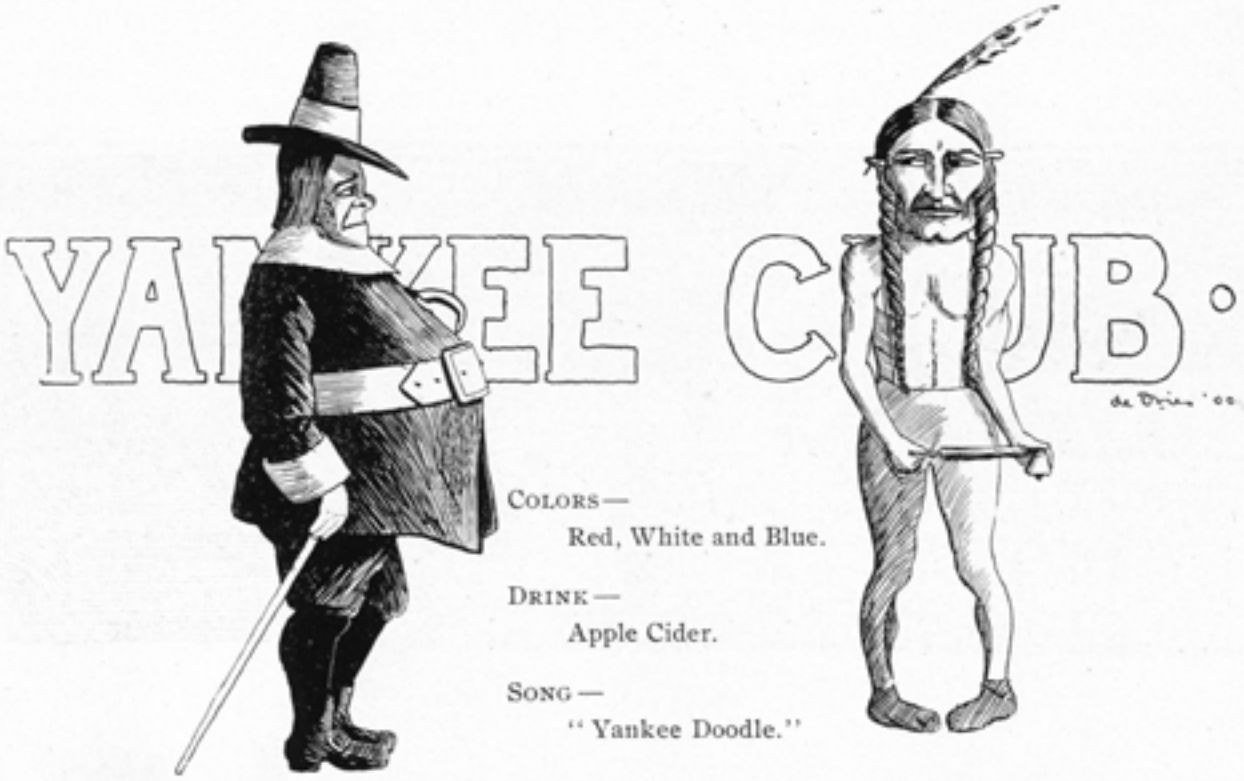
Color—LIGHT BLUE. Favorite Dish—CHILI. Annual Banquet—SAN JACINTO DAY.

Officers

ORMOND SIMKINS	Dallas	President
EUGENE H. BLOUNT	Nacogdoches	Vice President
ROBERT E. COWART, Jr.	Dallas	Secretary and Treasurer

Members

John Beran, Yoakum
George C. Edwards, Dallas
William H. Carnes, Dallas
George W. Gibbs, Dallas
Otis H. Johnson, Waco
Harris Masterson, Jr., Houston
Robert F. Shelton, Dallas
S. Moylan Bird, Houston
Richard E. Bolling, Edna
William E. Graves, Cicero
Freeman Hall, Dallas
John W. Jones, Marshall
Herbert E. Smith, Dallas
William C. Sewall, Houston



COLORS—
Red, White and Blue.

DRINK—
Apple Cider.

SONG—
"Yankee Doodle."

Officers

F. H. RICHEY	*President*	H. M. T. PEARCE . . .	*Secretary*
J. A. BULL	*Vice President*	J. N. ATKINS	*Treasurer*

Active Members

FRANCIS HARAMOND RICHEY, New York
JAMES ARMITAGE BULL, Massachusetts
HUGH MILLER THOMPSON PEARCE, New York
JOHN NORTON ATKINS, New Jersey
HENRY TILGHMAN BULL, Massachusetts
JOSEPH BOZEMAN RYLANCE, New York
FREDERICK LYMAN WELLS, New York
EDWARD BUCKLEY MONROE HARRADEN, M. A., Penn.
DWIGHT FREDERICK CAMERON, Illinois
ALBERT ALONZO CARRIER, Pennsylvania
HERMAN MILTON SUTER, Pennsylvania
JESSE LOUIS SUTER, Pennsylvania

Honorary Members

REV. WILLIAM LLOYD BEVAN, M. A., B. D., PH. D., Massachusetts
REV. GREENOUGH WHITE, M. A., B. D., Massachusetts
REV. REGINALD HEBER STARR, M. A., D. D., New York




ATHLETICS



Athletic Association

Officers, Trinity Term, 1898

H. G. Seibels *President.*
W. S. Claiborne *Vice President.*
Luke Lea *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Officers, Lent Term, 1899

H. G. Seibels *President.*
J. E. Miles *Vice President.*
Luke Lea *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Officers, Trinity Term, 1899

Luke Lea *President.*
Ormond Simkins *Vice President.*
W. H. Poole *Secretary and Treasurer.*

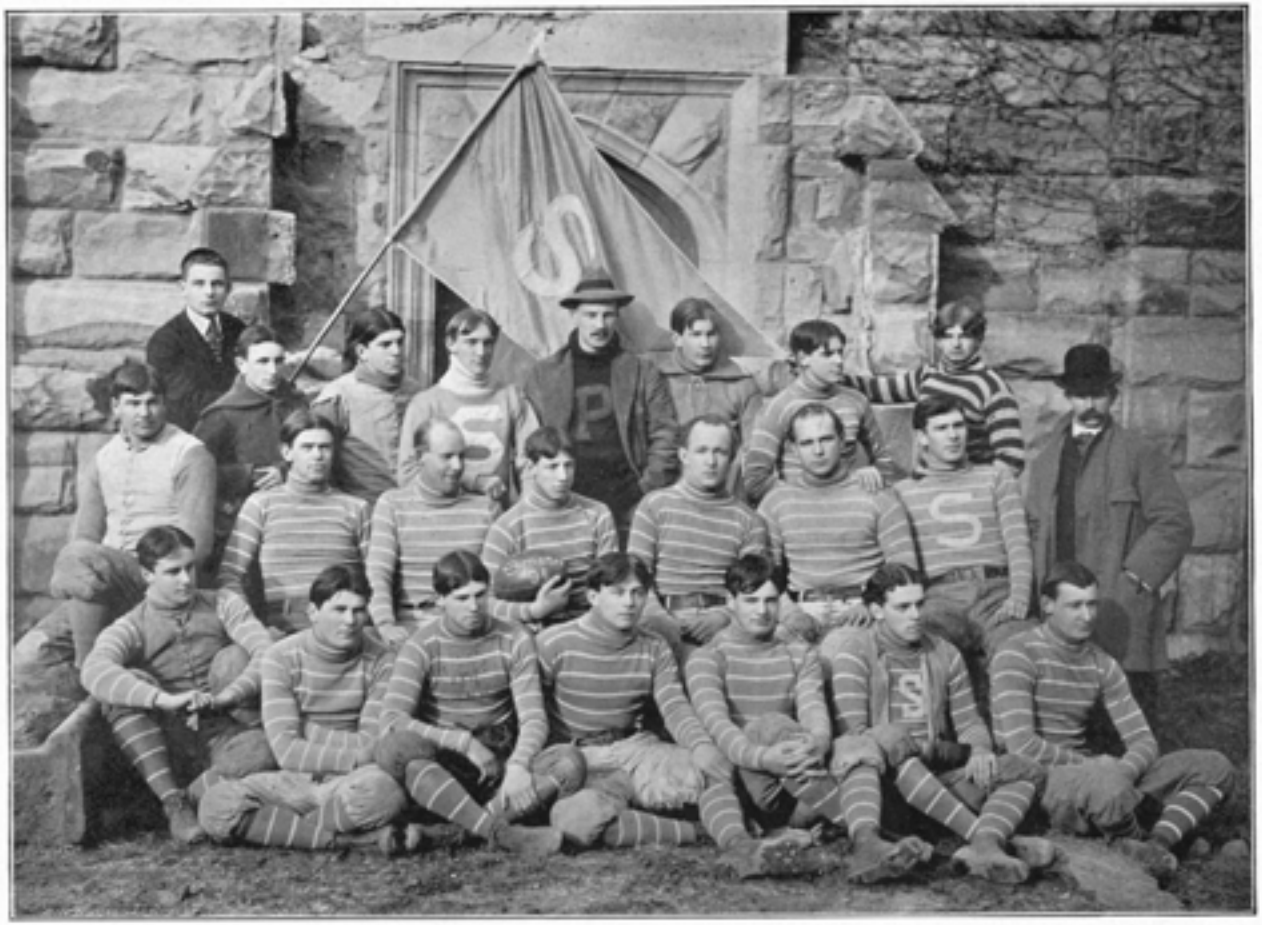
Officers, Lent Term, 1900

Overton Lea, Jr. *President.*
L. M. Williams *Vice President.*
Walter Mitchell *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Executive Committee, Lent Term, 1900

Dr. B. L. Wiggins — C. Q. Gray — R. F. Kilpatrick
Overton Lea, Jr. — Luke Lea — Walter Mitchell — Ormond Simkins





FOOTBALL TEAM, 1898

WILLIAMS COLMORE ARRINGTON NESBIT JAYNE BLACK CRANDELL PEARCE MILES
CANNON CLAIBORNE BOLLING SMITH POOLE RISLEY JONES
DAVIS SEIBELS WILSON SIMKINS KILPATRICK GRAY WATIES

Football

1898

D. T. Smith	*Captain*
J. E. Miles	*Manager*
L. G. H. Williams	*Assistant Manager*
J. G. Jayne (Princeton)	*Coach*

Eleven

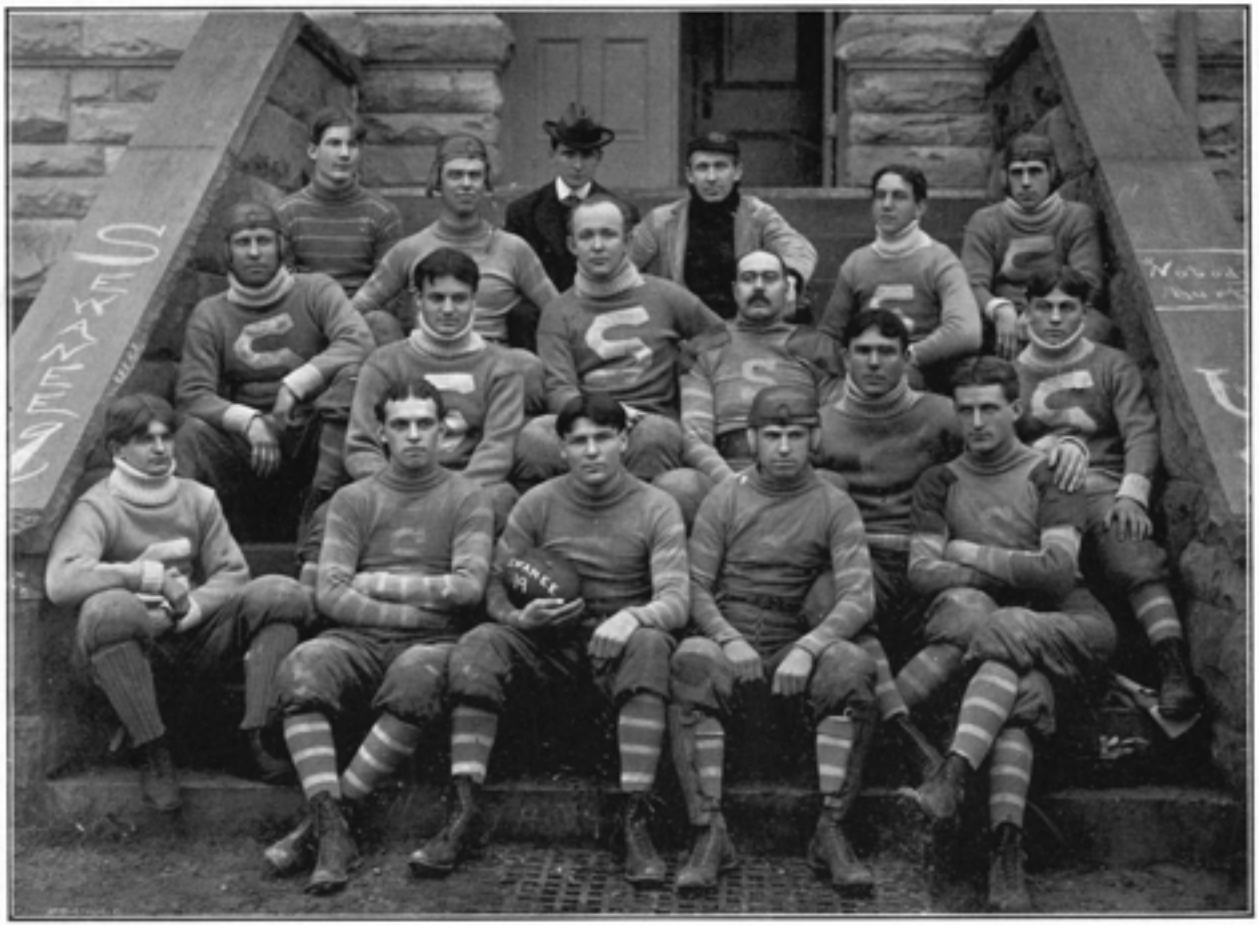
J. C. Waties, R. E.	D. T. Smith, R. T.	W. S. Claiborne, R. G.	W. H. Poole, C.
H. S. Risley, L. G.	J. W. Jones, L. T.	A. H. Davis, L. E.	W. B. Wilson, Jr., Q. B.
C. Q. Gray and H. G. Skibels, R. H. B.		R. F. Kilpatrick, L. H. B.	Ormond Simkins, F. B.

Substitutes

C. B. Colmore	R. P. Black	R. E. Bolling	R. G. Arrington
H. M. T. Pearce	G. G. Cannon	Ralph Nesbit, Jr.	H. F. Crandell

Record

Sewanee *vs.* University of Nashville, October 15	at Sewanee	10–0
Sewanee *vs.* Texas, November 10	at Austin	4–0
Sewanee *vs.* S. A. C., November 12	at New Orleans	23–0
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, November 23	at Nashville	19–4



CHAMPION FOOTBALL TEAM, 1899

Black Claiborne Lea Suter Kirby-Smith Hull
Bolling Kilpatrick Poole Keyes Jones Simkins
Pearce Gray Seibels Wilson Sims

Football

1899

H. G. Seibels *Captain*
Luke Lea *Manager*
H. M. Suter (Princeton) *Coach*

Eleven

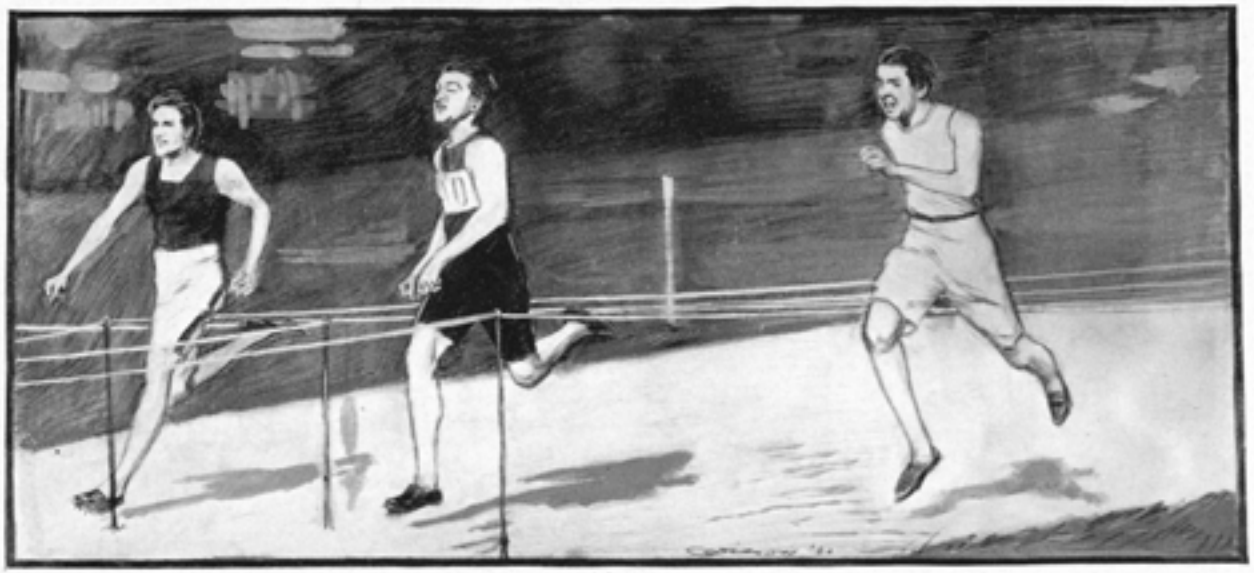
H. M. T. Pearce, R. E. — R. E. Bolling, R. T. — W. S. Claiborne, R. G. — W. H. Poole, C.
H. S. Keyes, L. G. — J. W. Jones, L. T. — B. et U. Sims, L. E. — W. B. Wilson, Jr., Q. B.
H. G. Seibels, R. H. B. — R. F. Kilpatrick and C. Q. Gray, L. H. B. — Ormond Simkins, F. B.

Substitutes

R. P. Black — J. L. Kirby-Smith — A. C. Evins — L. R. Mason
H. G. Cope — D. B. Hull — F. H. Parker — P. S. Brooks, Jr.

Record

Sewanee *vs.* Georgia, October 21	at Atlanta	12– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Georgia School of Technology, October 23	at Atlanta	32– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, October 28	at Sewanee	51– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Southwestern Presbyterian University, November 3	at Sewanee	54– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Texas, November 9	at Austin	12– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Texas A. and M., November 10	at Houston	10– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Tulane, November 11	at New Orleans	23– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Louisiana, November 13	at Baton Rouge	34– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Mississippi, November 14	at Memphis	12– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Cumberland, November 20	at Sewanee	71– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Auburn, November 30	at Montgomery	11–10
Sewanee *vs.* North Carolina, December 2	at Atlanta	5– 0
Total	Sewanee, 327; Opponents, 10	



Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association

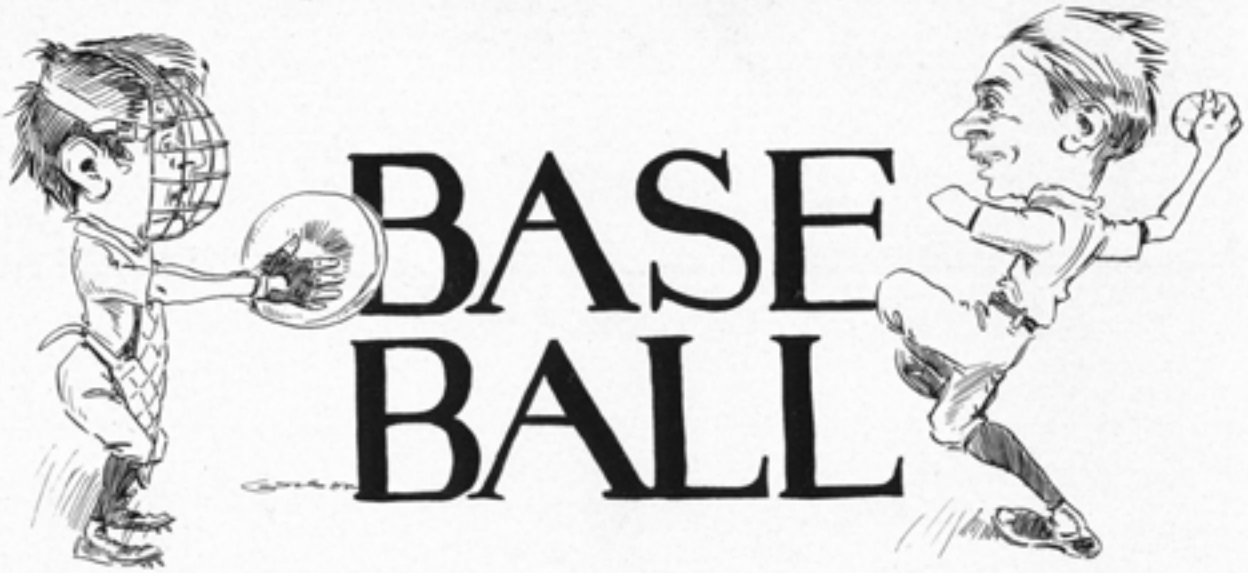
DR. W. L. DUDLEY, Vanderbilt *President*
B. B. ROSS, Auburn *Vice President*
A. L. BONDURANT, University of Mississippi *Secretary and Treasurer*

Executive Committee

DR. W. L. DUDLEY, Vanderbilt — B. B. ROSS, Auburn — A. L. BONDURANT, University of Mississippi
R. H. PLAISANCE, Louisiana State University — H. G. SEIBELS, Sewanee

Members

University of Mississippi
University of Alabama
Georgia Institute of Technology
Mercer College
Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College
University of Georgia
University of North Carolina
Southwestern Presbyterian University
Tulane University
Kentucky State University
Clemson College
Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College
Louisiana State University
University of Nashville
University of Tennessee
Cumberland University
Vanderbilt University
University of the South
University of Texas


BASE
BALL



BASEBALL TEAM, 1899

	Thompson	Ashford	Lea		Miles	
Waties	Caffey	Kilpatsick	Hogue	Davis	Cooper	Cope
Anderson	Seibels		Simkins		Selden	Williams

Baseball

1899

Ormond Simkins	*Captain*
J. E. Miles	*Manager*
Luke Lea	*Assistant Manager*
Henry Ashford	*Coach*
W. B. Thompson II	*Scorer*

Team

Ormond Simkins	*Catcher*	J. C. Waties	*Short Stop*
A. H. Davis	*Pitcher*	J. M. Selden	*Third Base*
R. F. Kilpatrick	*Pitcher*	H. G. Cope	*Left Field*
L. G. H. Williams	*First Base*	B. B. Hogue	*Center Field*
H. G. Seibels	*Second Base*	Theophilus Anderson	*Right Field*

Substitutes

G. H. Caffey — A. F. Cooper

Record

Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, April 24	at Sewanee	5– 3
Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, April 25	at Sewanee	11– 8
Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, April 26	at Sewanee	14–11
Sewanee *vs.* University of Nashville, May 6	at Sewanee	10– 5
Sewanee *vs.* Charleston College, May 9	at Charleston	14– 6
Sewanee *vs.* South Carolina College, May 10	at Charleston	17– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Augusta Y. M. C. A., May 11	at Augusta	18– 9



BASEBALL TEAM, 1900

STRINGFELLOW AIKEN KILPATRICK HILL SUTER WILLIAMS
CRANDELL WILSON HOGUE SIMKINS WALDEN SELDEN COPE

Baseball

1900

Ormond Simkins	*Captain*
R. F. Kilpatrick	*Manager*
H. M. Suter	*Coach*
J. M. Selden	*Scorer*

Team

Ormond Simkins	*Catcher*	H. G. Cope	*Third Base*
H. T. Walden	*Pitcher*	R. F. Kilpatrick	*Left Field and Pitcher*
L. G. H. Williams	*First Base*		
B. S. Aiken	*Second Base*	B. B. Hogue	*Center Field*
H. F. Crandell	*Short Stop*	G. A. Wilson, Jr.	*Right Field*

Substitutes

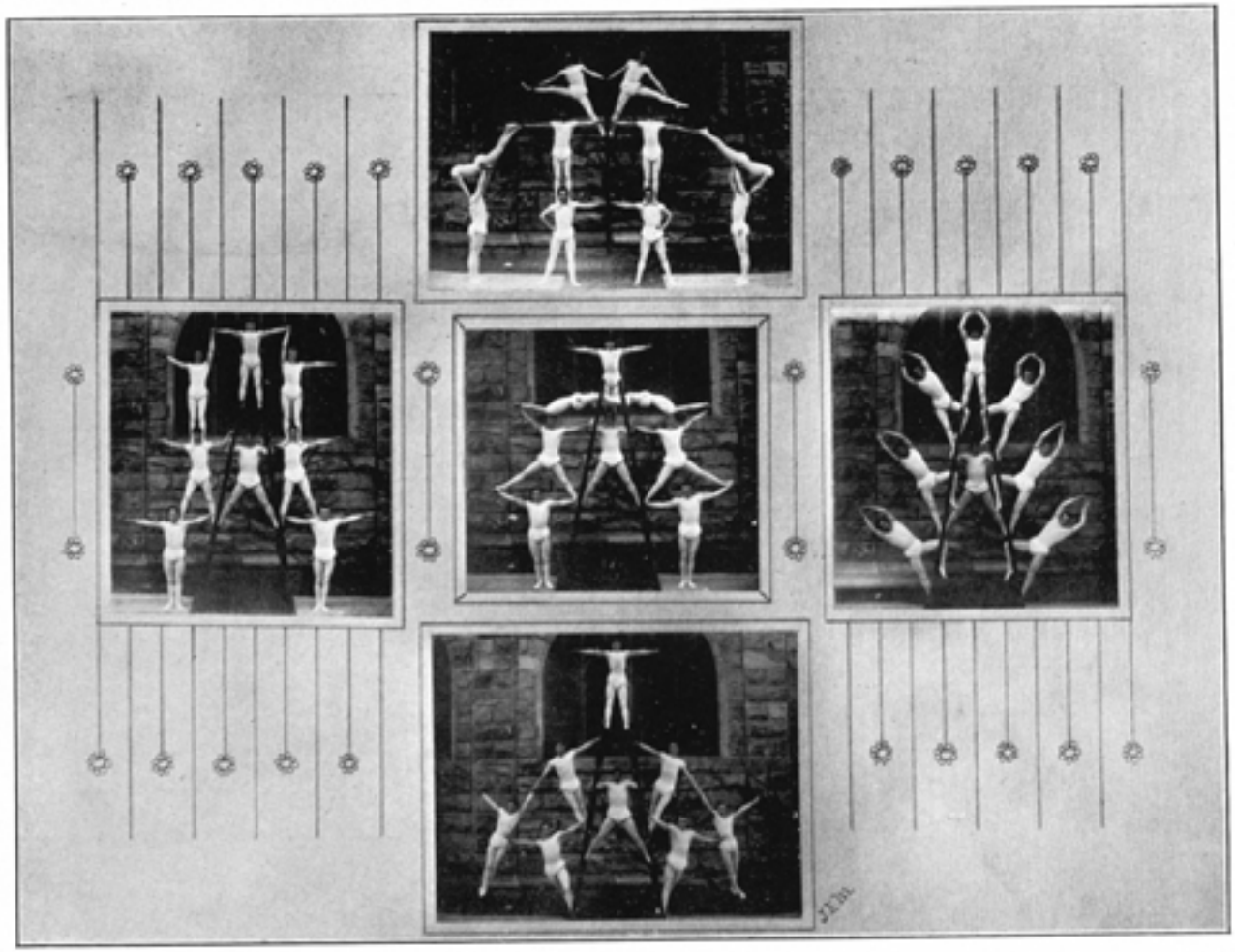
D. B. Hull — Horace Stringfellow — R. E. L. Hill

Record

Sewanee *vs.* Cumberland, April 19	at Sewanee	3–6
Sewanee *vs.* Cumberland, April 20	at Sewanee	2–1
Sewanee *vs.* University of Nashville, May 4	at Sewanee	24–0
Sewanee *vs.* University of Nashville, May 5	at Sewanee	17–1
Sewanee *vs.* Texas, May 14	at Sewanee	1–2
Sewanee *vs.* Texas, May 15	at Sewanee	4–3
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 21	at Sewanee	7–8
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 22	at Sewanee	11–2
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 25	at Nashville	2–5
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 26	at Nashville	8–7
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 31	at Tullahoma	4–1
Sewanee *vs.* Georgia School of Technology, June 9	at Atlanta	1–0



SAFE ON FIRST!



ROMAN LADDERS

Gymnasium Team, 1899

A. H. Davis
J. C. Avery
B. W. Barnwell
J. C. Waties
P. S. Brooks, Jr.
G. J. Winthrop

J. E. Miles
Instructor

L. G. H. Williams
H. M. T. Pearce
J. M. Selden
L. M. Williams
Clarkson GallehER
C. H. Miles

Gymnasium Exhibition

Forensic Hall, Tuesday, August 1, 1899
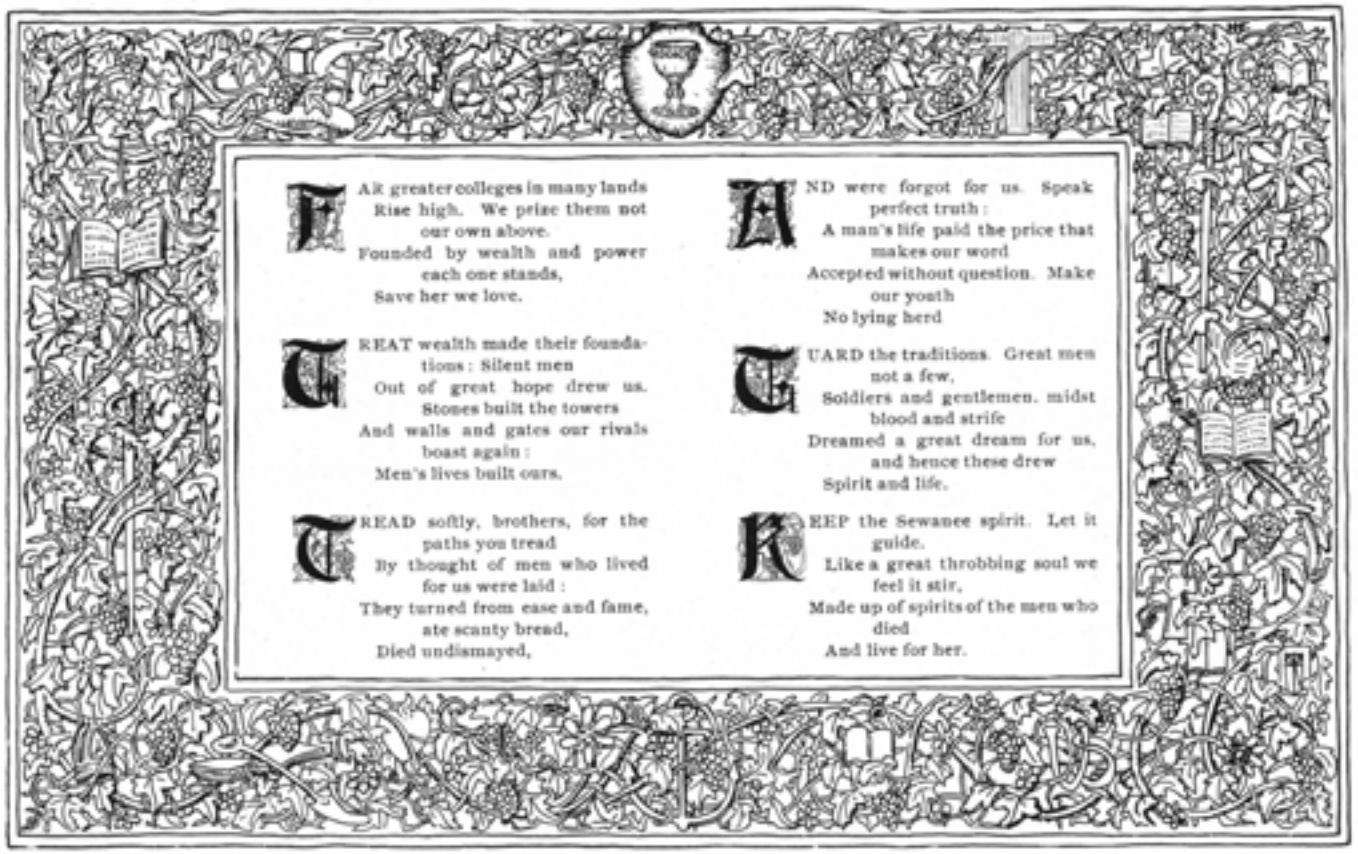
Programme

1.	Wand Exercises	Class
2.	Slack Wire	J. E. Miles
3.	Parallel Bars	Class
4.	Indian Clubs	C. H. and J. E. Miles
5.	Living Statuary	A. H. Davis and L. G. H. Williams
6.	Horizontal Bar	Class
7.	Acrobatics	C. H. and J. E. Miles
8.	Torches	C. H. and J. E. Miles
9.	Tumbling	Class
10.	Roman Ladders	Class



WHERE MISS SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT WROTE "JERRY" AND "JOHN PAGET"


LITERARY
DEPARTMENT
THE REVIEW


FAR greater colleges in many lands
Rise high. We prize them not
our own above.
Founded by wealth and power
each one stands,
Save her we love.
GREAT wealth made their foundations: Silent men
Out of great hope drew us.
Stones built the towers
And walls and gates our rivals
boast again:
Men's lives built ours.
TREAD softly, brothers, for the
paths you tread
By thought of men who lived
for us were laid:
They turned from ease and fame,
ate scanty bread,
Died undismayed,
AND were forgot for us. Speak
perfect truth:
A man's life paid the price that
makes our word
Accepted without question. Make
our youth
No lying herd
GUARD the traditions. Great men
not a few,
Soldiers and gentlemen, midst
blood and strife
Dreamed a great dream for us,
and hence these drew
Spirit and life.
KEEP the Sewanee spirit. Let it
guide.
Like a great throbbing soul we
feel it stir,
Made up of spirits of the men who
died
And live for her.

The Inception of Sewanee

IN the summer of 1858 the Board of Trustees of the proposed "University of the South" (you have perhaps heard of this Board of Trustees before—but never mind) held its second meeting at Beersheba Springs, which is so beautifully situated on the Cumberland Plateau, and was at that time a great summer resort for the planters in Louisiana and Mississippi.

So charming were the views, so pure the water, and so delightful was the climate of Beersheba, that many of the most influential trustees inclined to accept a fine tract of land which was offered them for the University on the same plateau at a place known as Sewanee, or the Mother Mountain (as Bishop Quintard used to say, "What better name could be found for a boys' school"), which had the advantage of being directly on the new and remarkable mountain railway just built to connect the Nashville & Chattanooga road with the coal mines at Tracy City. So it was decided that a committee should visit this site after the adjournment of the board, and report to the next meeting.

Accordingly Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, and Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, with a number of clergymen and laymen, were requested to visit Sewanee on their way home. Colonel Rutledge, Colonel Colyar, Mr. Estill and Mr. Tracy, the founder of the coal-mining city bearing his name, all of them knowing the mountains well, volunteered to make the arrangements, and be the guides on the occasion.

It was a glorious day in July when the committee took the train at Tracy City, and after a twelve-mile run stopped at a most unpromising looking log house in the woods, and there found the gentlemen awaiting them, ready to show the wonders and beauties of the plateau to the already enthusiastic trustees. They had with them about thirty saddled horses, three of them for ladies, as the Bishops had their daughters with them, and it was a merry troop that started for their long ride through the unbroken forest. University View, Morgan's Steep, Clara's Point, Far Chalybeate, Rutledge Point, Green's View and other places, all then unknown, except to a few, and all without name, were visited, the party gaily trotting through the woods regardless of briers and thickets, branches and logs, bent only upon viewing the beauties of this fair Canaan.

After about twenty miles of rough riding, it was refreshing when they halted on the rocks above a bold spring, where stood a cabin, and before it, under the shade of the big trees, a sumptuous dinner was spread. They visited the beautiful spring (now known as Polk Spring, often miscalled Tremlett), and the water, then flowing boldly, unconfined by modern improvements, was pronounced the best in the world.

By the time the party reached Decherd, it was pretty fully settled in the minds of the committee that a unanimous vote would be given for Sewanee. In fact, they, like the spies of Joshua, gave such glowing accounts of all things seen, and

threw such a halo of possibilities around the site, that in 1859 it was decided to accept the ten thousand acres of land, and the charter from the State of Tennessee, and put the University at Sewanee. The corner stone was not to be laid until $500,000 was in hand, and $500,000 more had been promised towards the beginning of the endowment. Bishops Polk and Elliott were the commissioners appointed to raise this money, and, in two winters' work, from only the two Dioceses of Louisiana and Mississippi, the sum was raised, and October 10, 1860, was the day fixed for laying the corner stone.

The summer of '60 was taken up with preparations for the great event, and in order to be on the spot to direct things, Bishop Polk built a summer home where the Fairbanks residence now stands, and Bishop Elliott's house was built on the spot now occupied by the $\Delta\ T\ \Omega$ Chapter house. Invitations were scattered broadcast over the land. On the present site of Tremlett stood a long, low house composed of log cabins joined together by halls, with broad, covered piazzas running all around, and known as the Sewanee Hotel. For the occasion these piazzas were covered in with canvas, and cots were placed in long rows to accommodate the distinguished guests. On the night of October 9, out under the stars, Dr. Quintard, of Memphis, and Dr. Young, of St. John's Church, New York, both of them afterwards distinguished Southern Bishops, led the band and the impromptu choir through the musical intricacies of the *Te Deum* and the *Gloria in Excelsis*, in preparation for the next day.

The tenth was an ideal day—such days as were only had "before the war"—and from early dawn people by hundreds could be seen arriving from the valleys, on foot, on horses, in buggies and wagons, and the trains were arriving every hour from Tracy and Decherd filled with people, all gathered together to the number of nearly ten thousand, in wonderment at that which was about to be inaugurated. At eleven o'clock the procession formed in the open ground where the Hoffman now stands and moved through the forest to a knoll, now the center of what is known as The Louisiana Circle, where the corner stone, which was of Tennessee marble beautifully polished, was to be laid. A splendid sight it was, those noble-looking Southern Bishops in their robes, followed by the clergy in their vestments, and hundreds of prominent laymen, conspicuous among them Colonel John S. Preston, of South Carolina, the orator of the day, Commander Maury, of the United States Navy, and many others, who were deeply interested in the scheme of founding our "Southern Oxford," as they always called the coming University. The absence of Colonel Robert E. Lee was greatly deplored, as he had been selected as the most fitting man to be the first Vice Chancellor.

After the impressive ceremony of laying the corner stone, the Bishops and clergy laid aside their vestments, and the crowd surged toward the great shed which had been erected for the oration. Here on a raised platform at one end the dignitaries took their seats, and the speaker was introduced by Bishop Otey. Colonel Preston's speech was one of the finest pieces of oratory ever heard in this country, and his arraignment of the party that was about to force war upon the nation was solemn and magnificent. The crowds cheered him to the echo, and this old mountain top has never since been any more enthusiastic or carried away by glowing words of truth than on that occasion.

The oration over, all the guests moved to another large shed where the dinner was handsomely served by a caterer from Nashville, while the band played patriotic airs outside. The long trains were waiting at the depot to carry the crowds

away, but many of the guests remained yet another night, so charmed were they by their novel surroundings and so enthusiastic over the great undertaking.

Who that saw it can ever forget the delight the Bishops felt when the grand function was successfully over, how gleeful they were, how confident! Yet, even then, there was a feeling as of a great danger near at hand, a yawning chasm which all feared to look upon, for that very day their orator had sounded no uncertain note as to what would happen if Abraham Lincoln was elected! Alas, this took place on November 6, one short month after the laying of the corner stone, and the rest of the oft-told tale is too well known, how the war rolled over the land, the endowment was entirely swept away, the residences on the mountain were burned, the corner-stone blown to pieces by the Federal troops. When peace was once more restored, five of the grand old bishops had been called to their rest. The University was saved by the heroic faith and work of the new Bishop of Tennessee, the Rt. Rev. Charles Todd Quintard, to whom all honor is due for gathering up the fragments that remained, and getting together in 1869 an enthusiastic faculty, who one and all worked heart and soul for the development of the great idea.

The University is still without endowment, save that endowment of loyalty and love borne her by her faithful sons, and let us hope the day is near at hand when they shall remember her substantially and she shall be borne upon the waves of prosperity far beyond all present expectations, and will be to this country the great conservative centre of all best things.

E. H. S.

Harmonies

I.

The mornings raise
Voices of gold above the mountains' maze;
The sunsets soar
In chants of crimson o'er the ocean's roar;
Each is a blast
Reverberant of color—seen as vast
Concussions—that the vocal firmament
Rejoicing, blows o'er every continent.

II.

Not for our ears
The cosmic music of the rolling spheres,
That sweeps the skies—
Music we hear, but only with our eyes;
For all too weak
Our mortal frames to bear the words these speak,
Those detonations that we name the dawn
And dusk; those hues earth's harmony puts on.

MADISON CAWEIN.



SEWANEE LANDMARKS

The Evolution of Sewanee

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

The above is a poetical way of expressing and apologizing for that relentless blessing called *Progress*. Progress, that without so much as "by your leave," rolls over us and all that we have held dear; that condemns for one reason or another things that we have thought beautiful, or true, or good; that sweeps aside time-honored customs and treasured beliefs until poor humanity is fain to cry out in weariness and pain, and plead for rest if only for the space of one long breath. And as time goes on the pace seems to become more and more rapid; the rush, the competition, the struggle for actual existence more and more desperate, so desperate that at last the mere fact of survival is regarded as something of a triumph. And Sewanee has survived.

For a long time we were shut away here unheeded and unheeding. We liked ourselves, we enjoyed associating with ourselves; we were sorry for people who did not understand and appreciate Sewanee — for to understand was to appreciate — and we resented criticism. We had our traditions, we had our ideals, we had our hopes, we had an absolute and unswerving faith, and prided ourselves on being "different." But all this time we were exulting in the fact that we were growing — growing just as a large family might grow, sharing each others griefs and joys, and borrowing and lending, not quite having all things in common, but very nearly. The one vehicle in the place, besides ox-wagons, was Major Fairbanks' little carriage and his sleek mule "Joe." When an arriving stranger was to be impressed, when there was a rare wedding, or a still rarer funeral, on any occasion of state, indeed, "Joe" and the little carriage were at the service of the public. We were very much amused and elated when the first public "hack" appeared — a long ambulance with narrow, slanting seats running lengthwise, and no springs that were observable — we were pleased, we hailed it as a sign of progress, but we did not realize that that old vehicle filled with laughing, singing picnics, jolting and wobbling down the shady wood roads, was the beginning of the dust of to-day.

It made more noise than dust, did Mr. Roberts' old hack, and when it had gone by all was so shady, and cool, and still once more that no one, not even such a vision seer as Joseph of Holy Writ, could have dreamed of the extended and dust-raising cab (?) service of to-day!

And when Mr. Wadhams built his shop on the shoulder of the hill rising above the station, how glad we were. We would be able to get bread regularly, we could even buy cake and mince pies, it was a tremendous advance, and we all liked Mr. and Mrs. Wadhams—and we all miss them. And when later Colonel Lovell established a shop for drugs, we could not

see that out of the combination of Mr. Wadhams' confectionery and the little up-town drug store there would come a supply department, or that it would be built in the very centre of the sacred Academic shades where the old order declared that trade should never come.

Mr. Wadham's place was so simple and pleasant, and the drug store was so small, and both were so necessary, and such encouraging signs of progress, how could we dream of the combination and the stride that would bring trade up to the Chapel door?

The next sign of progress did, however, cause a murmur; a little murmur, and a friendly murmur, but still a murmur. It was when Dr. DuBose built Palmetto Hall. It was *so* large! And the plan for the University was that the students should be housed in small numbers, no one being allowed more than twelve. It is true that one lady had been allowed sixteen, and another had eighteen, but this hall was to have thirty! It was progress, yes, but it was innovation also, and people began to look thoughtful. Yet it was so close to the Rectory, and under such good influences, that it was soon pronounced all right, and other people who had houses began to add outstanding cottages so that they also could accommodate more than the original number of students, and that such increased accommodation was necessary, was a most joyful sign of progress, and everybody was glad and proud. We did not see that out of this would come the Hoffman and the Quintard Memorial? And yet it is a logical sequence?

Life means growth; to stand still is to die, and who of us would wish Sewanee dead? Growth brought population, population brought the need of many things, and each of these needs that is satisfied means further growth, means larger population, means change, means transition, and transition means always more or less perplexity.

Sewanee, like the United States, is an experiment. There never has been a republic just like the United States, nor has there ever been a seat of learning just like Sewanee. The fathers of our country had their ideals which they embodied in a written constitution. But this constitution has been amended; the nation and parties have had to adapt themselves as the enormous experiment worked itself out, and there has been bitter strife and blood-shed, but the original ideal of liberty is still ours, and also the fact. So it has been as the experiment of Sewanee has gone on. We have had to adapt ourselves to many undreamed of situations, many unexpected changes. But the ideals of Sewanee's fathers are still here—a seat of godly learning where the rawest human material would be made into gentlemen, and gentlemen would be trained into Christians. This was the foundation of Sewanee, and is the foundation still.

We must not forget that the original plans for Sewanee were based on an endowment. The war swept this endowment away, and Sewanee, poor and young, was thrown out to fight for her life. It has been a more desperate struggle than has been always realized, and, perhaps, we have lost some things that were beautiful and great. But Sewanee lives, and lives in competition with old and endowed and fully equipped Universities.

We could not hope to keep our grey old cliffs untouched when stone is needed for building. We could not hope to keep the vista of University Avenue free from unbeautiful poles when the telephone and the telegraph have become necessities. It was not possible to keep the Supply Department down at the station and then forbid one-half of the student body to go to the station? And would it be wise to allow the station to become a general resort?

Without endowment, necessity demanded that whatever could be made to render revenue, must be compelled to render revenue, we could not live else. Change, of course, a tremendous change, but it is the result of growth, and not to grow would have been to die.

We should be glad that our green, shady paths have broadened into roads, even though we do not admire the ruts and the red clay. The green paths were beautiful and romantic, but the roads mean traffic, and may be some day these very roads will be levelled and gravelled, and be made as beautiful as roads can be. We miss the old simplicity, the dropping in informally for dinner or tea, or even breakfast. We miss the communal interest in the larger entertainments, when everybody lent plates and silver, or anything that was needed. When Mrs. A., or Mrs. B., or Mrs. C., would make the cake for you, or cut up the chickens, and all come in to admire the decorations. We miss the walking parties, the ox-wagon picnics, the exploring expeditions down into the caves and valleys, the professors and students all walking and talking and laughing in company. Many, many things of this kind are missing, and Sewanee looks back to them as to the golden days of childhood—happy-hearted, fancy-free days, before a great big deficit hole yawned at her feet. Life had to take on a sterner look, that deficit hole had to be filled, and much that we miss and mourn has been thrown in to save the place we love so well.

The earlier professors scaled their salaries, and threw the money in along with their hearts and strength, but in spite of their best efforts and most loving self-denial, the danger still threatened. The day had come when everything had to be put on a sound financial basis, when everything that could be made to pay had to be made to pay, and this it is that has reduced us to the level of the rest of the world. Money has done it; money, that vulgar necessity which should never be mentioned in polite society. This it is that has dimmed the romance, that has clouded the old-time sentiment, at least for those who remember the earlier times.

There is romance here still; a certain kind can be flushed in couples almost anywhere in the green woods, and the love which every one bears to the place is surely as romantic as ever it was. Let us paint the old days in as brilliant colors as they deserve, let us talk of them as lovingly as we feel, let us, if possible, make all the moderns sorrowfully jealous of not having lived in the time when Mr. Preston Brooks was a slim, swift runner, when Mr. Nauts was a great batter, when Mr. Wiggins sang in the glee-club, when Mr. Guerry danced, when Bishop Gailor was chaplain and played ball, and Bishop Sessums taught in the Grammar School.

Back to the days when Bishop Galleher and Bishop Elliott, Dr. Hodgson and Dr. Shoup lived and moved among us,

genial, loving, and loved; when for the first time the E. Q. B., throwing open its doors to the ladies, gave a grand and general reception in Forensic Hall as a farewell to Dr. Elliott. When Bishop Green and Bishop Gregg were here to sanctify us with their lives, and Bishop Quintard to hold us together and to fill us with zeal and enthusiasm. Back to days when Mr. Charles Dudley Warner came to speak to the Literary Societies, when Dr. Morgan Dix came to preach for us, when Dr. Thomas Price and Dr. Basil Gildersleeve came to give us lectures, when we had a summer school of eminent teachers, and an English Club that took in the community.

Yes, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." A new form, perhaps, but we have the same old force that has been here always, because that force is love and faith — the faith that, whatever happens, says, "It must be best and right, because it happens to Sewanee."

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

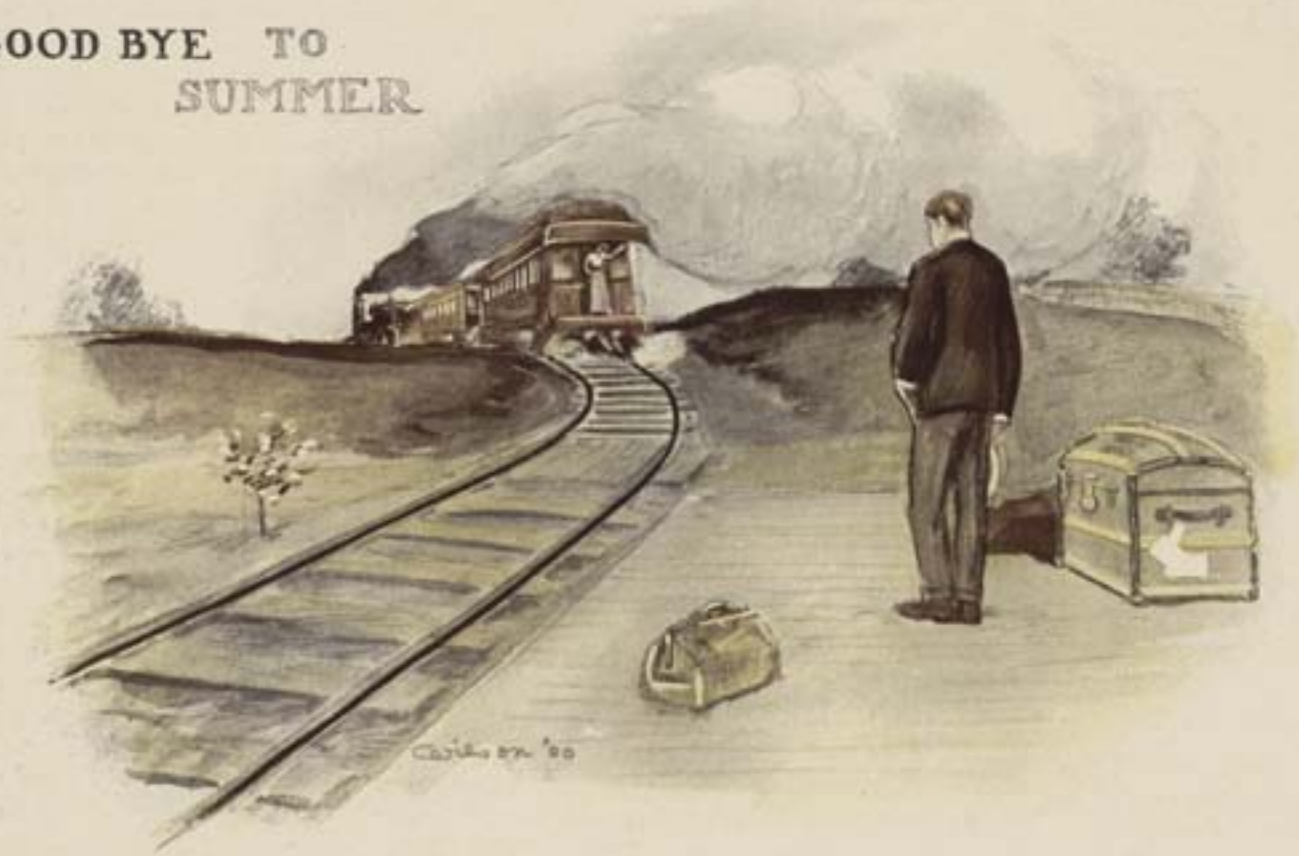
"Her room is better than her company!"
So, oftentimes, I cry.
Her room is half as dainty as herself;
Her company — 'tis I.

On the way to El Dorado
Many deserts lie,
Parched in sunshine, black in shadow,
Underneath the sky.
El Dorado still doth be
Of heart's-gold the treasury.
Men have searched for El Dorado
Searched until they died,
Up and down the Colorado,
Through the deserts dried.
El Dorado here I hold;
'Tis your wavy tress of gold.

Did ever troopers charge like these?
Low-crested, rank on rank,
The wild white horsemen of the seas,
In front, on either flank,
In serried lines, with one low cry
They burst upon the shore and die.
Aligned, well-ordered, stern and still,
The ocean-troopers rise
Over the edge of that waste hill
Where the seas meet the skies:
Till on the shore with low hoarse cry
Their long lines, roaring, fall and die.

"I pray you do not deem her fair,
Nor wit nor beauty in her see:
Turn from her!" Would they heard my prayer,
For then the maid were left for me.

GOOD BYE TO
SUMMER



The Sewanee of To-Day

THOSE who ought to know say, with a lugubrious shake of the head, that Sewanee is changing, that the grand old times of Pericles and Bishop Gailor and all that kindred host who were the majesty and love of old Sewanee are gone forever, and in their stead have come the sacriligious rehabilitation of Tremlett, the abolition of the hall system and the alarming invasion of the Goths and Vandals of the murdering Cain.

It is, of a certainty, true that the old order giveth place to the new, a process as necessary and unavoidable as the process of the suns, but that change means decay, that more extensiveness of view means less intensity of spirit is what the Sewanee of to-day refuses to believe. Each generation ever has it that the saving grace of their successors is the blessed luck they have had in possessing such immaculately perfect ancestors, and the successors always snicker back with entire confidence in the hopeless senility of their ancestors and the irreproachable righteousness of themselves; so that when the revered alumnus tells us how splendid he was and how sorry we are, we sigh resignedly and let him play the Pharisee in peace, because he is only an alumnus and not an undergraduate, and therefore he never can understand how, since we are not his unerring duplicate, there might be some good in us.

His Sewanee was all that he thinks it was, that is, the most perfect place on earth; but we, in our conceit may be, do seriously entertain the thought that we have all the cardinal virtues of those days, and, for good measure, a few more excellencies bred of the conditions of our own times. The life on this mountain top rings just as true as in the days of yore, the trees are just as sweet and green, the rocks are just as firm and faithful, and the people have hearts and minds just as devoted and consecrated as when the Walsh and the Hoffmann and the Quintard Memorial as yet were not. Those dark days demanded heroic deeds, and the heroes were there to perform them; but we are not the less incapable of heroism, because a brighter sun is shining in our sky. Our energy and our devotion have not so romantic a stage-setting, but they have just as important a part to play in the working out of our academic drama.

Sewanee life is too elusive in its charm to be caught with an amateur pencil, has too much of the breath of heaven to be fastened to paper with dull lead. Even the boldest could only hope to give a faint suggestion of its sweetness.

The card of registration in the University is a ticket of admittance into the Sewanee spirit, and a grand-stand seat is secured by local residence for one football season. As the catalogue will tell you, the University of the South begins the year's work — and play, too — in August, and the long vacation is in the winter, an arrangement which nine out of ten Sewanee men would not have changed for anything in the world. The man who comes to Sewanee for the first time in August is much more fortunate than he who ascends to our little heaven in March. In August the trees have on their Commencement raiment and the town is full of Commencement people. The streets of an afternoon look like the piazzas of summer hotels. Forensic Hall is open every night — either a german or a Glee Club concert, an oratorical display or a minstrel show is in progress, and everybody old enough to keep awake is there to take part if he can, if he can't, to look

on. Very probably the new arrival is rather disappointed in us at first. He has heard from his brother or his cousin or his friend that Sewanee is within easy walking distance of the Golden Gates of Paradise, and he may find some difficulty in justifying such enthusiastic encomium. Our friend, the new arrival, is dumped out of a hybrid species of railway train that has groaned and writhed for eight very serpentine miles up the mountain into a collection of mud huts, which cannot be said to beautify the landscape. He wonders, with a sinking heart, which is the Walsh and which the residence of the Vice Chancellor. He feels better when Hoskins invites him to step into his hack. There must be something more to Sewanee, if hacks are necessary. Hoskins dispels all lurking doubts in the first few moments of the drive, and the new arrival settles into peaceful contemplation of the Otey. Of course, he is sure that must be the University Chapel, but his Charon on the front seat announces that it is only the parish church, where the people who live in these mud huts go to hear some of St. Luke's spare theologues learn how to preach. After he has reached the top of the hill and passed the Otey, Sewanee begins. A long shady street with two rows of cottages stretches out before him. Pretty soon he passes the old Grammar School dormitory and turns to the right up University Avenue. The cottages grow more pretentious, the lawns more extensive, and the new arrival feels that something is going to happen. Yes, there it is; there's the University. There's Thompson Hall, and the Chapel, and Forensic — he thinks that is Mrs. Elmore's stable — and then the home of the Vice Chancellor, and the Walsh Memorial and Convocation and Breslin Tower burst on him all at once from behind the trees. The new arrival thinks the sandstone out of which these buildings are constructed is the prettiest he has ever seen — and it is. Every Sewanee boy wishes whole cities were built of it. It is quarried right on the University domain. All the dead rainbows are buried in Sewanee, and the stone gleams a ghostly pink and yellow and green. Breslin Tower, much like Oxford's famous Magdalen, is the beautiful home of the Chimes, whose silvery peals come down every fifteen minutes to reproach us for our wasted hours. Across the striped and checkered shade of Manigault Park, lies St. Luke's Hall—where the saintly theologues dwell in peace and Colmorian asceticism — looking for all the world like a Gothic ant-hill with its low-arched entrances, peeping out beneath the mass of foliage that presses close its "ivy-mantled walls." (The simile is not intended to imply that the residents are owls.) The new arrival finally reaches the Hoffman, a great five-story block. It looks like a dry-goods box, but the green goods live there. As soon as they get seasoned, they have to leave. The new arrival, if he is ignorant of college ways, pays Hoskins a quarter; if he possesses any academic economy, he "stands him off." His journey is ended and his trials begun.



Sewanee, just after Commencement, undergoes a reaction. Things are dull; the dances are over and football practice

won't start for six weeks. A mild form of "girling" is still possible; the Commencement tide of picture-hats and fluffy dresses ebbs slowly. Although the college girl is a *sine quâ non* of college life, and although Sewanee without Sewanee girls would not be Sewanee at all, philosophical reflection on their departure might show, in some measure, that it is just as well we do not have them with us always. They are too disturbingly charming. It is after they leave that the men, thrown on each other's mercies during idle hours, learn to know and love one another and forge that mighty chain that binds Sewanee men together with an everlasting bond.

Oh! the joys of those evenings in a neighbor's room. The viands may be primitive—"dog," pimolas, crackers and cheese—but it isn't the details that count, it isn't the food or the dress that we think of—the charm of the freedom, the unreserve, the *abandon*, the collarless oblivion to care, the songs and jokes and heated arguments, the mutual memories of the past, the mutual resolutions for the future, the confidences that are so sweet because they mean so much, the vital pleasure in true friendship's presence—these things make college life the warmest, sunniest, truest, heartiest existence in this world. In these little forums of the "careless drift of college chat," everything from girls and football to politics and religion is discussed. Here the sentiment of the University is formed and the conduct of the officials condemned or applauded. These are the hearthstones, the family pot-boilings; all of them together make up the University itself.

In the old days St. Luke's and Tremlett and Kendal were the great centers of university life; there plots were hatched and doughty deeds were done. St. Luke's individuality is still unimpaired; the others are but memories of glories gone. Now all the Juniors live at the dormitory, and the Seniors are scattered through four or five of the old halls, with summer visitors to fill up the gaps. Some croakers said that herding the Juniors together would destroy the uniqueness of the place; that Sewanee could no longer give full play to the development of individuality which has been the chief charm of our mountain fastness, but that the enforced self-repression of the communal life would make us all of one tiresome type. No such awful thing has happened, however. By the very command of Mr. Wiggins and the plans of the architect, the dormitory is a house divided against itself. There are just as many different sets there as there are men of different minds, and the new-comer soon settles into the crowd who find him most congenial. It is not, to be sure, so easy a matter to eat one's self into friendship with one's fellow man at a dormitory barbecue as in some Southern gentlewoman's dining-room, where the "comity of gastronomic relations" gives opportunity for the exercise of the social instincts three times a day. At Princeton "Commons" were twice tried and abolished. The song and jest and good-humored banter of the eating-clubs were found too dear to be swallowed up in wholesale grabbing for the potatoes. But at Sewanee the men see so much of one another, at all hours of day and night, that the few minutes spent by the Juniors in collective silence and swallowing are not very much missed.

Sewanee is one of the most democratic places on earth. The absence of any class-system and the mutual dependence of the students on each other for all their amusements and associations break down all barriers of age and money. There is no such thing as financial popularity here, and the snob is not tolerated, because there are no bootlicks to pay him

caddish court. The man who has money spends it as freely as he wishes, but his inseparable chum may be living on a scholarship and forced to count the baseball games he can afford to go to see.

It is about the first of October that the thump of the football is heard in the land, and from then until the end of the term those who are not trying for the team watch the practice all afternoon and discuss football half the night. Politics and the new books have lost their interest, and arguments about the respective speed of the half-backs, the punting ability of the full-back, the excellence of this year's coach, speculations and criticisms form the subject of the excited conversation of groups of two's and three's in Andy's Alley between classes, at the Supply Store, and in the rooms of every loafer of any consequence in college.



Everybody goes to see the games—the V. C. attends with the same regularity with which he goes to chapel, and the great and the small rub elbows along the side lines, unconscious of all official distinctions, all hearts and minds intent on that little sphere of pigskin which unites all the incongruous elements among the on-lookers into one great fraternity of eager, shouting Sewanee enthusiasts watching the ball carried nearer and nearer the tall, slim goal-posts where lie victory and glory greater just at this moment than any king or emperor ever battled for and won.

But now only the half has been told. Victory must be celebrated; and in the past two years we have had so many victories that the lesson of celebration we have learned by heart. The night of the '99 football demonstration, when we had won the championship of the South, is an illuminated page in Sewanee's history. You could have read a newspaper out at Morgan Steep by the glare of the bonfires. Forensic was almost rent asunder by the positively fiendish yells of five hundred devils incarnate (this includes the ladies of the mountain); some people spoke, but more people cheered—all of them reiterated two thousand times that Simkins and Suter and "Burrhus" and the whole team and everything connected with it were altogether and entirely right, and when everybody had yelled so much that they were too happy for words, they went home, voiceless and content, to consume throat-tablets so as to be in good voice for the next performance. Sewanee enthusiasm is proverbial—as much so as her poverty.

The mountain is practically depopulated by proclamation of the President of the United States on the last Thursday in November. Just enough are left up here to receive the telegram of victory and to raise a fairly creditable shout. It's a pretty effort, though usually that Thanksgiving Day yell can't be heard much farther than Cowan.

After the last football game has been won, we go and dust off our books and masquerade as students for awhile. It's either that or be bored to death. Speaking seriously, much real work is accomplished at Sewanee—more, we believe, than at any other college in the South. Our record will prove that, lest any think we are inclined to be lovingly forgetful of our kindly mother's faults. We know that it is the fashion among our fathers to decry the amount of study done in our

colleges to-day, and to relate, with scathing comparison, how different things were of yore. We know that there is an impression abroad that academic gowns to-day are only used to patch baseball shirts, and that the class-room has yielded to the "shining track of Olympia." Our detractors are usually ignorant, and always unfair. The newspapers exploit our athletic contests and fill up their society columns with our dances and our scandal, but outsiders never see the hard, sober grind, the whole nights spent studying in the Walsh, the heads wrapped in wet towels, trying to keep up a lively interest in the contortions of the calculus, the bottles of bromo-seltzer stimulating weary brains to pass M. A. Latin the next day—all these things are most thought of and least talked about. We have our scholars as well as our idlers, our geniuses and our fools, our martyrs and our butterflies; and we have our faults—to be perfectly frank—as well as our virtues. But we don't like to see the last named go unappreciated.



There is an atmosphere of mental culture in Sewanee. It would hardly be possible for the veriest hoodlum to stay four years at Sewanee without absorbing a certain amount of literary and social *savoir faire*, without getting that distinctive hall-mark of the Sewanee man, which is nothing more nor less than the impress of good manners and good morals and good minds upon him. Not that every man whose feet have trod our streets becomes, *ipso facto*, a gentleman, a Christian and a scholar (that were a rash boast even for one who loves Sewanee much to make), but the man who is once bitten by a Sewanee tick and innoculated with the spirit of the place, if he does not practice all the virtues and spend his days in searching the Scriptures, at least has a wholesome respect for the man who does, and this gives greater promise for his future. The worst rake in college will discuss the sermon intelligently, and more or less appreciatively, at Sunday dinner-table.

The Vanderbilt debate is just as vital a matter to the well-rounded student as the Vanderbilt football game, and the open meetings of Sigma Epsilon and Pi Omega are largely attended. The man who can "do something" is the big man here, and those who have reached the thirty-third degree of Sewanee immortality have usually been men of more or less intellect.

There is a deep-flowing, an abiding religious influence in the University, not obtrusive or on the surface, but yet a real force working for the good and the true. The Junior who talks a great deal will tell you how much he wishes compulsory Chapel (i. e., all Chapel) were abolished, but a Senior realizes that outside of all religious claims the ten-minute morning service in St. Augustine's is the main-spring of University life. The whole college—indeed the whole population of the mountain—assembles there, and the corporate sense, the *esprit dë corps* of Sewanee, has its being in this daily contact between each student and the whole University. Chapel is so essentially a student enterprise, as it were, that each man feels it belongs to him, and by and by its religious significance is revealed to him and driven home without his understanding the process. The Chaplain and the Vice Chancellor were students but yesterday, the choir and the organist

are students. Notices of ball games and mass-meetings, and tennis tournaments and germans are given out here. Here the Red Ribbon Society declares publicly whom it has taken unto itself by marching them up the aisle and out of the north transept door, just before the Proctors declare Chapel adjourned. The surest proof that Chapel is a vital institution is the fact that if a man stays away from it for a few weeks, he finds himself gradually falling out of the run of things. He loses interest in the affairs of the University, and his Sewanee spirit is in serious danger.

There are seven fraternities on the mountain—all of them have built chapter-houses, which look like little shrines sprinkled through the University—and their influence on college life is very great. Nearly all the men—except the Meds, and in almost everything they are a thing apart—are frat. men, the proportion of "barbs" being very much smaller than at most places Every Tuesday night the little shrines are full of worshippers, and incense is offered to the sacred Billy Goat. Although loyalty to one's fraternity is nowhere more all-possessing, frat. politics, that canker-worm of many institutions, is almost unknown here. An occasional ward-heeler stirs up strife, but in the end only brings down wrath upon his own head, and wishes he had taken to heart the little piece of advice—"be sure your sin will find you out."


The Debutante

The other circles of student intimacy and frindship are the secret societies. It is rather difficult to tell just why and what they are—those inside won't, those outside can't. The outward and visible signs of their inward workings are few. At intervals, the trees and fences are plastered with poultices bearing a legend like this—8-30-'00. That means that some favored Junior will have his head materially swelled and his shirt-front adorned with a "Crown and Serpent" pin on the thirtieth of August in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred. The "Fox Heads" are a newer society which bloomed out last summer in its first german. The "Red Ribbons" consider themselves the *summum bonum* of social ambition. And as they are the biggest men in college, their opinion has some weight. Their outward—but not visible—sounds occur about two A. M. on certain Thursday mornings, and consist chiefly of vociferous inquiries as to the identity of the Father of our Country and anxious questioning about the rainfall. Those who have reached these dizzy heights of social distinction wear a broad red ribbon across their shirt fronts at important functions, and, in August, give the swellest dance of the year. Some gossips say their Wednesday night orgies would put Nero to blush for their scenes of riotous dissipation, but—who knows? They always turn up at class the next day, and if their lessons *are* unprepared, perhaps that is no more than usual.

The return in March is an occasion of rejoicing. Dress-suit cases come up much heavier than they went down. Everybody is so glad to see everybody else that you forget who your last term's enemies were and grasp hands with reckless good fellowship. Those March hand-shakes are always to be remembered. In their hearty sincerity is to be found the true inwardness of the Sewanee Spirit; no mouth-honor, no Judas kisses spoil the straightforward, outspoken,

"I am glad to see you." For you are, you are glad to see the proctors and Dr. Richardson and the mail-carrier and Frank. In a few days you settle down to your old crowd and your old ways, but just at first the whole world is your best friend, and you would be quite willing to give your last cent to the treasurer of the Missionary Society. So scrupulously jealous are you of the rights of human kind that, after registering in the Vice Chancellor's office, your delicate consideration for the repose of the proctor is really touching.

The mountain is half empty until June, and then the fuss and feathers begin. Up to the first of June we further the designs of our founders, who thought that Sewanee would be "sequestered from the various temptations attending a promiscuous converse with the world, that theatre of folly and dissipation," but we are too irresistible; the world will not stay away from us, and we keep open house for "folly and dissipation" all summer. There are amusements to suit all tastes—addresses by the most eminent bishops in the church—they are as common as deacons in Sewanee—any quantity of Chapel Services, History of Art lectures, Oratorical contests, Glee Club concerts, and then the germans. Anyone, male, female, or jonah, who has ever danced on Forensic floor will tell you there's magic in it; so wanderers return from distant lands summer after summer to dance those germans.



Her first day on the Mountain!

Commencement Day itself is splendid in its procession of bishops, trustees, and professors, all dressed in height of academic foppishness, with gowns and silken hoods. To the Junior it is a day of much weariness to the flesh—he has to sit on a hard bench all morning and hear degrees conferred in Greek or Russian or something, and listen to a ponderous dissertation by some notability on the generality of things in general. But to the Senior about to be graduated, it all has a real significance. It means the consummation of his toil and the realization of his hopes and prayers. It also means good-bye to the dearest associations of his life. Yet no—not quite good-bye, after all. Although the whilom college boy is now a grave alumnus and feels the dust of life's highway already choking him, he knows he never will forget.

Sometimes, when the burden is hardest to bear, a mountain breeze and a whispering of leaves will come to him, and his soul will be refreshed by a breath from the good days when hope was buoyant and love rang true. Sewanee "lives always in the heart and life"—for its spirit endureth forever.


Y° Tale of an Eventfvl Weeke Beinge
An Accounte of Y° Sadde & Merrie Adventvres of Younge Master Newe-fellowe Alf Y°
Conte & Alwe, of Y° Faire Ladye Seraphina & Alle wch Followeth

Prologue of the Editor

Whilst wandering down a glade of our sweet, green forest, where soft glimpses of the dying sun made golden traceries in the leaves, and the voice of summer robins was hushed in evening calm, my eyes fell upon the age-worn corner-stone, where, within a cleft, I espied a bit of faded parchment, on which was writ this chronicle of bygone days. To you, sweet Reader, who, mayhap, have not lost love of lovers, I inscribe the tale.



"Went To Yᵉ Onlie Tavern… Yᵉ "E·Q·B·" Inn."

MIDNIGHTE, YE 10TH AUGUSTE, 1900.

YE 1st Eventfull Daye att ye Court (Thankes to ye Goode & deare Lord wch giveth even ye wicked Sometyme to Reste) is ended att Laste. I cannot Laye me downe to Slumber, ere I beginn mine Diarie, for ye Edificacioun of ye vij Ladyes (ye Sweete heavenes smyle on yr Heades Continuallie!) *vizier*:—mine Great-Aunte, 2 Auntes, 2 Godd-Mothers, Sistre-in-Lawe & Stepp-Mother, & ye Olde Parson wch heareth mine Confession. For yt I do Holde it mine Bounden Dutie to telle ye same all ye Happeninges wch may befall me at ye Gaie Capitoll.

The youth purposeth to write a journal.

Firstelie, I make Mencioun of having paid mine Homage to ye King, and appeared before mine Lords of ye Privy Councill (ye same wch asked me manie Perplexinge questions, which it didd rack mine Brains to Answer) & finallie ye Sayde Council & King, with Muche shakinge of ye Heade, didd consent yt I sholde remaine att ye Court. After wch Terrible Ordeal I didd leave ye Audience Chamber, much Tremblinge & soe colde at mine Stomack, yt I was Almoste dead for Refreshmente. Wente to ye Onlie Tavern I coude finde ("Ye E. Q. B.," an sweete Place, I wot) for an High-Balle. Ye Hoste was an veritable Deyvil of an Fellowe wch wolde nott for noe Monie give me a Dropp, sayinge yt onlie ye King & ye Lord Councillors were allowed to Drynke. To quiett mye Horrible Thirst I smoaked 3 Cigars & wente to ye Dauncing Skoole of ye Pages. Daunced with iij olde Maydes & 1 Demoiselle of ye Kindergarten, & gott mine Toes crushed thrice bye ye Pages (wch daunce, in sooth, more lyke to Elephaunts or Giraffes yn sober, Christian Youthes) for my Paines.

He goeth before the King and Council.

Limpinge out of ye Halle, I chaunced to meet 3 Cadds, wch asked me to Have a Drinke with them. Att wch joyous thoughte I was muche Gladd. At ye Bar (ye Resort of ye Court gentlemen) we Drank an Newe sorte of Concoction ycalled 'Soda,' but Nothinge wch coude restore an Sicke Man to Healthe.

He drinketh soda water at the bar, and beholdeth for the first time the Maid.

I was soe neare unto Death yt I was saying Pater Nosters & Crossinge myself Devoutlie (walkinge downe ye Avenue), when Suddenlie mine eyen fell on an Moste Lovelie, Captivatinge & Angelic Mayde (prettie as an Nymphe of ye Springtide, withe Pale Pynck Cheekes, ye most Adorable Profusion of Faire Broun Lockes, flyinge in ye wind lyke madonna Haloes, & ye sweetest Mouth in ye World) wch came att ye Heade of a Charming Companie of yonge ladyes of ye Courtt.

'Gad zooks (quoth I) ye Deyvil knows yon is a moste Sweete & Marvellous Mayde! Who is she, pray?' 'What,' sayeth ye Fellowe Duosie, 'you do nott know her?' 'Noe (say I), by Jove, I do nott, but I saye, she is Psyche or Helena, or bothe Together, for yt Suche Lookes belonge nott of rt to an Single Mayd!' 'Neither (quoth ye Cadd), but onlie our Seraphina of ye Court, ye chieff Ladye in Waiting, wch has all ye Accomplishments & ye Beautie (& ye Wickednesse alsoe) of ye iij Graces.'

I trust ye Goode Prieste will assolve me, for yt I didd looke verie harde in ye Sunnie Eyen of ye Mayde as she drew nigh, & bowinge to ye verie Earth while she didd Pass, I coude nott but gaze sweetlie on ye Heavenlie apparition till it faded in ye Distaunce.

Ye 11th Auguste.

He visiteth the Lord High Treasurer and gaineth experience thereby.

WENTE earlie ys Morninge to see ye Lord High Treasurer, wch woude have taken my Laste Farthinge, had I been so Bigg an Fule. As it was, I muche Feare me, I shall be Poore as an Church Mouse ye Reste of my Dayes. Wch aforesayde Povertie I woude nott in ye Leaste mynde me of, but for ye fact, firstlie, yt mye Partes are nott Fitt for ye Entraunce on Holie Orders, & also, secondlie, yt I mean to Buy 3 Newe Waistcoates (Redd, Blew and Yellowe) in wch to visit ye Mayde (whom shoude I mean butt ye Adorable Seraphina!), ye same number of Pantaloons, and some Redd ties. For yt it much shamed me to be seen of ye Mayde in an Olde Coate, ye mustie color of Stale Snuff. Wch mindeth me, I muste to ye Tailor's.

Later.

Determined never to show his country breeding, he summoneth the tailor.

Ye Tailor (an Funnie Fellowe) hath taken mine measure for all ye Latest Fandangoes, & sayeth he wille have me 'as bloomin' as an Hinglishman' in 4 Dayes. I am determined never to showe my Countrie Breedinge, but in alle Thinges to be ye trew Courtt Gallant.

Later.

At a dance he is introduced finally to the Maid.

Wente to ye Daunce ys Eveninge, in wch ye Mayde was Glorious. Daunced with her Sistre Cherubina 2 Tymes, butt (alas yt it shoude be!) didd nott meet ye Mayde save att ye verie end. She is an Rapture to Beholde. Wore an White Frocke of some kynde (I knowe nott ye names of female Trumperie) withe an Pynck Ribbon in ye neck. Ye Fellowe Jarvey gave me an Introduction (after Dauncing selfishlie withe her alle ye Eveninge). 'Ladye Seraphina' (quoth I blithelie, puttinge my Hande over mine Hearte withe an Deepe Reverence) 'I am much charmed in ye Pleasaunce of our Acquaintaunce.' 'Sir Squier & Master Newfellow' (sayeth She, with an merrie Frown to ye Cadds wch surrounded Her, & a Sweete Glance for me) 'it doeth me nott Pleasaunce yt you are comen to be Presented to me soe Late. I shall expect you, Sir, to be more courtlie and devoted in ye Future.' At wch Sweete Speeche, in ye 7th Heavene of Delight, I did Protest myself to be her Eternal Slave. She, in soothe, seemed well pleased & gave me ye most Lovelie curtsey in ye World, whyle I did Bowe myself from her Presence. Ye onlie Checkmate to my Bliss was yt ye olde Chaperone, Mistress von den Teufeln, didd take her away so quicklie. I muche feare me, I shalle not lyke ye sayde Ladye, but much more I feare yt ye Uglie Olde Hagg will not lyke me.

YE 12TH AUGUSTE.

I AM just Awoke from a moste Distressinge Night. Some Drunken Fellowes came to my Roome at 1 of ye Clock, disturbing my Dreames (of ye angelic Seraphina) withe their outrageous Noise, and makinge me Singe. I sang ye tune 'I wish I was in Dixie,' withe much Expreccioun. Ye Stupid Fellowes (Gentlemen of ye Court like myself) finallie left, but later I was aroused by an Horrible Nightmare, in which it seemed to me yt his Majestie ye King had summoned me before him, & for ye Crime of Aspiringe to an Court beautie had called ye executioner to cutt off my Bigg toe. Wch is still sore, for yt ye Dreame seemed to be verie reall. I muste Hurrie to dress for Chapelle (where ye Court listeneth everie Sundaye to a sermon bye ye Court Chapelain). Maye alle ye Saintes graunt yt I see ye Sweete Seraphina at ye service!

He hath a horrible nightmare wherein his toe and the King's executioner do figure.

Later.

Alack-a-Daye! Ye Faire Mayde was nott there. I feare me, she is ille (for yt alle ye Worlde sayeth her to be verie Religious).

I didd nott knowe wt to do, soe made a Bett with ye Nearest Procter yt ye Sermon woude be Longer yn 32 Minutes of ye Clocke. Ye Sermon was on ye Terrible Crime of Gambling, verie Edifyinge & Comfortinge to an Goode Christian (wch I hope I am), soe yt I coulde not butt sleep under ye Consolinge Doctrines read by ye Holie Man. Ye Reverend Father in God, Goode Master Query, was ye Preacher (wch preacheth verie Comlie alwayes, with an Sweete Smyle). Woke up at ye Ascripcioun. Ye Homilie was $33\frac{5}{16}$ Minutes of ye Clocke, soe yt I won. Charmed with ye Sweete Discourse, I didd Pockett mine Monie & didd goe & Thanke ye Goode Priest for his Holie Wordes, for yt (quoth I) it did me more Goode, I felt, yn any Sermon wch I had ever Heard.

He goeth to chapel to see the Maid; failing in which he gaineth much by the discourse.

Immediatelie thereafter I didd Send to Enquire after ye healthe of Ladye Seraphina. 'Onlie a Headache' (sayed she) 'wch woude nott make me Unwelcome in ye Leaste shoude I call in ye Afternoone.' Wente to see ye Mayde, butt was Muche Disgusted, for yt I found her Surrounded by an Score of Fellowes (ye Junior Gentlemen of ye Courtt), wch talked on ye Topic of Soda Waters and Howe to mix ye same agreeablie to ye Physicall Condicioun.

Ye 13th Auguste.

He receiveth a card to attend his Majesty's levee.

I RECEIVED by ye Carrier of ye Poste ys Morninge an Carte from his Majestie inviting me to ye King's Levee at 25 Minutes after IX of ye Clock. Ye Carte pleased me nott, for yt I have heard yt his Majestie hath an greatt Waye of Quotinge from ye Latin & Greeke, & expectinge alle ye Gentlemen to do in Lyke Mannere, which often Confuseth ye Guests.

I have alsoe Gott Messages from all ye Lords of ye Councill to Wait on their Lordships Earlie in ye Weeke. Ye sayde Lords are soe Inquisitive as to make it Verie Embarrassinge for Gentle youth to Associate withe them. I muche Dread ye Tryinge Ordeall.

Much more to mye Pleasaunce is an Billet from ye Senior Gentlemen of ye Courtt to an Newe Wise of Daunce, ycalled ye German for ye Eveninge. I must haste to Pen a Line to Ladye Seraphina, begging ye Honor of her Companie to ye Sayde Daunce. My Hearte is Hott with Sweete expectaunce.

Forgott to Mencioun ye Evensong, intoned moste Sonorouslie by ye Holie Man Laste Nighte. Ye Mayde was nott there.

Later.

The Maid regretteth that she cannot attend the German in his company.

Seraphina is 'soe Verie sorrie' yt she cannot goe with me in ye Eveninge. I feare me she wille be with ye Cadd Tom Rusher, ye same wch hath been soe Attentive of Late. It lyketh me nott yt so amiable a Ladye shoude be Deceived bye suche an Fellow. Quintard Campbellton sayeth yt she is engaged to ye Aforesayde. I cannot believe such a storie. At least he shall not have Her.

Later.

I am just returned from ye Daunce, wch in Onlie 1 Respect Pleased me (yt I gott 1 Daunce withe ye Mayde). Daunced withe ye Sistre as Followes:

Cherubina, 2 Daunces & I Intermissioun. Verie Sweete in an Pynck Frocke of Silke or Cotton or Some suche Stuff. Sayde yt ye Cadd Rusher (wch can Singe Matins, Knoweth ye Creed, ye Seven Cardinall Vertues and Theologie, and will be an Monke at ye Monasterie until ye Followinge Auguste) hath an Lykinge for her Sistre. She Declared yt Beinge as ye Sayde Cadd Monke, accordinge to ye Rules of his Order, muste have an Petticoate as soone as he Obtaineth a Gowne, & for yt her Sistre Lyketh ye Same, she seeth nott why it shoulde nott be an Match. Alle wch I didd Grieve for to Heare.

Lady Cherubina, the Maid's sister, maketh a revelation grievous to to hear.

Lorinetta, an Verie Prettie Dauncer, in Blew, wch Daunced with me for Onlie a Fewe Minutes, for yt Quintard Campbellton didd Break in & take her Awaye.

Irenica, extremelie Wittie, wch Sayeth an Certain eloquente Monke to talke 'Ragg-Tyme.'

Paradysia, Elegaunte & much Lyked bye Campbellton.

Elsinea, wch hath Pynck for her Favorite Colour; Petite & Daunceth sweetlie.

Marguerite, talle, rosie, withe Eyen as Flashinge, in Soothe, as an Prairie Fire.

Jacquetta, sweete, Jollie, withe Lockes of Gold & Ruddie Cheekes.

Carlotina, Charletta (with Jarvey), Eugenia (Midnighte ablaze as with an Bloode-Redd Moone!), Leonora, Katharyne (verie Popular), Louisiana (oh, for ye Pen of an Poett!) & Moniriverita (an Dreame, sayeth Macker-Ryson, ye 'Athanatos').

1 Daunce with Eache of ye Above. Alsoe daunced withe Elysiana (Daughter of an Lord High Councillor).

Opened a Favour of an Box of Confectioun ye Wronge Syde Uppermoste & Dropped ye Chocolate Bon-Bons in ye Middle of ye Floore, by Accidente, Promenadinge withe Irenica. Irenica saved me from Detectioun bye askinge me Loudlie, who *coude* have Been soe Stupid.

The Youth Committeth a venial sin.

For yt I was in ye Rowe with Seraphina I coude not Daunce a Single Figure withe Her till ye Ende, when I had noe more Patience. Pressed ye Lilye Hande of ye Mayde more yn Necessarie, wch I muste Noate down amonge mye Sinnes.

Ye Horrible Mistresse von den Teufeln took her Awaye before yt I coude saye 150 Wordes.

Lay awake Late of Indigestioun & Rage.

Ye 14th Auguste.

DROVE in a chariott Earlye to Enquire aboute ye Mayde & found out from ye Olde Duenna yt She was nott Awoke.

Called Later & saw her from over ye Hedge goinge with ye Cadd Rusher to ye Churche-Yard (where they Read ye Latest Novells, sittinge on Tombstones), soe Talked a while with Cherubina, wch Hath an sweete Witt.

Att an Later Visitt met 3 Monkes & 1 Leech (an awfull Fellowe wch talked Onlie of Skeletons & Bones of Dead Men), & coude get no Chaunce to Addresse ye Mayde.

Midnighte.

He attended the Book Masque, and then for spiritual comfort visiteth the Monastery.

I am juste Back from ye Booke Masque. Ye Ladies of ye Courtt wore Frockes Lyke Old Parchementes, wch had Quainte names imprinted on ye Cover, and ye Faces hidd (like ye Uglie women of Heathenesse). I didd take off ye one wch seemed to be ye Mayde, & after 30½ minutes of Sillie Talke founde out yt it was not She. Of alle ye Deyvil's Cheatts in ye World I holde an Booke Masque to be ye Worste. Att a Daunce after ye Sayde Masque ye Mayde was Nowhere to be Seen. Hugger & I think yt Olde von den Teufeln is ye Responsible Partie, for yt Seraphina doth lyke to Daunce.

Wente with Hugger & Macker-Ryson to ye Monasterie, butt coude Onlie gett Weake Tea (an curious Chinese weed wch ye Ladyes & Monkes drinke. Sawe 3 or IV yonge Monkes. Aforemenciouned Monkes are Curious Beinges, for yt as an Whole they are Divided into 2 Classes, ye Rationalistes & ye Irrationalistes. Ye Irrationalistes say yt Noe Reason can Exist in Anythinge, wch ye Rationalistes doe verie emphaticallie Denie. For they Declare yt alle Thinges have an Reason, & do then give ye Wronge One. Dranke 5 cuppes of Tea & am Nowe backe Verie tired, withe Nerves Unstrung by ye Masque. I Didd nott see Rusher at ye Monastarie & muche feare me he hath ye Favour of von den Teufeln & was withe ye Mayde.

Ye 15th Auguste.

He calleth on the Maid thrice in one afternoon with ill success.

JOYE! Joye! An Noate from ye Adorable Mayde (in Response to One wch I had juste Writ) telleth me yt she wille be 'Verie Happie' to see ye Sunsett withe me.

I am so Transported withe Rapture yt I forgott to Saye I called on ye Mayde 3 Tymes ys Daye. Ye 1st Tyme sawe Cherubina wch supposed I was a-visitinge her; ye 2nd Tyme, ye Olde Mistresse von den Teufeln wch Excused ye Yonge Ladye (withe an Uglie Frowne, in Soothe); ye Last Tyme ye Blacke Wenche wch Answereth ye Knocker had ye Impudence to telle me yt Ladye Seraphina was nott at Home. Muste hurrie & Dresse.

Later.

We wente to a Place, named ye Morgan Steepe, wch hath Bigg Rockes to sitt on, also a Tree to ye Righte, withe an Large Roote above ye Grounde. Ye Mayde sat att ye Tree & I didd (at her Feete) Catch out of Her bright Eyen ye Reflectioun of ye Dyinge Lighte. She was Verie pensive and bade me to Amuse her withe Talke, for yt (quoth she) she had Rather hear me yn tò usen Speeche, with suche Lovelie, Divine, & Beautiful Cloudds of ye Sunsett. Finallie sayeth She: "What wille you Do, Sir Newfellow, when I am gone from ye Courtt?' 'Pray, Sweete ladye' (quoth I) 'yt you wille Come Backe immediatelie. But I cannot think you soe Cruell.' To wch Sallie she didd saye Nothinge, but didd Breathe a Fainte Sighe. 'It is ye Houre of Return,' sayde She. So we walked back.

He serenadeth the Maid and hath a glimpse of Madame von den Teufeln.

After Dinner I called on ye Mayde, butt learned yt she was gone to Evensonge (Beinge verie Godlie & a Church-Goer). Wente to ye Chapelle & found she hadd Gone to ye Daunce. At ye Daunce I missed her agen, for yt She hadd gone home. I gott severall Players (1 withe an Loude Flute wch can be Hearde wonderfullie well) & we gave an Seranade under ye windowe of ye Mayde, but ye Mayde didd nott Appeare, butt Onlie ye Olde Chaperone. Ye Deyvil take Chaperones!

Ye 16th Auguste.

I HADDE ye Terrible Agonie for to See a Bouquet of Sweete Peas (wch I sente to ye Mayde) on ye Horrible Olde Woman. Alas, yt One soe Yonge shoude practise such Perfidious Trickes!

I called, Hopinge to knowe ye Truth, butt 8 Foolish Fellowes were there. I was soe Nervous yt I hadde to aske ye Mayde Permissioun to Smoake. She Sayde yt I mighte, butt yt Smoakinge always made her Sicke at ye Stomack, so I muste Blowe ye Smoake up ye Chimney, wch I didd muche to ye Amusement of ye Mayde at ye Waye I didd Stretche mye necke (lyke an Olde Crane, she Sayde).

I coude nott get ye Mayde for an Drive, she was soe Verie sorrie she had Promised Master Rusher to Walke.

He goeth to the Heart Party, hoping to see the Maid, but drinketh punch instead.

At an Stupid Partie (of Heartes) in ye Eveninge, I got ye Mayde to stepp out on ye Porch, butt in Less yn 1 Minute 6 Cadds came out to Smoake & I gott no Speeche with her. In great Disguste I drank 7 Glasses of Punche, wch nott Doinge me Anie Goode I drank 3 more & emptied ye Bowl. Ye Olde von den Teufeln wente to ye Bowl after me & it didd me muche Goode to see ye Sour Expreccioun on ye Dame's uglie face, when she didd leave ye Gallerie. Ye Cadd Rusher was Seraphina's Escort. Ye Prettie Salavinia (Chumm of ye Mayde) whispered in my Eare 'Too Badde,' when I was aboute to Go. I wish I had never seen ye Mayde, wch giveth me soe Muche Torment.

Ye 17th Auguste.

IT IS alle over & I shall leave ye Courtt. I sawe ye Mayde Earlye in ye Morninge Sketchinge on ye Lawne (herself, thought I, is ye Lorde's Master-Piece!). I tolde her what I thoughte & alsoe yt I loved her to Idolatrie and woude jump over ye Cliffe at her Biddinge. I tooke her Hande, while she didd Blush (Perfidious Dissimulatresse!). At my Protestacioun she didd nott Object & then Broke my Hearte with ye Fatall Wordes. For yt She sayde, 'I can't,' & on ye cominge at ye Selfsame moment of ye Mistresse von den Teufeln didd appeare to be verie Embarrassed. I didd nott Waite for More, but left ye Mayde to ye Olde Chaperone & Other Evill Spirits. I doubte if I ever Smyle Agen!

Madame von den Teufeln rendereth fatal a serious conversation.

It is juste as well to Leave ye Courtt, for yt an Telegram sayeth ye Scottish Terrier Puppe Eatemupp (bye Gingerbite out of Grabquicklie) is verie Sicke. I shall goe to-morrowe.

Alass! ye Cruell Seraphina.

Dranke Soda with some Fellowes & Invited ye Same to mye Roomes ys Eveninge for Farewell.

Later.

On the eve of departure the Youth entertaineth his stag friends.

Ye Guestes are Butt nowe gone. Ye Aforemenciouned Dranke manie Toastes out of ye Lovinge Cuppe. I cannott remember alle of ye same, but 1 was to ye King & goode Liqueurs; alsoe 1 to ye Holie Chapelain. Ye 13th Toaste was to ye Mistresse von den Teufeln. Ye Cadds proposed, 'H—ll to Mrs. von den Teufeln,' so Loudlie yt I dreaded ye Lord Procters. Ye Fellowe Root, however, woude not Drinke ye Toaste & Offered to Fighte anie Man yt woude. Noe Gentleman (he sayde) woude Drinke suche a Toaste. Soe I proposed, 'Salvacioun to alle ye Ladyes, & maye ye goode Lorde & ye Angells helpe Mistresse von den Teufeln to be Better.' Att wch I felt Better. Alle Dranke ye Toaste. Root sayde it was a moste Christian Toaste.

Ye 18th Auguste.



E BLACKE MAN, George Washington Robert Lee Smith (mine valet) hath Packed mye Tronkes & Gott ye Same on ye Train (a coache pulled bye a Curious New-Fangled Machine on Wheels). I write Lookinge out of ye Car Windowe. Ye Thinge beginneth to goe, soe I muste on ye Backe Platforme to Smoak a Cigar & See ye Laste of ye Towne. A number of People are in ye Car, butt I have not ye Courage to look them in ye Face.

Later.

It was alle an Mistake and I have been ye Biggest ninnie in ye Worlde! I am soe Happie I cannot write an Line scarcelie, & I shoude nott write it correctlie but for ye Mayde wch looketh over mye Shoulder.

I stood on ye Platforme Smoakinge mye Cigar and Lookinge at ye Cloudes & at ye Valley Below (thinkinge of ye Cruell Seraphina) and Suddenlie I saw ye Mayde (withe Handes Crossed on ye Brake, & Eyen on ye Skye, verie Sadde).

For yt she was soe Sadde & didd Sigh (as at ye Morgan Steepe), albeit I was verie Angrie I coude nott butt cry 'Seraphina'! Ye Mayde, nott Knowinge anie one was there, didd let goe ye Brake & woude have fallen, had I not Caught her (by ye Waiste). I helped her to sit down on ye Stepp, & for Fear yt she woude Falle, stood bye her. 'Sit Beside me'! (quoth she verie Peremtorilie). Soe I howbeit I was verie Angrie didd take ye Seat.

She sayde noe Worde for a Longe Space, butt didd Gaze below on ye Cloudes. Then at Laste 'I hope' (quoth She) 'Sir Newfellow, you are as Sorrie to have me goe as I to have you.' 'I must needes' (sayde I) 'be Anythinge butt Happie after ye Ladye Seraphina hath ybroke my Hearte'! 'Laws-a-mercy'

(laugheth she), 'How a-talks! I breake your Heart?' 'In Soothe, you have, fair Ladye' (quoth I). 'Indeed' (sayeth she, lookinge downe) 'I think I am verie Kinde.' 'Pray, doe nott Mocke me, Ladye' (I reply) 'or I shall Leape over ye Cliffe.' 'Doe nott' (sayde she) 'or I shall jump after you. You woude nott, I knowe, Murder a poore, Defenseless Woman.'

I looked in her Eyen & Thoughte I saw an Teare. 'What' (sayde I) '& Juste yester-morninge, when I asked you to make me ye Happiest of men, you sayde you coude not'! 'You men are soe Stupid & Confusinge' (quoth she). 'I meant to saye' (Blushinge) 'I coude nott—Refuse—soe Violentt & Importunate an Lover.'

The Maid finisheth the interrupted sentence.



Here endeth the Story of Seraphina & Newfellow, and of the eventful week of their wooing; also of the sundry ladies and lords of the Court. Done for Cap & Gown, at Sewanee, in this the year of our Lord nineteen hundred.

Uncle Mose on Sewanee

Whether for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne" or from a motive of charity, my old college chum, Tom Raymond, invited me one winter to spend the Christmas holidays at his Southern home. Tom and I had run abreast through the four-year gauntlet of grim examinations and had passed out unscathed, save for a few scratches here and there which mattered little. We had both embarked on that "sad, uncertain" sea of law, but had hung out our shingles in towns far distant from each other. It may have been because of my profession and his sympathy for me, that my quondam college chum had invited me to his home, for I had watched and waited during many moons for the client that never came; and, unlike a certain "Peter Stirling," there was no three thousand a year to act as a bracer to my lessening patience.

And so I found myself on that eventful Christmas eve sitting in a large and comfortable room before a blazing fire of logs, real logs, which crackled and sent hosts of flying sparks to their death up the chimney. Tom was away on business in a neighboring town, so his mother told me at dinner, but would return early in the morning. I was bidden to take full possession and make myself at home, which I accordingly did. Stretched out in an easy chair before the fire, I was enjoying the "two-fold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum," when a knock at the door recalled me from the mental enjoyment of by-gone pleasures. In came old "Uncle Mose," with an armful of log and a face full of grin. I let him poke the fire for a few moments before I spoke. "Sit down in that chair, Uncle, and tell me what you think of Sewanee."

The old fellow had been at Sewanee one autumn to wait on Tom, who was captain of the football team that year, and, although I knew nothing of it at the time, Tom had afterwards written to me about old Uncle Mose's "experience," as he called it.

"It show do seem like er berry long time since I wus up ter S'wanee," he began, "but sho's you bo'n, Marse Harry, I nebbah gwine fo'git doze times."

"Fine place, isn't it?" I asked.

Uncle Mose moved up nearer the fire and looked thoughtful.

"Sho am, Marse Harry, now't I know de place, but I clar ter goodness, I wuz mo'n dispinted when I fus' got dar."

"What about the Sewanee spirit?" I asked in joyful expectation.

Uncle Mose started slightly at the words, then grinned one of those choice African grins.

"Marse Tom's done gone an' tol'! It wus dis way, Marse Harry. When young massa wus home, I heerd him tellin' folks 'bout de S'wanee sperret. 'Cose I nebbah said nothin', but I jes kep' ma years op'n.

"Den one summer Missus got er letter sayin' ter sen' me up dar on de mount'n ter wait on de young massa. He wus cap'n ob sumfin', drillin' young men fo a fight wid some oder young men, or de like, an' I wus ter fetch water fo' 'em an' rub Marse Tom an' fix 'im up when he got misabled.

"I tuk rheumatiks berry bad de week befo' I mus go, 'cose sho's yer bo'n, Marse Harry, I sortah 'spicioned dat S'wanee

sperret; but Missus, she's got mo' sense 'n dat king in de Good Book had, an' she seed right fru me an' knowed I wus playin' de 'possum. So I hab ter go."

"You said that you were disappointed at first, didn't you?" I asked in the manner of a cross-examiner.

"Yas, suh, I wus sho dispinted! When dat train done crawled roun' an' roun' de sides ob dat mount'n, an' come ter er stop, I pokes ma head out ob de winder spectin' ter see sumfin jes gran'.

"But Lawd hab mussy on us? I jes didn't see nothin cep' some old cabins like de ones in de back yard at home. Howsomeber, I wus kindah recumciled when I seed 'S'wanee propah', as Marse Tom tol' me.

"Sumfin dat mused me, when we wus comin' 'long frum de station. I seed er spacious lookin' house wid er big hole in de end ober de door—looked like I'd seed houses sortah like it befo'.

"I says ter Marse Tom, pintin' at de house, 'Marse Tom, dat er barn I see?' Den he jes laffed an' laffed. I wus shamed at maself fo' axin'. Den he says, 'Uncle Mose, dat is Frensic Hall, whar de folks dance.' Bet I nebbah axed any mo' questions atter dat!

"Marse Tom wus livin' up ter Tremblitt Hall an' I was put out in de back-yard in er berry respec'ful cabin. One ting I rec'lec' 'bout Tremblitt, Marse Harry, I sho did feel like as if I wus back home when eatin' time come 'long; an' Missus, she wus mighty nice. I nebbah say nothin' ter Marse Tom 'bout ma 'spicions, an' I wus feelin' all right 'til night come—but den I *wus* sca'ed! Soon's I hab my vittles, I says ter Marse Tom, 'Marse Tom, I's feelin, wearisome.' He says I bes' go 'long ter baid; an' soon's I git in dat room, I tu'n de key in de lock an' fall on ma knees an' pray de good Lawd ter spar' me from dat S'wanee sperret. I sho did hide under de cubber dat night. I jes wusn't dar!

"Dis sortah ting go on fer some time an' I kindah 'gin ter feel brave, 'till one day I'se gwine down ter de station wid Marse Tom fer sumfin an' he pinted over 'cross de way an' says, 'Mose, dar is whar some ob yer bruddren is.'

"Sho's yer bo'n, Marse Harry, I looks ober in er winder an' seed someun's bones jes standin' dar by heself. I reck'n I mus ha' got sca'ed, fo' Marse Tom grabbed holt ob ma coat an, says, 'Don't hurry, Mose.'

"Soon's I could git ma bref, I says ter Marse Tom, 'Marse Tom, hab dat S'wanee sperret got sumfin ter do wid doze corpses?

"He didn't say nothin' at fus', but bimeby he says, 'Yas, Mose, dey is bro't hyar by de S'wanee sperret.'

"I wus sca'ed sho nuf now! Sholy dat sperret soonest eat er live nigger dan er dead un. 'Bout dat time I 'lowed ter maself dat I wish I wus at home!

"One night when de moon wus in de full an' 'hin' de clouds, an' de win' wus moanin', an' de Tremblitt spring jes er-tricklin' ober de rocks, I was woke up sudden like an' heerd de awf'les' yellin' I eber heerd. I says, 'Dat S'wanee sperrett got 'em dat time; an' I 'gin ter pray under de cubber.

"All dis time, yer see, Marse Harry, I'se been helpin' young massa wid his troubles, an' his men done gone an' beat de stuffins out'n seberal compnies ob stranger men an' I 'gin ter git int'rested in dat fightin'. Everybody wus er-talkin' 'bout

de fight comin' Tanksgivin' Day, an' I axed Marse Tom tell me 'bout it. He splained lots I didn't comp'ren' nothin' 'bout but almos' de fus' wud he says, sortah smilin' like, wus, 'De S'wanee sperret 'll cert'nly git yer dat day.' I allus wus proud ter see Tanksgivin' Day come, 'cose talk 'bout eatin'—but dat year I jes prayed dat it won't come. Howsomeber, it come, an' I jes give up hopin'. But I wus int'rested now an' I prayed fo' Marse Tom wid all ma heart an' soul.

"Doze young men Marse Tom's comp'ny wus ter fight wus mighty big men, an' when dey come runnin' down de fiel' atter Marse Tom an' his men, I felt powerful miser'ble. Somebody done git hu't ebery now an' den, an' I run wid water. You bet I allus got dar soonest, somehow, when I seed dat de man on de groun' wus pupple an' white. Once 'twus Marse Tom heself, an' I sho' did rub an' pray at de same time. But he come to, t'reckly, an' run off, an' I jes stood dar like er blame old fool. I sortah 'spicioned he wus dead.

"De sun wus jes 'bout ter drap 'hin' de trees when dat fight come ter de las' pint. Bof comp'nies wus er-tryin' berry hard ter run ober de oder right out dar in de middle ob de fiel', when all ob er sudden I seed Marse Tom bust right fru doze big men an' jes run like er rabbit. Mos' eberybody 'gin ter yell at de tops ob dere voices an' some ob de stranger men 'gin ter chase Marse Tom, an' I certinly did git flustrated. I mus ha' tried ter stop 'em frum ketchin' young massa, fo' dey grabbed holt ob me an' I heard some un say, 'Dat nigger hab de S'wanee sperret.' I did'nt know nothin' 'bout dat, but when I seed Marse Tom done gone 'n beat doze big men runnin', an' seberal ob our young men wus totin' 'im on dere shoulders, an' eberbody wus yellin' an' hats flyin', sumfin jes seem ter take holt ob me, an' I 'gin ter yell like I'se crazy, an' den I knowed de S'wanee sperret done gone an' got me atter all.

"Tell yer, Marse Harry, habbin' de S'wanee sperret's jes like gittin' religion."

Searching the world for plots with careful eyes,
The crudest novel-writer soon must see,
Adversities are blessings in disguise,
Disguises blessings in adversity.

The Clock of Time beats lives. To read it, see!
When we begin it
The long hand is the minute hand, for we
Long for each minute.
But ere we reach the end we pale and pause
With breath quick caught,
The short hand is the hour hand because
Our time is short.

As at an organ its great organist,
God sitteth at the universe He made,
And maketh music, sometimes grave, then gay,
Or crashing in harmonious dissonance,
Too vast for concord saving to Himself,
Or sweet in softest whisper. When all's done,
The mighty universe His organ is:
Souls are the music.

"Quips"

The Knights of Old

The knights of old,
In perils bold,
And skilled in arms and song,
As ran their vows,
Neath greenwood boughs,
Rode ever, righting wrong.
And critics say
That I, to-day,
Unskilled in arms and song,
Yet, like a bright
And ancient knight,
Am always writing wrong.

In the very best folds are black sheep, as you know,
And the very best families find
Some young men of their blood take to evil, and so
Lead a life of a blameable kind.
E'en a son of Olympus —one Vulcan by name —
As we read in Dan Pindar, his book,
Once fell under the anger of Jove, and became
An experienced forger and crook.

Catullus' verses — still the Muses chant 'em —
Addressed his lady love as "Ad amantem."
But I, more modern—none the verses chant—
Can call my lady only "Adamant."

Pons Asinorum twas called once, perchance;
Now pray don't you raise an alarum
Should I, in these days of the sex's advance,
Just call it the Pons Asinarum.

If disrespectful rhymings I
Have made of you in youth,
Ere you with pride and anger high
Find fault with them forsooth,
Rememember that the verses Lie!
In the domain of truth.

"Cranks"

That fellow Cain, a villain slick,
 Was surely a ripsnorter;
He did a low and scurvy trick
 And brought about man-slaughter.

And so it is in later times,
 By growing daft and dafter,
We strive, through writing funny rhymes,
 To bring about man's-laughter.

With tripping toe and fairy tread,
In gown of red,
With charming grace and winsome smile,
Effective more than half a mile,
With Cupids hov'ring round the while,
My lady leads the dance.

Ah, cruel fate! Ah, woe is me!
'Tis plain to see
I'm bound in fetters by a glance;
I can't escape, I only prance
And swear by Jove I'm led a dance—
My lady leads the dance.

In Ovid, we're told,
 How Daphne of old,
When chased by far-darting Apollo,
 A laurel became
 To save her good name,
'Tis true, you can bet your last dollar.

 A little while back
 I rode in my hack,
In the distance a maiden—a mystery,
 Caught up with her quick;
 She was changed to a stick—
A queer repetition of history.

The sailor bold, who braves the deep,
Must stay awake when others sleep;
That he may better see at dark,
And thus avoid each passing bark,
He uses his night-glasses.

So we who ride high learning's wave,
All through the day at text-books slave;
But when the sun has ta'en his flight
To see things in a better light,
We bring forth our night-glasses.



SOME SEWANEE RESIDENCES

Life in Sewanee from a Resident's Point of View

"A towered city set within a wood,
Far from the world upon the mountain's crest.
There storms of life burst not nor cares intrude,
There Learning dwells, and Peace is Wisdom's guest."
—*Gardiner Tucker.*



OME one has called Sewanee the last stronghold of the Old South. We have many citizens from other parts of our land, and a goodly sprinkling of English, but the first settlers, who were of the best of the South-land, set their seal upon this fair mountain and time has not effaced their influence.

General Shoup said that if he were asked for one word to represent Sewanee, it would be "Courtesy." One coming here, unaccustomed to salute every passing stranger, would have to be on the alert to keep step with Sewanee courtesy. He must lift his hat at every turn, for professors and students are lifting theirs, and our workingmen, and even the little children on the streets and the negro servants look for a kindly recognition. Did not 'Squire Ruef say of one of Sewanee's most beautiful and gracious ladies: "She has a pleasant grin for everybody"?

There is no rivalry between Town and Gown. Creditable work has been done in the University Halls by village and valley people, and the kindliest feeling exists on both sides. The pride of the village in the University was amusingly illustrated when a rival football team played an unfair game. It took authority to keep the village from giving these uncivil visitors a taste of their brawn.

Abounding and graceful hospitality is one of the most conspicuous features of mountain life. Formal and informal entertaining is going on all the time. It is not always an easy mattter to get away from a house near meal-time, and extra plates seem to be always laid or ready to be laid. In the early days the citizens called upon all visitors and the Vice Chancellor entertained them. Small wonder that Sewanee's praises were sung by summer boarders.

But one has to come as a resident to know the true heart of her people. The community seems like one large family, and all hands are held out in welcome. Little and big kindnesses are showered upon the newcomer. The warmth and glow of it all is indescribable. "Little Heaven! Little Heaven!" one lady exclaimed in describing it. Oh, the delightful borrowings and lendings, and giving and taking among Sewanee neighbors! Neighborliness prevades all classes. Our humble neighbors are as kind as the cultured ones, and baskets of fruit or vegetables, or a dish of spare ribs come to us often from them.

When all this is said, it goes without saying, that ostentation is unknown. "Do the servants put on airs?" a prospective resident asked of one who had been a resident. "What! kink-tops put on airs! certainly not—even the

Bishops do not put on airs." This is the land of Bishops and of processions. In the first of the latter that the writer saw, seven years ago, seventeen Bishops were in line. That was when Dr. Gailor was consecrated to the Episcopal office. So many Bishops built homes on the principal thoroughfare, that a visitor exclaimed: "Bishops to right of me, Bishops to left of me—Bishops everywhere. This should be called Bishops' Street." Many have been called to paradise, but their families are still with us.

The second founder of the University, Bishop Quintard, was one of its chief ornaments. The hospitality of his house was and continues to be remarkable, even in Sewanee. He could scarcely resist putting his arms around every boy he met and taking him to Fulford Hall to dinner or tea. It was said that he never stopped giving as long as money was to be found in his purse, and he did not like to go to a neighbor's without a handful of flowers or other offering from his garden. Once he ran in his impulsive way to a new neighbor's house with a lot of rose bushes and fell to work setting them out. It was in vain the ladies remonstrated, and represented that he would get dirt on his clothes. "Plenty more clothes at home," was his answer, without so much as looking up, while the earth flew in every direction under his reckless gardening. Ah! we have no one left like him! A great deal of sunshine went out of many homes when that good man was called above.

The Bishops who were the founders and first settlers of the University received student-boarders in their families. Twelve was the usual number.

It was often said that a boy could scarcely stay in Sewanee without becoming a Christian gentleman.

I have said that Sewanee is the land of processions. They are unique. They could not be got up elsewhere because of the lack of material, for even in England, where a good deal might be done on similar lines, Bishops are too scarce, and Bishops are absolutely essential in the make-up of our processions. The choir-boys lead in their white surplices, with the crucifer at their head. Then follow Grammer School lads in smart uniforms of gray with black facings; next come the student body, many in Oxford cap and gown; then the faculty, with hoods of many colors; and following them, walking alone, is the Vice Chancellor in all his magnificence of scarlet and ermine. The clergymen are next in line, wearing their hoods, preceding the Chaplain who walks alone. All these precede the Bishops in their robes. The Chancellor in violet satin is the last in the procession. The organ has been placed out in the open, perhaps under a spreading tree, if the occasion be the laying of a corner-stone or the dedication of a new building. Every year or two we lay a corner-stone, and when the building is completed take possession with prayers and hymns and marching of procession. Everything that can walk is there. Those are red letter days on the mountain.

"There is said to be no gossip here," someone said to a Sewanee woman. "No, why should there be? No one does anything to gossip about." And we heard before we came to make our happy home on this good mountain that two things were not talked of, money and dress. It is true that money seems to lose its weight in this altitude, for a millionaire is not more regarded than the poorest. General Shoup used to say that Sewanee was a community of cultured gentlefolk living in contented poverty. Those in authority set the pace. The most gifted and honored of our professors, whose reputation is even greater in England than in his native land, has labored for years regardless of salary. Others of the faculty have

been offered higher salaries elsewhere, but refused to leave us. Our Chaplain refuses each winter flattering offers from large city churches of salaries two or three times as great as the University pays. When a New York man asked Bishop Dudley "What has Sewanee to recommend it?" Our Chancellor's proud reply was: "She has EVERYTHING except money. She has a rich endowment, an endowment which money cannot buy: the endowment of a devoted body of professors."

The gala times are when "Our Boys" win contests, either in intellectual trials of strength, or on football or baseball fields. It is a sight worth seeing when the train brings the victors in. All the mountain is there to cheer and yell. Old ladies forget their last birthdays, throw prudence to the winds, and follow that howling, capering mob up the street with as much zest as the youngest Grammar School boy. Why not? Isn't that the Chaplain making a speech and saying how proud he is, and how he remembers when he used to do all he could to help along these football victories when he was a Sewanee boy? And there is the Vice Chancellor clearing his throat (for he has been one of the shouters), ready to say how he feels about it, too. The saying is: "Once a Sewanee boy, always a Sewanee boy." And this is notably true of these two who have boys of their own in that procession.

But one term back, the mountain was regulated by the Chapel bell. We breakfasted, dined and supped by its hours. All the life here centers around the Chapel. But a "Westminster Peal of Bells" now tells us the time. This gift adds immeasurably to the charms of our mountain home, though at times it is startling to note how quickly fifteen minutes can fly. To hear all the lectures and addresses, invitations are sent by the Vice Chancellor to everyone; and besides, in spring and summer, delightful receptions are held beneath his hospitable roof, where all are invited and welcomed.

Views and peddlers are our picturesque features. We hear there was not a beggar amongst the valley folk until the University was established, but now they come almost as regularly as if we had made an engagement with them—rain or sunshine—it is all the same, nothing interferes. The peddlers are indispensable, but a trial too, for the interruptions are well-nigh incessant. They are a quaint set, and when all has been said, honest, for we are not afraid to trust them with large bills to change in the village.

There are three phases of life on the mountain, each so different from the other that it is like going to another place. First in importance of course is term time, when the University is alive with students. The air seems full of young life. Their fresh, cheerful voices and merry laugh wake the quiet echoes that have been sleeping all the winter. The Chapel bell, that has been silent for three months, is ringing again, and all the world is astir. The second phase is the season which brings the summer boarder. Nearly every house is packed to overflowing and the busy housekeepers scarcely have time to breathe. These are called the gay times of Sewanee. It is a unique experience to see nearly every boarding-house kept by a Southern lady, who in former times had no need to earn her bread. The old silver and china and family portraits, and other relics of a by gone day, attest the elegance of the homes from which they were transplanted. But apart from all these things, it is plain to see in what atmosphere these gentle and refined ladies were nurtured. The third phase is the quiet winter time, when only University buildings remain to remind us that we are not all the year round the most delightfully and peacefully out-of-fashion country people. We shut up the greater part of our houses; most of the

servants go to the valley, and we retire to winter quarters in as few rooms as possible. We wear our old clothes, and read all the nice books we can lay our hands on, and see more of our neighbors in a week than in a month when the stranger is in our midst. About twenty-five families spend the winter on the mountain, and these draw nearer together. There are enough of us to enjoy nice little social gatherings; and we are very gay and frolicsome indeed, all the more so for having been obliged to be dignified and hard-working for nine months.

It would not seem loyal either to the University or to the "Summer Girl" to dwell on the charm of this phase of Sewanee life. Our mountain is in its highest beauty in the month of May, when the Laurel and Wild Azalea fling their pink veils about it with lavish hand. But early in April the waxy pink and white blossoms of the trailing Arbutus are opening their censers under last year's brown leaves, and filling the air with ineffable sweetness. The most exquisite of the mountain flowers are those shy Orchids, the pink and yellow Lady's Slipper. Their haunts are not known to all. Tourists have done so much to exterminate them that their lovers keep secret their hiding places. In May, the foliage has just burst out in tenderest, freshest greens; the Dogwood is spreading its snowy tents; the Red Maple, with fingers all aflame, illuminates the forest; the Redbud is holding up its purple-pink bouquets; the service tree shakes milk-white fringe in the sunshine; the Wild Plum and Crab-apple are shedding sweetest perfumes on every breeze, and the time of the singing of the Thrush is here!

When timely showers have alternated with fervid sunshine our autumn woods are ablaze with glory. The Maple has changed its dress of simple green to a robe such as the Queen of Sheba might have coveted. The Red Oaks that passed unobserved in their spring garb are now arrayed in all the splendor of crimsons and scarlets, gleaming and glistening in the October sun. These virgin forests press close to us on every side, giving us vistas of rare beauty and delight, and nature's heart throbs in every pulse. As each flower comes in its turn, we have our woodland rambles and fetch it with the brilliant colored autumn leaves to adorn the home.

When one boards the car at the station, and descends the zigzag railroad track to the plain, one feels in leaving this good (I had almost said this holy) mountain, that one does in more ways than one, descend to a lower plane.

SUSAN DABNEY SMEDES.

The desert sands in never-moving waves
 Make mock of ocean: so my lady's speech,
That seems to give the love my spirit craves,
 Makes mock of love: and as a man may reach
At length the shore, and, turning from the sand,
 That sleeps in yellow billows to the sky,
May seek the seas and, loathing, leave the land,
 And ride those surging hills where tempests cry,
 Prizing their bitter freedom life above,
 So, some day shall I turn me from my love.

"Avatar"



IT is a matter of justice, this explanation, and none but a scoundrel could remain silent with such a fund of evidence at his hand as this that lies before me. Darymple made a complete confession, after his expulsion, which he placed in my charge with instructions to use or destroy as I thought best. And now, after serious thought and much weighing of pros and cons, I am determined to lay the matter before the student body that they may pronounce judgment and place justice where it belongs.

Everyone in Purpletown knows the exterior bearings of this case, and, although public opinion had gone far to make last year's verdict final, I think that there is still time to change that decision and to cast the blame in another quarter.

In the beginning, then, let me assure my reader that I have no intention of taking any prominent part in this story. I am concerned simply with the introduction, after which the narrative that Darymple left in my hands shall be presented just as he wrote it.

The childish, even insane behavior of the "V. C." and the foul attack Darymple made upon him when he was in that condition were naturally subjects of much comment last summer. There were details in the affair which baffled explanation and certainly called for censure, and when Darymple and his room mate Rhamin Gith, the new theologue from India, were expelled "for reasons known to the faculty" we all felt that an injustice had been done. This indeed was true, but, unfortunately for our acuteness, the injustice lay in our condemnation of the "V. C." and the faculty.

Darymple, everyone knows, was an odd fellow, much given to the study of useless philosophy and cults which he termed esoteric. His amazing love of argument prevented his being popular, in spite of his genial temper and versatility; and, until Rhamin Gith arrived, he had no particular friend, with the possible exception of myself.

The Hindoo was Darymple's match both in curious knowledge and in argument. In the former he even excelled my friend, for, shortly after his arrival, the whole mountain was startled by his wonderful tricks, if tricks they were. He began by mind reading (no unusual thing in these days), but, after a few exhibitions of his power in this direction, he entered upon a series of experiments in hypnotism which *were* unusual. Without the preliminary of a trance he impelled his subjects, by the force of suggestion, to undergo the most wonderful tests of physical and mental endurance. Then, to the surprise of all, he suddenly refused to exercise his power. We were getting up an entertainment at the time and urged him to help us out, but he was obdurate and positively refused.

A few weeks later the "V. C." lost his mind for one long day. It is this fact with which this story deals.

In default of any pretentions, on my part, to literary skill, and since the story in the author's own simple wording is sufficiently graphic without art, let me affix to this introduction:

"I was delighted to find that he (Rhamin Gith) was to be my room mate, for I am deeply interested in several phases of the Hindoo religion, especially those that deal with occultism, and I was determined to gain his assistance in my experiments. When I broached the subject to him he appeared to be interested and asked me how much I had accomplished. I told him, with no little pride, mentioning some of the results I had obtained, when, to my deep chagrin, he began to laugh immoderately. He quickly controlled himself, however, upon seeing that I did not enter into the joke, and apologized for his thoughtlessness. Afterwards he explained that in the beginning of my remarks he had been led to think that I had made some material advance in my studies, and that the crude results which I had really hit upon were ludicrous to one of his knowledge. Then we began a discussion which opened my eyes to the wonderful powers of the man. I was astounded at the depth of his philosophy and still more so at the practical applications he made of it.

"I became his willing pupil and devoted myself to the study with an untiring zeal and a dauntless courage, which surprised him in turn. It was my insatiable curiosity which brought about all of this lamentable gossip and consequent trouble of which this confession is the explanation. I had made rapid headway under Rhamin's tuition and was becoming quite vain of my accomplishments, when I was introduced into quite another department of his philosophy. Up to this time we had confined ourselves to the study of the soul (the mind or rational element). But now Rhamin proposed that we study the conscious self—the spirit, as he called it—which corresponded to what I mean by the ego. We went on smoothly together until we reached the subject of transmigration of the soul. Then I shied. It was really too much for my English practical common sense, and I told him so. Rhamin grew very earnest and assured me that not only was transmigration within the realms of the actual, but that avatar was possible—that is, for human beings in this life to exchange identities. At this I laughed, and, I think, must have offended him; at least he showed his even white teeth in an ugly smile. I began to tease him, and, after saying several smart things, added as a climax:



Rhamin brings about the Avatar

"'If ever you want to try such an experiment, Rhamin. just give me a chance at the Vice Chancellorship. I've often wished to run this University on my own original plan,' and I laughed again, provokingly. Rhamin did not answer, but, on the contrary, gazed at me reproachfully, I thought. I remember thinking how fine his eyes were, then a feeling of great drowsiness came over me, and I awoke.

"I found myself in the 'V. C.'s' office sitting at his desk. There were a great many papers in front of me, and I held a pen in my hand. For a moment I sat trying to recall how I happened to be there, when suddenly some one rushed frantically into the office and demanded in a voice choking with rage:

"'What is the meaning of this, sir "

"I sprang from my chair in horror, for the new comer was *myself*. He in turn gazed upon me in open-eyed amaze-

ment for a second, and then sank limply into the nearest chair. We continued to eye each other thus for several minutes before I realized what had happened. *Rhamin had taken me at my word!* The 'V. C.' and myself were now occupying each other's bodies!

"'Great heavens, what has happened to me!' at length he gasped out.

"I explained what had happened as best I could, although I did not succeed in dispelling his amazement, but rather increasing it.

"'But what are we to do?' he finally asked.

"By this time I had entered into the humor of the situation.

"'The best thing *you* can do is to go to my room and keep quiet. As a matter of course no one will believe you if you tell them who you really are, and, as I intend to have a little try at running the University, you have nothing to do but follow my suggestion.' I settled back in my chair and regarded him coolly.

"I have never seen anyone *quite* so angry before. He began by pointing out what an infernal mess I would make of the whole business, which was rather a poor method or policy to employ. I felt piqued and told him that I thought I could manage fairly well. Then he grew a little more angry—if that were possible—and finally tried pleading. To all his advances I was utterly callous. I reiterated my first resolve to run the University for awhile. He went away at last and left me to myself.

"And now my troubles began. In the first place, the Registrar entered with some very important letters that demanded an immediate answer. At the same moment the commissary, five ladies, three students, Sam Biery, Frank, two of the Faculty, the contractor for the new dormitory and three of his workmen, the 'supply store man' and about a dozen other individuals came knocking at the door, loudly clamoring for admittance and each swearing that I had made an engagement with him or her for that hour. I assured them, with some truth, that I was entirely ignorant of any such promises on my part and directed my amanuensis to keep the door tightly fastened. They all left in the course of half an hour, not without expressing what they thought of me, however. I think they were offended.

"The letters opened my eyes to some of the difficulties of my situation. I think that in the following half hour I felt more sympathy for the 'V. C.' than ever I experienced in the course of my whole student life.

"At length, wearied and angered at my futile efforts to disentangle this miserable mesh of business, I put on my hat (lately the 'V. C.'s) and started around to see my girl. You know her and know what reason I have to be proud of her. I thought that a quiet chat with her would soothe my ruffled temper. As I neared the house I felt quite light-hearted again. I bounced up the steps and made my way across the gallery to where she was sitting. She rose to her feet at my approach, and I was gratified to see a slight blush suffuse her cheek.

"'Good evening, sir,' she began politely.

"I was thunderstruck! She had never treated me with such cold ceremony before, and I felt indignant.

"'Oh, drop it!' I said, plumping down into the chair beside her. 'I'm tired out and disgusted. What do you want to treat a fellow that way for?'

"She was on her feet in an instant, her eyes snapping with indignation.

"'Mr. Vice Chancellor, I don't understand your conduct, sir!' She had fled from the veranda into the house before I could get my mouth closed. I had forgotten that I was in another's body!

"In the midst of my dejection I heard a crunching tread upon the gravel walk, and, turning my head, beheld the 'V. C.' coming up with jaunty step. I went to meet him and explained my situation, begging that he go to Rhamin with me and make an exchange of bodies. He seemed hugely delighted at my predicament, and, in answer to my request, said, with a smile:

"'My dear fellow, I begin to see the humor of our situation myself. I'm in need of a vacation and am quite willing to let you go on 'running the University.'

"'If you do,' I retorted angrily, 'I'll make things so hot for your reputation that you won't be able to stay here when we *do* make the change!'

"'What will you do?' he asked, with a weak attempt at concealing his uneasiness.

"'I'll keep all your promises!' I thundered. Then I turned on my heel and made my way rapidly towards 'the Walsh.' I found the registrar hopping about in great excitement. In my absence one of the proctors had called to ask my advice upon a case of drinking. He had confiscated three quart bottles of whisky and brought them to the office. The registrar began to advise me as though he were used to such a course of procedure.

"'I'll tell you what we must do, we must ship them this time! It's disgraceful the way this thing has been allowed to go on! I can't see what I've been thinking of! How we—'

"'Shut up, will you,' I interrupted, laconically. He subsided with drooping crest, and I asked him for the bottles of whisky. I swear, upon my honor as a gentleman, that I had no intention of drinking any. I think it must have been the odor which tempted me, for it was 'Colonel Hunter.' However it was, I began to sample it and before long had forgotten all my cares. I forgot even the 'V. C.'

"Presently the proctor returned and began to explain about the boys. I broke in with a jovial invitation: 'Have a drink!' I think he was surprised, for he *refused* and excused himself as soon as he could.

"I was, by this time, so full of life and spirits that staying in doors became irksome. I went out into the street again, oblivious to the fact that I was now another person than Darymple, and hunted up some of the boys. The way my overtures were received set me in a rage. Of all the staring! People kept coming up to me and making requests, all of which I granted. I can't begin to reckon up the number of checks I signed in the next hour or so. The 'V. C.' seems to think it was very large. Perhaps it was.

"I must have made many blunders, for before long several of the faculty came to me and tried to persuade me to go

home, but that was not at all to my taste. Although by no means drunk, I had taken enough to make me stubborn, so I refused to comply with any of their suggestions. While we were arguing the proctor again put in an appearance and begged a word with me in private.

"'That man Darymple,' he said, as soon as we were out of earshot of the professors, 'has been hunting for you everywhere. He is very much excited over something or other, and says he must see you immediately.'

"'He'll have to wait, then,' said I, 'I've something else to do," and I started down the street in the direction of the 'E. Q. B.' I noticed that everybody eyed me suspiciously, and it amused me to think of the havoc I was making of the 'V. C.'s' reputation. 'Won't he be mad, though!' I chuckled to myself. Suddenly I hesitated, and then started to retrace my steps hurriedly, for, coming towards me in great haste, was my body, and, from every indication, the inhabiting 'V. C.' was very angry. When he saw me he yelled for me to stop. I lost my head completely and ran for the office as hard as I could tear. I reached it first, but not in time to close the door on him. We landed in the middle of the floor, he on top. I wriggled from under him and put the table between us. From this vantage point I tremblingly watched him and tried to soothe him, but he was thoroughly roused and berated me for all sorts of crimes against decency and order. At last I lost my temper and showed him how he had refused to go with me to make Rhamin undo his work.

"'I'm glad I didn't!' he exclaimed triumphantly, 'for I've gotten even with you since then.'

"'How?' I gasped.

"'By breaking that foolish engagement of yours,' he answered. 'I flatter myself that I've made you out pretty much of a fool.'

"'What!' I cried in a rage, 'I'll make you pay dearly for that, you—you—'

"'I leaped over the table and raised my fist to strike. The 'V. C.' smiled upon me sardonically. 'Pound away, only remember it's your own face you're going to smash,' and he folded his arms in the most aggravating way. I didn't care whose face I spoiled. I rushed upon him furiously; we grappled and fell. The next moment the registrar had rushed in and separated us. In doing so he thrust me back violently, my head struck against a corner of the table, and I lost consciousness. When I came to it was to find myself bound hand and foot, with a proctor standing over me. In one corner of the office, the registrar was bending over the prostrate form of the 'V. C.' (in his own body) and bathing an ugly gash over the left eye. The avatar was completed."

The whole world loves a "lover" so they say,
A lie most manifest such sayings be,
Or I should be beloved by Princess May:
For Princess May is all the world to me.



MR. GEORGE WILLIAM QUINTARD
OF NEW YORK CITY

Our Benefactors

FOR years and years there has gone up daily from the University chapel the petition: "Bless all who have contributed to this institution, and raise up to the University, we humbly pray Thee, a never-failing succession of benefactors, whose names may be perpetuated through all generations as of blessed memory." Wonderfully has that prayer been answered; we may well look about us and exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" He has brought something out of nothing, by means of His servants; and now it behooves us to do our part, and remember their names and good works.

Much has been given us, and for that we are grateful,—but oh, it sometimes seems as if we still stand in need of everything! We need more buildings—first of all, a splendid stone chapel, of Gothic architecture (the late Bishop Quintard used to declaim against the "shame and disgrace" of a great Church University worshiping in such a makeshift as we have at present). Then we need physical and chemical laboratories and apparatus, a domicile for the Law School (as to the needs of the Medical Department in this line, Dr. Cain may be consulted), an observatory, museum of natural history, and botanic garden. We need books, more books, and ever more books; pictures too, and a gem of an art gallery of classic architecture,—after which we should no doubt have a gift of a collection of casts of the antique, and of some of the excellent and artistic reproductions of the Old Masters that are now made. There are buried art treasures at Sewanee that few people know about, that would eventually find their way into a fire-proof gallery. We need a gymnasium, a race-track and a swimming tank. We need no end of endowments, without which, the fact has been established, it is impossible to sustain higher education: we have yet to make a beginning with a single professorship. We need ever so many more scholarships, and some fellowships, especially travelling fellowships, to give our picked graduates the benefit of foreign study, before they return to serve as tutors.

Now, the encouraging thing about the present situation is that progress is being made along most of these lines. The Quintard Professorship Fund is growing, and, in default of endowments, several of our "silent partners" have contributed many thousands of dollars for current expenses,—most helpful benefactions, of a quiet kind. Scholarships have been founded, books, paintings, and money for the selection of books, have been given. Memorial bells peal out the hours from Breslin Tower. A new building is rising that is destined to rank with the handsomest of those we already have; and the other things will come in time, as wealthy Churchmen realize that the greatest thing in the world for their sons is culture—an all-round spiritual, mental, imaginative and physical culture and training.

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The Carolina Game



O be candid, we were anxious, if not discouraged, when we reached Atlanta. All the world—that is all the Sewanee world—knew of the Auburn game at Montgomery. We, who were with the team, understood that it was only their illegal play and unfair tactics, and that general dash the wicked do possess, which took the ball behind our goal line. But the whole team felt that the crowd on the mountain might not understand. Besides, the memory of those forward passes, and that ball going like lightning from one man's hand to another's, was not encouraging. The Texas trip had taught us to believe the team invincible, and that first score against it made our hearts sick.

So we felt very nervous before that last game, and North Carolina's great football glory seemed all the brighter from the shadow of those ten points of Auburn's. "Lady Jayne" was there with Carolina, and he, too, knew there was to be a battle royal. He stood alone on the side lines before the crowd arrived, with his slouch hat over one eye, and worked out the whole game in anticipation with that mobile face of his, twitching it right and left, up and down. Only when he had gathered his features into one corner towards the Sewanee goal line, they stuck fast just short of their usual limit of elasticity, in a way that must have been prophetic of that fight, when three inches saved a touchdown.

The Carolina boys trotted into the field first, with a long easy swing that told of power and good training. But they lounged about with studied ease, yawned and tried in general to look as though they were unconscious of the game to be played that day. Then we knew that they, too, were nervous, and we on the side lines thought we could see our team grow stronger in the knowledge.

The sky was clear and blue, and the air just crisp enough to be invigorating. Piedmont Park was an admirable place for such a game. On one side a hill, rising sheer above the field, formed part of a natural amphitheatre; at its foot was the grandstand and above all a high fence, whose outlines were relieved by thick clusters of boys perched at every point of vantage. They were a Roman mob—Roman in considering the contest to be free to them by right, doubly Roman in their eagerness for the fray. If the game was to be called by their upturned thumbs, woe betide the finish! The crowd in the grandstand was an ideal one to lend zest to a game. Here and there you might see a purple or blue and white flag, but on the whole they were just disinterested enough to value prowess for prowess' sake, and rooters enough by nature to go wild with the ebb and flow of that swaying mass below. Opposite the grandstand, close along the ropes were carriages and traps with the Sewanee and Carolina sponsors close together in the central front.

Soon the boys in purple came tearing in, and forthwith the game was on. Some folks say there is no such thing as mental telegraphy, yet what but the excitement of the two teams transferred could have animated that neutral crowd? The spectators felt the pulses of those men throb, and their own throbbed in response.

Everyone saw that the game was to be a test of nerve and training. There were no flukes nor long runs, nor doubtful

plays. Each side in turn tried to gain ground with the ball, only to find every hole filled by the other, and time after time twenty-two men piled up in one huge squirming heap. Then the kicking commenced. "Ditty" Seibels and Graves of Carolina kept the ball going back and forth, and rarely did it touch the ground, but "Ditty" had the best of the punts.

Now comes the first crisis of the game. Carolina takes the bit between her teeth and starts off. Graves punts thirty yards, Sewanee fumbles on her thirty-five yard line, and Brem, the big guard, falls on the ball. Koehler's bald head shines in the sunlight, as he hurdles the line for four successive gains. Things look squally for Sewanee, and one line man, nerved for heroic action, charges too soon and down comes the ball ten yards nearer our goal. In two plays, Koehler plunges nine yards and plants the fateful spheroid on our five yard line. At the next line-up, our quarterback, "Warbler" Wilson appears upon "Poolah's" broad back, crouched for a spring. But he is too quick, and half the distance to the goal is given our opponents on the offside play.

Everyone knew then, that a battle was being fought. Most people knew it before, but a few old ladies out to take the air, and incidently to amass statistics for invidious criticism, woke up with a start and dropped their lap dogs clear out of their carriage windows. Stylish girls on stylish horses leant forward in their eagerness, and forgot to be graceful. The gate-keepers stood open mouthed, and careless of the street gamins flocking in en masse. "Lady Jayne" did ten yards in three steps, and Coach Suter looked what the rules won't let one say on the field.

Koehler has made a yard, and another offside play plants the ball within twelve inches of our goal. Half way across the field you can hear the men panting in the line, but there is still power and to spare in those lungs. For two downs Carolina can't gain an inch, "Pap" Bolling and "Bishop" Claiborne look triumphant, but Carolina too, is backed by force of nerve. Koehler is called on again, he rushes fiercely against that adamantine wall, hangs poised above the goal-line one second, and Captain Seibels twists him back before he has breath to say "down." The strain is over and Sewanee gets the ball within three inches of defeat.

Our goal was the limit which Carolina could approach, but never reach. Captain Seibels dropped back and sent the ball clear over the heads of Carolina's back field into her own territory. Punt followed punt, and neither side seemed able to gain by any other means. Twice Seibels, in receiving a kick dropped the ball, but each time he picked it up and dashed corkscrew fashion down the field for big gains. "Simp" stood and caught every punt, and in spite of his sore knee, every now and then ran down through Carolina's ends when he could not pass the ball to Seibels. Our hopes for a touchdown were high when "Bill" Jones made twenty yards close along the ropes, but it was not to be, for Carolina got the ball on her ten yard line. Then followed a play which shall make the big right foot of "Kil" famous even unto the third and fourth generations of Sewanee men. It was all over in a trice, but it made our team the champions of the South. Simkins is interfered with on a free catch of Graves' punt, and Sewanee comes fifteen yards up the field for a place kick. It is twenty-two long yard sticks to their goal, and from the position of the ball the two goal posts seem blended into one. We hold our breath and watch the preparations with ill-restrained impatience. At last the two teams are in position, the ball is poised to a nicety, and our big half-back sends it sailing into the air. It swerves not an inch from the straight course

between the posts. Our sponsors flaunt the purple banner in the breeze, and we know that five to naught will be the final score.

Everyone breathed more freely in the second half. Time and again the ball was punted back and forth, until, wearied of the exchange, one side or the other tried to gain by plunges through the opposing line, only to have the runner promptly squelched. Towards the end of the game Howell of Carolina tore down the field in the gathering darkness like a shot from a catapult, and brought the ball dangerously near Sewanee's goal. Soon after, another of our opponents broke through and it seemed as though nothing was between him and a touchdown, until "Poolah" interposed his substantial presence. A few more fruitless efforts and the game was ended.

As we went back to Atlanta on the Sewanee car, team, rooters and all, between yells, marvelled greatly at the Sewanee spirit which had been so nobly shown. Nobody knew whether it was the essence of the mountain air, or the touch of close communal life, or the brave determination of the old founders, clothed in athletic garb; but we *did* know that the team of 1899, coached by "Billy" Suter, had won new laurels for the dear old mountain, and marked a distinct advance in the ethics and skill of Southern football.

When the gods of the ocean of life flung our lives from their hands,
As the drops of the spray, by the wind swept asunder, were we,
And they sent us and swung us and swept us aloft on the lands,
From the song of our sisters, the waves, and our mother, the sea.

So we pine, sweet, and pour out our lives in the poignant swift pain,
As the water-drops wend to the ocean where others float free;
As the wind in the trees moans for rest, ever mourn we again
For the send of the waves and the sound of the surge of the sea.

But at last, when the length of the land lies behind, and the burn
To the river has run, and the sound of the surf sweepeth free,
With the river-bar past, we shall leap from the land and return
To the song of our sisters, the waves, and our mother, the sea.

My gracious lady found one day
A pretty boy, with bow and arrow,
Whom, deeming overapt to play,
To quarters narrow
She led, with dainty warnings grave
Of law and rule,
And, 'spite his winsome ways and brave,
Sent him to school.

Until the scholar, somewhat grown
Past the first awe of his sweet teacher,
Hurt with his arrow, winged and flown,
The pretty preacher,
Who fled to me for aid, nor thought
(Such her annoy)
'Twas I who to her path had brought
The graceless boy.



SEWANEE WINTER SCENES

The Winter Season

THE last train that rattles away from the station with its load of homeward-bound students, each December, leaves a little knot of people gathered closely together as if for companionship and gazing wistfully after its retreating outlines. This is the winter crowd. Those of them who have never stayed before feel sick at heart, and count the days until March; experienced hibernators have a quickening sense of freedom and delightful irresponsibility; the remaining mountain residents close their vacant rooms and get out caps and hoods and mittens. All feel a void,—aching more or less.

But Christmas goes far to straighten out the warped and wrinkled feelings. It deepens one's sense of companionship, brings one to a full realization of what before was vague and shadowy—that one must settle down and enjoy the situation. And resignation to fate is not very difficult, when fate takes the form of an excellent dinner, a bottle or two of Christmas sherry, and a cosy evening with congenial friends.

By January, Sewanee has put on winter dreadnaughts and brogans, forgotten the world outside, and, in general, adopted its winter habits. A rusty elbow of stove-pipe protrudes from each side of the Walsh. The entire population gathers once a day at the station, when the mails come in. All the winter flirtations are in full swing. A general air of bonhomie pervades the crisp atmosphere.

It must not be supposed that the winter crowd is without its pleasures. Now and again, a card party, a dinner or a simple evening frolic ripples the calm surface of life. Every week or two a jolly crowd invades Forensic, and makes the dusty rafters ring with shout and laugh, none the less because the musician must stop from time to time and warm her fingers at a coal-oil stove. There is abundance of fair weather for long walks and rides, and enough cold to afford good skating on the pond. For those who enjoy none of these things, there are interesting books to be read and lots of time to read them.

Altogether one almost regrets the opening of the University in March. Indeed, the winter crowd might rise against it, some day, if time did not slip by so fast that Opening Day is upon them before they advance from winter quarters. One thing, not to be obtained otherwise by the student, can be gained in one winter season, and that is a sense of proprietorship in Sewanee, in all that she does and has and is.

To the Queen of Hearts

(Written on a Tray of Hearts.)

The Queen of Hearts,
By loving arts,
 Hath 'stablished her sway;
We, Knaves of Hearts,
Our subject parts,
 Proud servants, blithely play.

This tray of hearts,
Instead of tarts,
 Before her feet we lay,
Though laden carts
And spoils of marts
 Could not due tribute pay.



In a book whose theme is a comparison of the new and the old Sewanee, it seems not inappropriate to consider, briefly, the march of events in her war history. Once, her endowment was scattered to the four winds and her earliest benefactors were impoverished, wounded, or even slain, in that great internecine conflict, which rent the North from the South. Later, a few, who survived the downfall of the old South, gathered to her support and dedicated their lives to the maintenance of hers. Thus Sewanee incorporated in herself the noblest elements of Southern chivalry and valor. And then it was but fitting that her warrior sons should offer their lives for the defense of flag and country, even as her warrior sires had done. For, in the old days, Sewanee belonged to the land of her nativity; now the love of her throbs in the breasts of men throughout the length and breadth of the Union, and so she is reconstructed. Therefore we glory in the prowess of the Sewanee men who fought against a foreign foe, under the stars and stripes, and, especially, will we keep green forever the memory of him who laid down his life in the service of his country.

The Renascence of the Spirit



HE old spirit seems to be dead on the mountain," said one of the Sewanee girls to the enthusiastic alumnus. "All these new things have killed it."

"Yes," he said, "it seems so. Now when was news of a baseball victory ever received with less enthusiasm?"

"Never, in the old days," sighed the girl. "But the new crowd does not seem to care."

"Do you remember how we celebrated over Auburn in '93?" said the alumnus, "and Johnston's victory in '94, and the North Carolina game and Johnston and Gresham and the Track Team in '95?"

"When you and Sister Wood were marshals of the procession, and the boys robbed the supply store of boxes, and the storekeeper fired a pistol into the crowd, and they wanted to lynch him?—oh yes, I remember. I was in the crowd!" said the girl.

"But Sister Wood and all the old crowd have gone."

"It is good that some of you come back to us, even for a little while, Mr. Thomas. We need you to stir up some of our old enthusiasm."

"I am losing mine," answered he. "I feel blue. Now the Interstate Oratorical Contest comes off to-night in South Carolina, and nobody seems to know or care that Sewanee has an orator! But Joe Brown and I are going to be at the telegraph office to-night. If Bob wins, there will be a celebration, if I have to set St. Luke's on fire.

"I'll help you," laughed the other. "You and Joe and I could get up a big celebration!"

At midnight the alumnus whistled for Joe. They went down to the railway station, and hauled the sleepy operator from his bed to the telegraph office. Then they lounged on a baggage truck and smoked.

"Think Bob will win to-night?" asked Joe. "I do."

"I feel almost too blue to expect it," said the other. "Suppose he does, what does Sewanee care?"

"*We* care," said Joe. "So does Sewanee, but she has forgotten how to show it. What did you say in your telegram?"

"'Our hearts are with you.' Of course I did not change that. We have always sent that message. But I added, 'Show them the Sewanee way.'"

"Good!"

"I suppose if I had not been here to send that telegram nobody would have thought of it. I tell you, Sewanee doesn't care!"

"Yes she does," said Joe, but without conviction.

At one o'clock no news had come; at two o'clock not a word; at half-past two the wires were still silent.

"Lost," said Joe.

"Let's go home."

In the morning, the alumnus rose late. Still no news had come. Wandering up toward St. Luke's, he joined a knot of men behind the Walsh.

"Didn't Bentham orate, or debate, or something, somewhere, last night?" one fellow asked.

The alumnus wondered, when nobody seemed to know.

"Bentham was Sewanee's orator at the contest of the Southern Interstate Oratorical Association, in Charleston," he said, with an accent of rebuke.

"Any news?"

"No. Lost, I'm afraid."

"There's the telegraph boy!" said someone. The alumnus leaped the fence, and dashed up the path.

"Anything for me? Mrs. B——? We'll run and see what it is! I'll carry it! Here—that's for me! Quick!"

He tore it open. He read only two words—"Sewanee wins."

His long-pent enthusiasm burst out in a mighty yell, "*What's the matter with Bentham?*"

They could have heard him at Slope Wall. A small crowd had gathered round. They lifted up their voices to assure him that "*He's all right!*"

"WHO'S ALL RIGHT?" he thundered.

"BENTHAM."

The crowd grew larger every moment. The alumnus raised his cane and counted, "One, two, three." The old 'Varsity yell burst out, with his voice resounding over all the rest. Although this yell was feeble, compared with yells of by-gone days, yet it intoxicated him, to hear it again.

"Once more!" he shouted, "One, two, three!" Again the old yell, louder this time, and still again, until he forgot his years and dignity, forgot his clericals, forgot everything but that he was a son of Sewanee, at home again, and Sewanee had won.

"Now for the bell!" he cried. They followed him past the corner of the Walsh in a whirlwind, bore down the tower door, and seized the rope.

"Clang! Clang!" shouted the bell. "We win! We win! Rah, rah! Rah, rah!" Yet it seemed to him that when the peal used to ring out from the old wooden tower behind the chapel, there was more strength and joyousness to the tone. He went out and stood on a stone by the tower. All the University was there. The girls had run thither, and were fairly bubbling and dancing with glee. The one who had bemoaned the loss of the spirit with him was standing near, with Joe Brown. He said to them, "Let's have an old time yell!" Then he lifted his stick again. "With all your lungs, fellows, One, Two, THREE!"

When Bentham returned from Charleston, he asserted that the echoes of that yell reached even unto the Atlantic Ocean, and that he could distinguish the high treble of the feminine voices from five hundred miles away. The sound was loud enough to satisfy even the alumnus. With that yell he parted with the last fragment of his voice, save just enough for one hoarse command—

"Fall in."

Theologues, Grammar School boys, Meds, Juniors, Law students, and the girls, mingled together in gleeful confusion, followed him. Someone struck up, "Bile 'em down," and to that martial hymn they tramped, singing as of old the Athenians had sung after Salamis.

They trampled the Vice Chancellor's flower beds, and summoned him forth to speak official congratulations,—alas! that the old Bishop was not there to give his words of cheer, as in the old time he had loved to do. They invaded Professor Trent's, and dragged him from breakfast; they corralled Mr. White, interrupting his theological meditations; they stormed the chaplain; they surrounded Dr. Wells; they brought Mr. Nauts, the reminiscent, from Junior Greek, and Dr. Barton, the bashful, from Descriptive Geometry; they extorted a speech even from Uncle Bob, the battle-steed of Marathon; and finally they sent a committee, who took Dr. Ramage from International Law on the third floor, and escorted him in state to the ground, where Scotty properly introduced him to the crowd.

On the next day, the alumnus went with the Sewanee debaters to Nashville. He went with many misgivings. He had never seen Sewanee win in Nashville—but once, and then the judges had given the decision to Vanderbilt anyhow. He had seen Sewanee lose in baseball, in football, in field sports, and in debating. There had of course been many times when Sewanee had won in Nashville, but never at any time when he had been there to see it. Therefore he feared lest his presence at the debate would prove too great a handicap for the Sewanee debaters to overcome, and he was half-minded to stay away.

But he went. And Sewanee won. This was her year to win. While the judges deliberated without, the alumnus remembered how he and his colleague had once waited on that platform, scarce suppressing their smiles of triumph; and how the Sewanee contingent of the audience had waited, with difficulty restraining their shouts over a victory that could not be uncertain; and how Vanderbilt had waited, sullen and hopeless, sure of defeat. He remembered, with a flush of anger, Vanderbilt's yell of triumph, that was more a shriek of utter amazement, when the judges gave them victory, and how the Vanderbilt students hooted his colleague and him, and taunted them, as they went out of the chapel with his colleague's mother and sister; but this time he tasted the joy of victory. Others won it, but was it not all for Sewanee? And now it was needful for him to yell. It was above all things imperative that he should yell. Dire necessity was laid upon him that he must yell, for once triumphing in the house of his enemies. But it was the one bitter drop in his brimming cup of gladness that he could not yell. His voice was utterly gone, by reason of yesterday's rejoicing. He could not make a sound. Therefore he stood on the shaven lawn of the campus and hissed a yell. If sound had depended upon will, that yell would have felled the twin towers of Vanderbilt, as the walls of Jericho were felled by the trumpets of Joshua.

When the mountain heard the news that night, joy was again unconfined. The rocks rang, and the sky reflected the fiery merriment. When White returned at noon, he was greeted by the University, together with the Grammar School, and was carried up the hill in triumph, seated in a carriage drawn by his zealous fellow-students. When Jordan went back at night, the Bobtown band brayed a vociferous greeting to the conquering hero, and a torchlight procession escorted

the two debaters, as, behind a team of Gownsmen, Juniors, and Grammar School boys, they ascended the hill in more than Roman state. Bonfires flamed, the chapel bell pealed, and again the faculty were summoned to voice the joy that throbbed through all Sewanee. It was not until the embers of the fires were cold, and the torches had burned out, and every man with the smallest gift of speech had added his word of praise — it was not until throats of brass had failed and tongues of iron could no longer sound, that Sewanee subsided that night.

There was yet another celebration, when Bentham returned from Carolina. There was no wild abandonment of enthusiasm about this. In the first flush of riotous exultation it was well to let rejoicing be unrestrained. But this was official, and must be dignified. Being bidden from the Vice Chancellor's office, the whole of Sewanee assembled in Forensic. There Bishop Gailor, representing Sewanee — who could better represent her? — to all those who had honorably defended the royal purple, and especially to the young orator who bore the proudest honors of them all, gave the Mother Mountain's "Welcome Home." In the name of Sewanee, and all that is of Sewanee, both far and near, and all that love Sewanee, and in whom breathes the Sewanee spirit, he gave them thanks, both for that they had won for Sewanee, and that for her they had given their best. And although they sought no reward other than that they might add some glory to her renown, let this be to them for reward, that so long as stone walls should stand, so long should the memory of their deeds remain.

On the next day, the alumnus was speaking again with the girl who had lamented with him the passing of the old enthusiasm.

"I think," he said, "that we were mistaken about the Sewanee spirit. It was not dead, but sleeping."

"I will admit that it is thoroughly awake, now," she laughed.

"It was worth a year of my life. I have seen Bentham come back a winner, I have seen Sewanee win in Nashville, and I have three times seen and helped Sewanee celebrate. Now let me depart in peace."

Sunset and Storm

In nature's vast tautology,
Again the ancient mystery
Of sunset, burning in the west,
Is said in hieroglyphic gold;
Forever new, forever old,
Its miracle is manifest.

And now again, in mantling haze,
Above the hills a giant face
Of cloud Night thrusts; and from her arm,
Barbaric black, upon the world
With thunder, wind, and fire is hurled
Her awful argument of storm.

What part, O man, is yours in such?
Whose awe and wonder are in touch
With nature, speaking rapture to
Your soul, yet leaving in your reach
No human word of thought or speech,
Expressive of the thing you view. —*Madison Cawein.*

An Adventure with Malice in Blunderland



ARTHUR, my room-mate, said it was the chicken salad, but of course I didn't agree with him. At any rate it was very queer. And this is the way it all happened: a few nights ago I was lying in bed watching the shadows from the fire chase each other around the room, wondering whether the wall-paper decorations were really roses after all, and not violets, as I had decided the night before. I was very tired, but somehow sleep wouldn't come. For some time I had waited for my bed to begin rocking to and fro very quietly — as it always does just before I fall asleep. The bed, however, remained motionless, though I am sure it knew perfectly well what was expected of it. Finally it did begin to rise and fall in the old familiar way, and with a sigh of fulfilled desire, I rolled over and buried my face in the pillow. If things had ceased here, why it would have been all right. But something very funny happened — the rocking didn't stop, as it had always done before. On the contrary, the undulations grew gradually more perceptible, the waves rose higher and higher, till at length my erstwhile docile couch assumed a perpendicular attitude and then started climbing slowly up the side of the wall. After a while it hit the ceiling with a bump, for all the world like two cars being coupled together. "Well," I thought, "I guess I'd better keep right quiet and see if it won't go back again all right." But it did n't go back again all right. As a matter of fact it went on all wrong, and before I realized what was happening, the bed had turned upside down and lay stretched out at full length on the ceiling. "Now this *is* funny," I said to myself. Whereupon it occurred to me that it would be both natural and right to get out and look around. So I stepped out and began walking about just as I had seen some flies doing a few minutes before. "Why, bless my soul!" I exclaimed, noticing that I reached only a few inches above the level of the bed, "here I am hardly three feet tall. An hour ago I was nineteen years old, and —"

"How many's nineteen times nineteen?" said a shrill voice close by my side. I looked around and saw a funny little man with a very large head and an equally small body. His face was ridiculously long and wore an expression of sadness. His large grey eyes twinkled with a ray of boyish mischief in striking contrast to the solemnity of the smile which played upon his lips.

"How do you do?" I said, timidly, for I was so frightened that I had forgotten to answer his question.

"Don't ask impertinent questions. Besides, who are you to be quizzing me?" He spoke very rapidly, and but for the expression of good-humored cunning in his eyes, one might have thought him cross and disagreeable.

"But please, sir," I said, "I didn't intend to quiz you."

"Appearances are against you. You say you didn't, but who'd believe you? In future, better be like Cæsar's wife — above suspicion."

He said nothing more, but looked at me with a faint smile — a smile that seemed to demand conversation for its continuance.

"It's awfully still," I ventured; "I believe you could hear a pin —

"Pin or tin, did you say?" he interrupted.

"Why, I was on the point of saying that if you dropped a pin, I believe you could hear it hit the floor."

"Well," he said, "when you get on the point of saying a thing like that again, just stuff both feet in your mouth — that'll stop it."

"But I am sure you could hear it," I said, taking no notice of his remark.

"Possibly you could; I couldn't. Besides, it would hit the ceiling, not the floor. Floor's ceiling, ceiling's floor, you know, up here."

"Yes, of course; it must be," I replied with hesitation.

"It's well you said that," he remarked in a tone that was half threat, half congratulation.

Just then I looked down at the floor, and it seemed very funny that we could walk around so easily. I began to wonder why we didn't fall off, and thinking that my new acquaintance might know, I decided to ask him.

"Don't you think the force of gravity will pull us down?"

"P'raps, better not be grave," he answered, and went off singing in a shrill, plaintive voice. These were the words of his song, as nearly as I can remember:

"See a pin and stick it up
In the bottom of a chair;
See a fellow sit upon it
All the day he'll curse and swear."

As soon as he had finished, he turned to me and said in a very breezy manner: "Speaking of Newton's law of universal navigation"—

"But we weren't speaking of navigation, were we?" I replied rather boldly, for I was not at all afraid of him now.

"May be not, may be not," he answered, "but whose fault is it?"

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, 'tis a trifle hard to place the responsibility, but here comes Flabby Thoughts. Let's ask him. He probably won't know, but he'll make out that he does, so it's all the same. You don't know my name," he continued. You haven't got sense enough to guess it, so I'll tell it to you — it's Malice. If I hadn't told you, why Flabby would have. He's great on telling people things — things that they don't care to know, or know already. An animated anecdote, that fellow — in his anecdotage."

But just as he finished speaking, Flabby was seen to turn a corner and hasten off in the direction of a large stone building, which I have since been told is called Bosh Hall. Malice seemed disappointed by Flabby Thought's disappearance, and said nothing for some time. When he did speak, however, it was with his old cheerful rapidity.

"Heard Brandy's latest? It's slouched in verse, as they say. Lots of rhyme, no reason — name, Vassar Kids. Recite it for you, if you want me to."

Without waiting for me to reply he began in a high, sing-song accent. During the recital his voice changed from one key to another in a peculiarly plaintive way. He finally ended in a tone that was something between a groan and a scream.

"'You boy, you boy,' I hear them shrieking
Voices as musical as water leaking
From hole in the bottom of a tub
Used once as a drum to raise a hub-bub.
'You boy, you boy,' and now I recognize
The words of their song, more suppliant than sighs.
'Oh, hear us, draw near us,
We ask as a boon,
You may bask, you may swoon
In the warmth of our love,
Or far up above
You may glance, or perchance
You may look in a book
Which tells of the sheen,
O beautiful sheen,
Of our vassarline.'"

"And that," said Malice, with a touch of solemn commiseration in his voice, "is what people call poesy." Here is a poem that is a poem. I was afraid to trust it to anybody else, so I had to write it myself. It's about the supply store — that building over by Rob. De Boys' office:

The supply store sits upon a hill
Two thousand feet up in the sky,
And this may be the explanation
Why prices are so high.

Their prices are so steep, in sooth,
That bankrupt is the gentry;
They charge one twice for every thing —
Can this be *double entry?*

"Here's another just as good:"

"Now what do you see
In our Dean and V. C.?"
Was asked of two hardened offenders.
They gave their reply
In the wink of an eye,
"We think them a pair of suspenders."

"Even the Shakespeare Club could tell that was poetry," said Malice, with the enthusiastic admiration which human nature lavishes upon its own offspring.

"But do you call that poetry?" my curiosity prompted me to ask.

"Of course, when it becomes necessasy to call it at all. Usually, it comes without being called.

"You don't understand"—

"Don't understand poetry, eh? Read 'em all, I have. From Homer's Billiard to Mudyard Rippling's Recessional—that's a poem they read to school children at recess. It makes 'em glad to have recess over. Fine stimulus to study, that."

"Is it possible?" I asked, in surprise.

"Yes, it is possible. If it wasn't, it wouldn't happen—deny that, if you can," he said triumphantly.

"You are very convincing," I remarked politely.

"Well, don't say anything further on the subject. We'll talk about the professors."

"Who are the professors?"

"They are men who profess"—

"What do they profess?"

"That depends on what they wish people to think they really believe," said Malice, enigmatically.

"How many are they?"

"Oh, they're not half so many as they think they are," he answered, rolling his large head from side to side and winking eloquently.

"I wanted to ask how many professors there are," I explained.

"Ha! ha! funny! You wanted to do one thing and did something entirely different. Anyhow, there are a good many of them," he continued with unwonted deliberation. "You ought to see 'em of a Thursday night around at the P. D. Q. Club. Happened in about a month ago. The Vice Chancellor—he's the man what guards against vice—was leader. I swiped the minutes. Here they are." Malice began reading—

"Gentlemen, I have refused to announce in advance the topic for discussion to-night on account of reasons which I am not in a position to state. I intend, however, in the course of my remarks to tell you not only the matter which I wish

discussed, but to go to the extreme of candor, and let you know the manner in which I desire it to be treated. I do this in order that those of you who are possessed of astounding penetration and discernment may be acquainted with to-night's lead and not be forced to express an opinion on an unknown and unsuspected subject. Those who have not the extraordinary acumen with which you must be endowed if you wish to discover the topic which I have chosen, will be compelled to pay the grievous penalty of silence for their stupidity.

"I have heard; in fact, I think I am justified in saying that I have been told; to speak frankly and throw off entirely the mantle of mystery, I believe that I have reasonable ground for supposing that there is a rumor afloat at Sewanee. What this rumor is, from what source it comes, I know not. How much credence it has gained, how little it deserves, I cannot tell. It is also impossible for me to estimate, except in a very approximate manner, its claim to your consideration. But notwithstanding all this, I repeat that a well-developed rumor, in vigorous health, is among us. It was hatched, nurtured and fostered right here in the very heart of our little republic."

"Who would have thought it? I can't, I won't believe it. I have fixed my gaze straight towards the glowing future, with the anchor of hope and the radiant star of an unfaltering faith shining brightly in the firmament of my face. I believe that everything is for the best in the best of worlds, and I've got the temerity to say so," said Still Cheery, the Chaplain.

"I didn't know about this rumor before," remarked Brandy, "but it doesn't surprise me. I am pessimist enough to believe that a world which allows the Anglo-Saxon race, with all its smug self-content and repulsive virtue, to live calmly on, buried as it is in a lack of appreciation for the supreme art of Balzac and the transcendent beauties of the French novel; such a world will, in my opinion, gladly and unblushingly tolerate a rumor or anything else."

"I agree with you both," said the Dean of the Department of Flaws. "But, gentlemen," continued the leader, "it is far from my desire that you should dignify a matter of small importance with too much of your valued attention. I merely mentioned the rumor in order that you might take advantage of the light which it sheds upon the real topic for discussion. That topic, I think, has already been explained and outlined and classified at greater length than was really necessary. Therefore, without further delay, I throw the matter open for discussion."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Get out'er that bed!" squealed a familiar voice in my ear, "you asked me last night to wake you for chapel."

"Now I ask you to stop making an ass out of yourself. All I want is to be left alone," I said. Then I swore softly to myself and went back to sleep.

A Song of the Departments

Up spake the voice of the University incarnate,
The spirit of the founders, who faced death still undismayed—
"Many years have glided by
Since we laid us down to die.
And now we ask in sorrow, Have ye kept the vows we made"?

Then came reply from the Theological Department—
"I have stood for church and country, taught my sons to hate the wrong.
Though my lines have n'er been cast
On pleasant places in the past,
Yet my faith has never failed me and my courage still is strong."

Then spake the spirit of the Academic School,
Full of levity, but yet with abhorrence of the low—
"I have reared a monument
That in twain shall not be rent.
It is builded of the love that my sons will always show."

Then said the spirit of the Medical Department,
Large and strong and coarse and lusty, in the vigor of its youth—
"Though rapidly I've grown,
I am wronged unless it's known
That I seek to give men freedom, by giving them the truth."

Up spake the voice of the Law Department
The youngest of them all, most trivial it may seem—
"I have never yet lost heart,
For I know myself a part
Of the thing the founders hoped for, of the dream they dared to dream."

Then came the answer of the founders from on high,
On their lips a benediction, in their bosoms humble pride—
"Although you have not caught
All the ideals that we taught,
We are glad we worked and suffered, we are willing to have died."

In this thing we call Life, the deepest tears
Lie very near to laughter, which is best.
Wise men distil the sufferings of years
Into a jest;
And he who has the smallest cause for mirth
Takes it most eagerly, and sees most plain
The sad sweet humor of this bitter earth,
Born out of pain.
Wherefore these laughing dirges of dead joy
Folk, wise through grief, shall love and, smiling, save,
As men the best and brightest flowers employ
To deck a grave.

I hear the great sea-mother proudly calling,
Calling
Her Viking son away;
I hear the heavy ocean rollers falling,
Falling
Outside the bay,
The white sea-horses, leaping, plunging, rolling,
Rolling
Upon the yellow sand,
The mighty sea a heavy death-knell tolling,
Tolling
Upon the strand.

Justice in St. Luke's Court

IT was nearly half-past one on a glorious moonlit night in late September, when Tom McKenny, Charlie Klepto and I sat wearily down upon the bench in front of St. Luke's. We had spent the evening at Cooley's Rift in such keen enjoyment of the beautiful scene that hours had slipped away unnoticed. The old hall was wrapped in Cimmerian darkness, with the exception of one room, occupied by a new postulant, who was burning the midnight oil in preparation for his next day's Latin.

"I tell you what, boys," remarked Klepto, "I'm hungry enough to eat nails, and before I go to bed I've got to have something to satisfy the cravings of the inner man."

"Well, I'm somewhat in the same fix," said McKenny, "but what are we going to do about it? The supply store has been closed since ten o'clock, and I know there's no ravaging this pantry, for I've often tried that in vain before—but wait a minute. I was up in 'Judge' Baker's room to-day, and there, in a box under the table, lay four watermelons fine enough to make the Dean himself covetous; but, unfortunately the 'Judge' not only locks his door at night, but also bolts it. Now, I've got a key here that will unlock anything on this mountain, but that bolt stumps me."

Then we put our heads together, and began to discuss a plan of campaign, by which we might gain entrance into Baker's room and surreptitiously remove those melons to some place where we could satisfy a rapidly increasing appetite. Suddenly Klepto, who was noted for his powers of invention, sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Come on, boys, I've got a scheme."

"What is it?" we both asked in one breath.

"Never mind," was the answer, "you'll find out later. Do you see this board on which we are sitting? Well, it's loose. Just grab on to that end and follow me."

With that he seized hold of it, and we followed his example. "Klep" led the way into the fourth entry, and up the stairs to where the new boy was still at work. As we came up, bumping the big two-inch plank against the landings, visions of all the tortures inflicted by hazing parties must have passed through his mind like a panorama of Dante's Inferno, for with one bound he sprang to the door and turned the key.

"I say, Morgan," began Klepto in his most persuasive tones, "let us come in; we are not going to hurt you."

"What do you want in here?" came from behind the closed door.

"Well, I can't just explain it to you out here in the entry, but if you will open up, I'll tell you all about it."

"Oh, no," replied the other, "I don't think I will. If you want to come in, you'll have to make your plans known beforehand."

Klepto was not a man to be thwarted by the obstinacy of a new comer, and he was tired of waiting.

"If you don't open that door in just two minutes," he burst forth, "I'll break it open, and beat hang out of you for being so contrary."

Silence ensued for a few moments, then Klep called, "Two minutes are up."

"Why don't you break down the door and come on in," replied Morgan's voice, with a bit of the braggadocio in it.

Klep soon saw that he was dealing with a spunky little chap, who was not to be frightened into submission, so he changed his tactics, and, assuming a more conciliatory tone, told Morgan what he was after, and offered him a share in the booty, if the plan was successful, whereupon the door opened. The astonished Junior watched Klep in blank astonishment as he walked to the window and deposited the heavy end of the board on the sill.

"Now, boys," said our leader, "shove her out; and, Kenny, you are the smallest and the spriest of the lot, you've got to climb around there into Baker's room and roll out those melons while we sit on this end of the board and steady it."

Kenny removed his shoes, crept stealthily in through the window, and one by one the large green ovals were taken from him and laid on Morgan's floor.

"Let's call some of the other fellows," said I, "for we can't possibly finish all these, and we might as well do the job thoroughly while we are at it."

The scene that followed would have turned a darkey green with envy. In half an hour a box full of well-scraped rinds was all that remained of Baker's prizes.

"Kenny," said I, "suppose you put that box where you found it, and when the Judge wakes up in the morning he wont know what's happened."

"All right," replied he, "I'll do it." So in he went once more and placed the box of rinds exactly where the melons had been.

"Now, boys," said Klep, "we've got to nail this board back on the bench and cover our tracks. So long, fellows."

* * * * *

Grafton Baker had been in college a long time, and prided himself on the fact that he had never been outwitted by the younger boys. He was called "Judge" because he had originated the "St. Luke's Court," and been its only magistrate up to date. His great hobby was fine melons, and when he had retired on the night previous, he had taken every precaution to protect what he considered the best fruits of the summer. As he walked out into his study the next morning he glanced under the table to see if his treasures were safe.

"Well, by hickey," he ejaculated, "somebody hasn't done a thing to those melons! I wonder if I forgot to lock that door last night."

Upon examination, the fastenings were found intact, so he threw himself in a big arm chair and began to soliloquize:

"Now, no fool would have tried to climb around that window, I know; for there's nothing to hold to but the vines, and they would not support a cat. There's been no ladder up here, or else these little tendrills that have matted on the sill would have been crushed. It beats me," said he at last. "I see only one explanation for it, and that is, that I am a sonambulist, and ate them in my sleep, but if I did I got less satisfaction out of them than any four similar melons I have eaten before!"

The Judge was clearly nonplussed, but he decided to bide his time and await developments. So he hurried on down to breakfast, and took his usual seat between McKenny and Klepto.

After the usual morning greetings had been exchanged, and there was a lull in the conversation, Klepto asked: "Say, Judge, did you lose anything last night?"

"Well, yes," replied he, "I did. Why do you ask?"

"Because some of us were out pretty late, and, after we got home, we saw somebody go into your room by Morgan's window. I watched him hand some articles to his companion, and then climb back. Morgan must have been implicated in it. Why don't you try him before the court?"

By this time the Judge was greatly interested. He arose and rapped on the table, "There will be a meeting of St. Luke's Court in the mail-room immediately after dinner," he said. Then he asked Winston to act as judge, since he himself was the plaintiff, and together they issued the following complaint and warrant:

STATE OF TENNESSEE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, SEWANEE TOWNSHIP.

STATE OF TENNESSEE
vs.
WALTER MORGAN.

Before Thomas D. Winston, Justice of the Peace.

To any constable or other lawful officer of Franklin County—Greeting:

Whereas, Grafton Baker hath this day complained, on oath, before me, Thomas D. Winston, a Justice of the Peace of the county aforesaid, that on or about the twenty-eighth day of August, 1898, certain personal property of the said Grafton Baker, to-wit: Four watermelons, of unusual size, were feloniously stolen, taken and carried away from the premises of him, the said Grafton Baker, in the county aforesaid, and that he hath just cause to suspect, and doth suspect, that Walter Morgan, late of said county, did feloniously steal and carry away the same contrary to law and against the peace and dignity of the State.

These are therefore to command you forthwith to apprehend the said Walter Morgan, and bring him before me, or some other Justice of the Peace of said county, to answer the above complaint, and to be further dealt with according to law. Herein fail not.

Given under my hand, this twenty-ninth day of August, 1898.

THOMAS D. WINSTON,
Justice of the Peace.

It happened that I was the regular authorized constable at the time, so I was ordered to serve the warrant and arrest the accused. At the time appointed, I secured a posse and with great difficulty succeeded in bringing the obstreperous postulant into the court-room. Winston took the chair, and, after repeated raps with his gavel, he secured order. Klepto was the clerk of the court, and McKenny prosecuting attorney. After the indictment had been read, the case was opened for the State in the following speech by McKenny:

"Your Honor," he began, "it affords me the deepest and most profound grief to realize that one so young and seemingly innocent could be guilty of such a monstrous crime as was committed last evening within the very walls of this hallowed building, sanctified by the righteous and upright lives of the devout theologues who dwell within its precincts.

The craft and subtlety of the devil, sir, must be deep rooted in his youthful breast, for the ingenuity with which this plan was conceived and executed shows him to be an adept in the art of burglary. Such skill comes only by experience. Your Honor is doubtless familiar with the position of the windows of adjoining studies. Now, the distance between the two is too wide to allow the passage from room to room to be made unaided. But the breadth of each window is such as to permit a board to be protruded from one, at an angle sufficient to secure admittance through the other to the neighboring apartments. Along such a board these magnificent melons were rolled, and the expression of smug complacency that has adorned the face of the prisoner all morning is, beyond a doubt, an index of his guilt. The prosecution can bring witnesses to prove that his light was burning until the wee small hours of the morning, and other evidence can be produced to show that he was complicated in the theft."

The witnesses were sworn in. Hillyer testified that he had heard sounds of revelry in Morgan's room during the night; Brown, that he had seen the board thrust out of the window; and Johnson, that he had caught sight of the traces of a nocturnal feast on the steps of the fourth entry.

The counsel for the defendant then said, in part: "Your Honor, I am amazed beyond expression in any language suitable to a theologue, at seeing you entertain for a moment the testimony of these witnesses who have been brought forward this afternoon. Any one knowing these men would not believe them on oath. It has been proven beyond a doubt that each and every one of them is afflicted with some form of insanity. Take Mr. Hillyer, for instance, anybody who has tried to study anywhere in the vicinity of the room of this gentleman, and has heard the wild and weird sounds that he produces, with the aid of a flute, would not hesitate to swear that he is *non compos mentis*. It is well known that the second witness tried, on the occasion of his initiation, to outbuck the celebrated goat of his fraternity. Does anyone doubt his mental derangement? As to the third gentleman, Your Honor, the counsel for the defense has had a personal experience which proves that he is murderously inclined, and therefore his testimony is void. Once, in Hebrew class, a dispute arose between us over the position of a vowel, and it waxed so warm that the witness drew a large jack-knife and threatened to assassinate me. Can you accept what he says as true? Now, sir, I ask you to look into the face of my client, and see if you can find there any trace of crime. Those eyes! like, in color, to the cerulean sky, windows to a soul as pure as the driven snow, could never belong to a man guilty of such heinous offence! Your Honor, I ask you to use your judgment in this matter, and I feel sure the prisoner will depart from this court-room free as the birds which wing their flight through the barless vaults of heaven."

"Prisoner at the bar," said Winston, "I am about to render my verdict, and, as the evidence seems against you, have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes, Your Honor," replied Morgan. "I turn State's evidence. The plan pursued in the commission of this theft has been very accurately described by the prosecuting attorney, but one important detail was omitted. The ringleader in that conspiracy was that gentleman himself, and his accomplices were the constable and the clerk of the court."

Consternation reigned supreme, Klepto disappeared through the front window, McKenny escaped by way of the back

one, and I fled out of the door. Prisoner, witnesses, counsel and spectators followed in hot pursuit. The judge alone remained in his seat. But we had the start, and the chase was hopeless.

"Let's go back and hang old Winston for not helping us apprehend the criminals," suggested some one.

The crowd rushed hastily back to the court-room, but the judge had disappeared, and so the High Court of St. Luke's Hall adjourned *sine die*.

My little princess, dreamy eyed and crowned
With hair of golden glory,
Her pages are as many as are found
In any fairy story.

My little princess, sweet, and bookish grown,
She can't read very well,
But giants, elves, and fairies are her own;
She holds them by a spell.

My small enchanted princess, laughing light
We tell, in loving sport,
How in Life's later fairy-tale, a knight
Will some day come to court.

The Lily and the Lucre

As when the lily to the light unfolds
Its purity, its incense-breathing soul,
So thou; thy charms the admiring world beholds,
Thy virtues as examples on a scroll.

Thine owners, man and wife, had watched thee grow,
Endowed with all the gifts that God doth give,
And trained thy slender stalk as it should go—
Then dids't thou feel thy beauteous self to live.

The humming-bird, that flashing honey thief,
Oft wooed thee in the freshness of the morn;
The brilliant butterfly, gay lived and brief,
Sought on thy lips the fear of death to scorn.

While I, just as the timorous nightingale,
Sought some sequestered shade from man's eye free;
Then, when the amorous moon with features pale
Arose, poured I my pent-up love to thee.

And this eternal happiness had been,
Had not the glaring sun, grown hard of old,
Discovered thee to one of those called men,
Who crush all others with the weight of gold.

He saw thee in thy budding innocence,
And said too truly, "This, too, gold will buy;"
Then offered to thine owners recompense —
O had'st thou then had wings with me to fly.

They tore thee rudely from the quiet spot
Where thou did'st dwell in happiness and peace;
But ah! one thing they left, thy heart forgot,
To this I'll sing, my songs shall never cease.

To thee all constant Dian vows I made;
To other lilies, while Time's sands shall run:
Better to bloom beneath some obscure shade
Than wither in the glare of Wealth's gold sun.

Forensic

A plain hall on our campus stands
Raised in the past by unskilled hands,
Its name is known in sundry lands —
Forensic.

While fashioned not on classic mould,
Yet as the decades past have rolled,
Its functions have been manifold —
Forensic.

A peaceful court where reasons vie
To win the castings of the die,
And gain the fame that they imply—
Forensic.

The devotees at Music's shrine,
In brilliant concert oft combine,
And fill its walls with notes divine —
Forensic.

Its floor assumes a waxen glaze
On which the light fantastic sways
A mobile multicolored maze —
Forensic.

Type of a rough primeval age,
It marks our growth from stage to stage,
'Tis history's first yet latest page —
Forensic.

Embellished by no trace of art,
But close to every loyal heart,
May modern pride ne'er rend apart —
Forensic.

For, when our college days are past,
When mountain scenes are fading fast,
This memory will linger last —
Forensic.

The Letters of One Bessie Brunt—Summer Girl

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE, June 30, 1900.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I may not sleep until I write you of my safe arrival, at five thirty, in this funny place where so much can happen in such little time.

Billy met me at the station; he greeted me with a hug and this remark, "Glad to see you; your face is awfully dirty; get in."

When I had come to, I "got in" a carriage, the driver turned in his seat, touched his hat and said, "You're Mr. Brunt's sister, ain't you?" I said, "Yes," and we were introduced. Billy took my checks and gave them to another intimate friend of his, saying, "Here, Wallace, bring the stuff up to Palmetto Hall, and quick." To me he said, "Of course you will want to go to dancing school." I thought I knew how to dance, but kept quiet, Billy looked so big and lordly. Yes, he is fearfully well. We drove up a sandy street where the trees grow in the middle, or any old place. If a stump is in the road every one drives politely round it for fear of disturbing it. Here politeness extends to every thing, even to dogs, pigs and stumps. The dogs go to church, but not the pigs or stumps; at least that is what one of the Seniors told me at supper. My hostess is so cordial I shall call her "the kind lady." I came to my room and found it sweet, with muslin curtains in the windows and flowers on the dressing table. Supper is a blank. Billy took me in and introduced me to about fifteen boys, all dressed alike in the most remarkable clothes. I suppose they are very poor, and trying to be stylish, for the suits are of a sort of shiny tan crash, and look as if they cost about fifteen cents apiece. Billy is really a nice boy. I know he doesn't have to wear such awful looking clothes, but he hates to seem better off than the others. After supper one of these orphans asked me to go to dancing school with him. His name was queer; I did not catch it. We went to a place called Forensic, which I imagined a palace of delights. It looks like an inverted piano box, and a shabby one at that. However, these impressions vanished when my orphan said, "Now, Miss Brunt, Hugger is going to hit the box, so give me this dance, please." So "Hugger" (who is another orphan) hit the box, i. e., piano. He played a two-step. My partner just picked me up and pranced around that floor at a 2.40 gait. It was like shooting the chutes, or a switch-back, or any thing breathless. Before I could speak another orphan, also nameless, ran away with me, and so on until "Home, Sweet Home," was played.

I have seen the Supply Store but not the University. One of the orphans says "the University is more spiritual than material." He told me this while we were drinking soda at the aforesaid Supply Store.

There is one charming man here with a soft voice and a "de" in his name. He has grand manners, and two-steps like an energetic arch angel. To-morrow I am going to chapel with him. Billy says to beware of him, because he is the "hottest rusher on the pike." Now, what is that? Something about a fraternity, I guess.

Yes, I have done one naughty thing. There was a student with a big round head standing in the hall down stairs. I was up stairs, on my way to my room, and stopped to get a drink. His head looked so inviting and smooth I poured what was left in the dipper on top of it, then I ran. Good night. I will write to-morrow. Lovingly, BESSIE.

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE, Late Monday Night.

MÀ MÊRE — Many thanks for the express package with the lilac gown and the violet hat. I look lovely in 'em. You need not be so excited about the gentleman that I baptized out of the water bucket. He is quite benevolent.

With us, Sunday is a day of rest. Not so in Sewanee. That is why I did not write as I promised. Eleven o'clock service at the University Chapel quite took my breath away. My escort (the one with the voice, manners and French name), came for me and took me to the queerest looking church — it looks as if it had grown a wing every year in the hope of getting to heaven soon and taking its congregation along, because all of the wings are fitted with seats.

I was put in a seat, my escort bowed and flew; before I could get over being left alone, two dogs came in, sat down comfortably and looked expectantly about. They had the air of old inhabitants. Then there was the sound of marching feet and two companies of wriggling, smiling cadets banged in with rattling of swords. This was the Grammar School. A quiet command or two seated them in one of the wings when, in a body they turned square around in their seats to see who was in the chapel. So many had shaved heads; it must be a punishment here. They looked like gentlemanly convicts.

Now Seniors in Oxford gowns came in, carrying mortar boards with black tassels. Law students, "Meds," "theologues" and two proctors followed; distinguished one from another by different colored tassels to their caps. The Law had green, the meds red, the theologues purple, and those two lovely proctors, who sat in high chairs, like a pair of good babies, had yellow. They keep the other little boys in order. The professors all sat together in a place near the chancel called the "synagogue," they looked fearfully learned, and one and all had laundry bags of different colored silks hanging down their backs.

How can I tell you about the music, all made by the boys themselves? A bell tapped once, somewhere, and then — again. The organist's reverie changed to a triumphant hymn, softly the voices began and then a golden cross carried high, appeared in the doorway and the congregation rose as one man. I said lots of prayers and felt awfully good and was getting very conceited about my soul until the chaplain began to preach, and then I did not feel quite so saintly.

There was evensong after tea, quite sweet; then the boys gathered around the organ and simply roared hymns — especially "our boys" at this hall. At the house were callers *ad lib.*, and one awful swell asked me to go to the Fourth of July hop with him. He always stands with his left hand in his pocket and with his right foot pigeon-toed — the effect is careless. But he isn't careless a bit. He just runs most things up here, Athletic Association, chiefly. This afternoon

there was a baseball game. Sewanee people are odd. The more rickety and ugly a thing is the better they love it. Now their athletic field would disgrace a State orphan asylum. But they treat it with care, except when the Grammar School pulls the tin roof off the grandstand and beats it with sticks to guy the other team. To-day we played Vanderbilt. I am so sleepy. I can't tell you anything but that I wore my lilac gown and sat in a carriage draped with purple, and shrieked and howled until I felt dead and buried. We won. Oh, yes! Score, four to nothing, and there was "Simp," who was always on the negative side of every question, he shook his head so often. He was the catcher, and caught every old foul those disgusting Vanderbilts knocked. And "Kil" and "Cream-puff" to pitch, and Joe Selden on third, and a man they called "Tar Bucket," out in the field. Nobody is ever called by their right name up here. I wish you would write to Billy, he is rushing a Sewanee girl *furiously*, she is *years* older than he, and he won't listen to a *word* I say. She called yesterday; she is pretty, and too clever.

A good many are looking after my happiness, but there is safety in numbers. No time to write every day, and my next will be after the hop.

Billy made me lend him fifteen dollars yesterday to buy that Sewanee girl American Beauty roses for the ball, so please send me thirty the next time you write. Lovingly, Bess.

Sewanee, Tennessee, August 14, 1900.

With deepest contrition, mother dear, do I remember my snippy telegrams and telephone messages. When that creation arrived from Madame Celeste in time for the Red Ribbon German I wept tears of mingled repentance and thankfulness. But if you had ever been here and had a rushing time and had to catch sleep on the fly, you would understand that letter-writing seems an absurd impossibility, Sewanee makes you forget that the world exists anywhere else. It is an awful sort of a place.

Where shall I begin — say Commencement Day. Imagine a Sunday service only with everybody in new gowns and hats, and billions of Bishops and Summer girls. All the clergymen have out their freshest vestments and grandest stoles and the little choir boys look scrubbed and angelic and the bugle calls the Grammar School and there is hurry and a rustling of papers. The choir walks in chapel through the west door. I send you a programme, that was given me, so you can see the order of procedure. The Bishops just look like good natured fat butterflies in their grand looking hoods and robes, and as for the V. C. he burst out of his chrysalis in a red and ermine robe that had a jeweled clasp on it that I want terribly for an evening cloak, and the way he just slung Latin around and graduated those men and conferred honorary degrees on visiting ecclesiastical lights, was a caution. And then the Graduating Class talked both "French and Latin and Greek and Timbuctoo," and we (the congregation) looked intelligent, and did not understand more than seventeen words out of the whole lot of it. When Billy took the German medal, I nearly died of surprise and pride. The Bishop who awarded it made a beautiful little speech. I was rather glad you weren't there, because I know you

would have cried, and that is such bad form. I wept a little myself—no I didn't, I just winked at Ditty. When the final diploma was given and the last man had been proclaimed "proficient in the School of History," etc., I went home fearfully hungry and feeling very ignorant, and was delighted to hear conversation at dinner go on as usual in English as she is spoke in Sewanee.

There was a ball that night. The other festivities for the week were the Alpha Tau and S. A. E. receptions, the K. A.'s beautiful musicale and the Commencement German. All were charming affairs, and made a brilliant seven days.

The crowning joy though was the german for which engraved invitations were issued. Billy's Sewanee girl gave him the mitten for an "old boy" who suddenly appeared on the scene and grabbed her name off the list. So he took me. He came in looking like a Knight of the Garter, or some royal order, with a broad, red ribbon across his shirt front; he talked continually of rain whenever I asked him a question, and surprised me to death by giving me a gorgeous bunch of American Beauties. He liked my white gown, and when I got to Forensic I did not recognize the old place. White cloth in soft folds covered the walls, long empire mirrors were between every two windows, and from the high, high ceiling petals of red roses, strung on fine threads, swayed in the breeze; lamps with red rose shades were all about. Nearly all the girls wore white gowns, and all carried red roses. You see red predominated. The favors were umbrellas with "Remember the Rain" printed on them, red bonnets and tiny hatchets; long red ribbons with the helmet head, the badge of this sphinx-like organization, stamped on them in gold, and lots more that I can't remember.



For those girls who were fortunate enough to be selected for partners by red ribbon men, there were little gold and garnet pins in the form of an "S" for Sewanee, I suppose.

My slippers are quite worn out with dancing; they look as tired as I feel. What a time it has all been! I shall come home early next week. There aren't any confessions of serious nature to make. In an intermission at Commencement Hop one of the new graduates rather fell over himself trying to explain that I was necessary to his happiness. But he looked so horrified when I began to accept his offer of deep and true devotion (?) that I stopped teasing him, and we are quite good friends again.

The summer is over. I have had a heavenly time. Thank you so much for letting me come. If one took this place seriously, the effect would be dreadful; but I am quite ready to come home. Have the dog cart at the station for me, and I will drive up myself. Billy is positively home-sick, but football will cure that.

Lovingly, BESS.

An Interrupted Discourse

"How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection"!



HEN Congreve said 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' he spoke but a half truth. Music can also rouse the sleeping wrath of saints. Listen to this tale of woe.

It was E. Q. B. evening. Never mind the date. Suffice it to say it was before the Fire—the great fire from whose ashes the present supply store rose up even as a phenix, with the E. Q. B. perched upon its back like a galaxy of gods bound for Olympus. A "Black" light shown from the windows of the little brown frame house on the hill-side, beneath the malodorous shadow of Thompson Hall. Here was the professorial eyrie; here broods of heaven-hatched ideas fell a prey to rapacious mortals. Acetylene gas had not been dreamt of even by Ulysses II. Human gas had a monopoly. Sometimes, however, Sam Black, the reigning janitor, condescended to furnish a kerosene lamp, and the light from this, which frequently was no light at all, was called a "Black" light.

Now, whenever the celestial light-house keepers saw a "Black" light shining from the windows of the E. Q. B., they got out their sapolio and put an extra shine on the stars, lest their beacons be dimmed by the greater lights below. And it is said that on club nights the winds soughed a little louder than usual in the neighboring trees, just to drown the unparliamentary monologues of the members when they jammed into fences and plunged into ditches on their way to the club.

On the night in question the stars were rubbed to their brightest twinkle, for the Dean of St. Luke's was on to lead, the great, little, old, young, angelic Doctor, whose fame was known to every man except himself, and who, after Samuel Biery, B. B. C., Janitor, etc., was the mightiest power in all the Theological Department. It had leaked out that he intended to speak on his favorite, theme, τὶ ἦν εἶναι— *What it were to be a man*. A deliverance of the greatest magnitude was confidently expected. It was common talk over the whole mountain that the Doctor had spent the afternoon in the woods with Aristotle and St. Paul. Sam had seen him pass soon after dinner with a strange gentleman on each arm. He was saying to one on his left, 'Now St. Paul says,' and then, turning to the other, 'But you must not ignore our friend Aristotle.' Sam stated that the strangers could be none other than these friends about whom the Doctor was always talking, and Sam's veracity was unquestioned.

And so when the Doctor rose to speak, his glance, travelling nervously about the room, discovered not one vacant chair. His eyes twinkled, he scratched his head vigorously, and his face was a study in smiles. Suddenly this expression changed to a look of intense earnestness, as the sunlight is swept out of a landscape by the advancing storm. His eyes no longer twinkled, they glowed like the eyes of a seer. The very hairs on his head and the pores of his skin were eloquent. He moved about nervously, and raised his left hand as if he held an invisible something between his thumb and

first finger. A smile, faint and evanescent as summer lightning, lit up the furrows in his face a moment, just as if some friend in the cloud of witnesses that compassed him about—St. John, perhaps, or Plato—had greeted him.

The words came slowly, but every thought was a pearl of great price. His movements were his punctuation marks. Now he would have one foot on a chair, now the other. He edged his way to the Secretary's desk and threw his leg over the end of it, then, drawing the other after, sat dangling his feet and struggling with the great thoughts that surged within. He stopped in the middle of a sentence and raised the East window, for the Doctor's mental furnace demanded a strong draft. Then, with the breeze full upon his bare head, he was on the heights again, making his points and holding them up between his fingers.

As he was nearing the climax of his discourse he suddenly stopped short. A curious expression played over his face. "What was that?" he asked excitedly. No one had heard anything. A member who had been dozing looked about guiltily, fearing he had snored. The Doctor listened a few moments, and began again, but he had hardly spoken a dozen words before he stopped a second time, "Didn't you hear that?" he exclaimed, "I can't be mistaken. I heard the sound of a trumpet." He turned and peered through the open window, first toward heaven and then toward—St. Luke's. The company smiled, but even the drowsiest listened. In a moment the sound of a big horn followed by demoniacal yells poured in through the window. As the company rose to their feet, the Doctor grabbed his hat, and, with a hurried "Something's the matter at St. Luke's," dashed out of the door.

* *

Something *was* the matter at St. Luke's. Not many weeks before, when the Dean was escorting a visitor through the building, impressed by the solemn stillness of the place, she turned to him and said: 'Ah, Doctor, when I think of the beautiful, peaceful lives of the saintly young men who dwell within these walls, I feel that this is holy ground, and that I ought to take off my shoes.' What would she have said had she visited St. Luke's this night? The peaceful hall was in an uproar; the saintly youths were yelling like dervishes—Babel was a Quaker meeting compared with it, and Bedlam a dumb asylum. Every window was open, and in every window was an open throat, belching forth discordant sounds. A house afire and a Vanderbilt game at one and the same time could not have produced a greater hullabaloo. Yes, something surely *was* the matter at St. Luke's.

"What in the name of Aristotle has gone wrong?" exclaimed the Doctor, hurrying along as fast as legs could carry him. "Can it be that the postulants have risen in rebellion? Surely that dose of Soteriology I gave the theologues cannot have gone to their *heads!* Or is it that the class in Dogmatics has reached those thrilling chapters in Pearson? Maybe it's another case of poisoned ice cream." Fast came thoughts to the Doctor's mind, and fast came he toward the uproar. Indeed, before he reached the first entry, known as Heresy Hall, the whole mountain was aroused and bellowing like a mad bull. The welkin rang with the blasts of horns, the barking of dogs, and the stentorian tones of the megaphone. It was as if Judgement Day had been announced in Bob Town.

He dashed up the stairs to the the third floor and knocked sharply on a door to the left. It was opened. Inside were three students, one theologue, a South Carolinian, and two postulants, one a Texan, the other a Kentuckian. The Texan, since known as the "windy little editor," was seated in the window, absorbed in injecting all the wind his lungs could pump up into a big battered brass horn, the sole survivor of the once famous Sewanee Brass Band, and the horn was retaliating by uttering its most diabolical sounds. The theologue with a tin tub and a stick, and the other postulant with a big tin waiter and the poker, were marching and stamping about the room, to a running accompaniment of songs and yells.

For a moment the Doctor stood in the door breathless. Then, his eyes blazing with indignation, and his whole frame trembling, he cried, "gentlemen! gentlemen! What *does* this mean? It is disgraceful!"

The Texan dropped his horn, the South Carolinian his tub, and the Kentuckian his waiter, and all stood confused. Nobody spoke for several moments. A voice broke the silence which was growing awkward. "Come now. All together, lets give 'em 'While we were boys at Sewanee.'

"Now listen to *this* please, Doctor," said the three students together.

Through the partition came the sound of a guitar and a dozen or more voices:

"Sing a song together boys, we'll sing it loud and clear,
Sing it with a hearty will and voices full of cheer,
Sing it as we used to sing it in our Junior year,
While we were boys at Sewanee."

"Doctor," said the theologue, "we've been having two or three hours of that every night."

Then came the chorus, every fellow singing at the top of his voice:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Ring out the chorus free,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Sewanee boys are we,
Away with melancholy and let care and trouble flee,
While we are boys at Sewanee."

"We've stood this, Doctor, without making any special kick all through the term," said one of the postulants, "but exams. are coming on now, and we asked those fellows to let up on their serenade. They just guyed us. Then we served notice that we meant to have peace, even if, like the old Quaker, we had to take our guns and make it. To-night is our first effort as peace makers. We are quite ready to lay down our arms, but we *must have peace.*"

The Doctor closed the door without another word, ran down the stairs, out doors, into the next entry, into a student who was coming down, up the stairs to the third landing and knocked at the door on his right. This was the answer to his knock:

"Hand in hand together boys we've wandered through the night,
Step and voice in unison and every heart was light,
Always fit and ready, boys, for anything in sight,
While we were boys at Sewanee."

Again the Doctor knocked, this time with more emphasis, and again the sound was lost in a vocal outburst.

"Yes and there were maidens, too, who heard our footsteps beat,
While the moonlight shone along the still deserted street."

The Doctor fairly thundered at the door.
"Tear 'em up, out there. Come in!!!," yelled a voice.
The door was opened, but before the revellers saw who the newcomer was, out came the last two lines.

"We woke for them the echoes with our serenading sweet,
While we were boys at Sewanee."

What followed we know not, nor do we dare to put down in black and white the wild rumors which were afloat next day. To the best of our knowledge and belief no one was killed, but certainly someone was wounded. At the ball grounds the next afternoon Bishop Gailor was overheard saying to the Doctor, "You must have handled them without gloves. I heard that you kicked Tucker from the top to the bottom of the stairs and then jumped on him and—". Sewanee scored, and the sentence was never finished.

But whatever happened when the Doctor broke up the *regular* serenade, this much is certain: The return serenade, since known as the great sacred concert, was the grand finale of the musical season at St. Luke's. The Doctor's discourse was not the only thing cut short that night. It is said that even the kitchen kettle refused to sing for a month, and the thrifty spider wreathed his net about the matron's Singer.

Darkness and Dawn

The dreary darkness lulls the earth to sleep,
The black clouds gather 'round the moon's fair face,
The little rock-torn streamlets cease to weep
And murmur gently of the night's sweet grace,
Sweet grace that, like a gentle woman fair,
Is sweeter still because we know not why 'tis there.

That wan-faced lady of the mountain mist
Now drives her milk-white chargers cross the sky,
Her waving locks are by the moonbeams kissed,
She scans the firmament with anxious eye
To find her love, the sunlight's golden ray,
Who kissed her once when night had lingered in the arms of day.

The hours slip by; along the eastern ridge faint shadows crouch and run,
The trees take shape — a blaze of light — up leaps the morning sun.

"Forensic"

Dancing: A Dialogue

"Been to many dances this season?"
"No, not to many."
"This your first?"
"No, not quite."
"The second?"
"Hardly."
"The third?"
"No."
"The fourth?"
"No."
Pause.
"How many have you been to?"
"Well, I've lost count."
"Then you must have been to a lot?"
"Well not so very many."
"Half a dozen?"
"No, not so many as that."
"Five?"
"Yes, about five."
"It's hard to remember?"
"Yes."
"Yes; they are so much alike?"
"Yes; yes."
Pause.
"Not at all different one from another?"
"No."
"Quite similar, in fact?"
"Yes."
"Yes."



Pause.
"May I see your programme?"
"You can have number five. It's a waltz."
"They're mostly waltzes, aren't they? Afraid you won't be able to read my writing?"
"Oh, I shall remember."
"I never could write well?"
"No."
"So awfully plebian and school-girlish to write well?"
"Yes."
"They have such bad pencils, too, on these tassels?"
"Yes."
"And such rotten cards?"
"Very."
"And the points always break?"
"Nearly always."
"Made in Germany, I s'pose?"
"Yes, I suppose so."
"Ever been to Germany?"
"No."
"Nor have I."
Pause.
"Awfully nice, I should think — the Rhine?"
"Awfully, I should think."
Pause.
"Can you reverse?"
"No."

"Nor can I."

Pause.

"It must be awfully jolly to be able to reverse?"

"Oh, awfully."

"Awfully hard, though?"

"Awfully."

"Well, number five. I'll remember.

Music.

Number five waltz begins.

"Had a job to find you."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Such a lot of couples at these Commencement Germans."

"Yes."

"I should know you anywhere, though."

"Really?"

"Yes. Pick you out of a thousand."

"Oh, you are flattering; believe you've told every girl on the mountain that."

"No, not at all — should know you by your yellow gown.'.

"Oh!"

"Of course. I mean I should know you by your eyes."

"By your own eyes, you mean?"

"By George! That's awfully funny. Awfully."

They collide with another couple.

"Awfully sorry—my fault."

"Why don't you look where you're going?"

They continue waltzing.

"Beautiful flowers you've got? Do you like them?"

"Very much."

"What sort are they?"

"Roses."

"How unconventional! They suit you awfully well."

"Do they?"

"Rather! Never saw anything suit any one so well."

"You say that to every girl, too."

"I mean it—really."

She laughs.

"'Pon my word! I assure you — never said it before in my life, at least, never meant it, except to you—honest."

Violent collision.

Frowns.

Expletives.

Apologies.

Adjournment to Chapel steps.

Proposal.

Acceptance.



WATER-FALLS NEAR SEWANEE

THE STORY OF A STORY







SUCCESS is not always happiness, and well-meaning friends do not always assist when they really intend to be of service, as the following facts will show:

Bowers was the editor-in-chief of the Magazine during my second year at Sewanee, and that spring he had offered a prize for the best short story written by a Sewanee student. I had never written a story, and, indeed, I should never have thought of writing one had not Bowers himself suggested to me that I ought to enter the contest. Bowers was really a great man at Sewanee in those days. He had managed everything, edited everything, been president of everything, and won almost everything since I first reached the mountain. Such a suggestion, coming from such a source, was not to be thoughtlessly rejected. Therefore, after consultation with my faithful room-mate, I began racking my brains for the plot of a story. There was still a week or more before the contest closed, and most of that time I spent in writing and cogitation. Finally, I laid before my room-mate a much bescratched and many times rewritten manuscript for his criticism and correction. I thought he lacked enthusiasm somewhat, but I swallowed my wounded pride with a gulp, and adopted his suggestions.

Two weeks of anxious waiting "dragged their weary length along." Then Glidden, the associate editor, made me supremely happy by announcing that the committee had voted to accept my story. For a whole minute I felt the perfect joy of one who has toiled and struggled and eventually achieved success. Such happiness was too great to last; and when Glidden gave me back the manuscript for revision and improvement, the intoxicating first flush of pride and victory was gone. Still, there was enough good news left for my room-mate to hear, and I hastened to tell him my good fortune.

Then I unrolled the manuscript, which I had laboriously copied with perfect neatness before sending it to the judges. It was simply streaked and speckled with blue pencil marks which Glidden had made to indicate the "revision and improvement" desired. At the first glance there really seemed little of the original story remaining—so many lines had been scratched out and new ones inserted. I felt a lump of disappointment rise in my throat, but said nothing, and began immediately to rewrite the story, adopting Glidden's corrections.

I handed it to Bowers the next morning. He received it with a smile, and congratulated me on my success. That smile of approval and those words of congratulation from Bowers were enough to send me back to my room with a glad heart and a joyful sense of perfect and complete contentment. To think that such a man should praise my work and favor me with tokens of his friendship! Alas! alas! little did I then dream of how that friendship would undo me!

Several more days, this time of patient and happy waiting, flitted merrily by, and people were beginning to ask that time-honored question at Sewanee, "When will the Magazine be out?" My heart fluttered with joyous expectancy, and I longed to tell my friends, and particularly my one "more than friend," that when it *did* come out my story would be in it as having won the prize.

Then came another blow, worse than the first. Bowers sent for me. Timidly I knocked at the door and entered, trembling with fearful apprehension. Bowers' desk was covered with papers, heaped in confusion. Glidden was furiously marking a long column of galley proof with his ugly blue pencil, and Bowers was sitting there in his shirt-sleeves, his collar unbuttoned, his hair tangled and disheveled, and a look of such vexation, annoyance and despair on his aforetime smiling countenance, that with great difficulty I kept myself from fleeing precipitately out of the room.

"Look here, Jennings," he said as I approached the desk, "I've been trying to do something with that story of yours."

My heart sank with a thump.

"It seems to me there is more in the plot than you have gotten out of it," he continued, "and I've been trying to correct it here and there, to make it read better, and to give it a stronger climax. Somehow my style don't fit with yours, or yours won't harmonize with mine, and I think you had better take it back and see if you can't do better yourself."

My blood was now boiling. All my hopes were crushed. All the pleasure of success and all the interest in the tale itself were gone. The only impulse I felt was to snatch the paper and throw it into the fire before his face, to show that I didn't really care anything about the prize anyway, and that if he didn't think my story was good enough for his old magazine, he could look elsewhere for a better one. I think the expression on my face must have betrayed my feelings, for Bowers' tone changed, and he added in a half conciliatory way:

"Of course you realize, Jennings, that we ought to turn out the very best piece of work we can, so as to represent the best Sewanee can do. Now, I think you can improve that story, and, in justice to yourself as well as to Sewanee, you ought to try."

I began to see how Bowers had acquired his reputation as an inter-collegiate debater. I softened perceptibly, and Bowers continued:

"The Magazine is already overdue, and your story is all that is delaying it. Take my advice and lay this copy aside and try to rewrite it on fresh paper, and get it to me as soon as you can in the morning."



Here was encouragement truly! Five times already I had rewritten that story, and now I was to throw it all away and begin again at the beginning! However, Bowers' logic left no chance for an objection. The time was short enough at best, and there being no apparent alternative, with a heavy heart I set about my task. My lamp burned late that night, but before breakfast the next morning I deposited a fresh manunscript on Bowers' desk, and went away feeling that in very truth it *was* an improvement on the original, and that now at last I was done with the story forever.

Several more days passed by. I went through these with careless indifference. So far as the story was concerned, I think I may almost say that I had entirely forgotten it. For one of the most annoying things about college life is that parents and college officers seem to think that students should *sometimes* read books and listen to dreary lectures, and do other dull and uninteresting things like that. They don't often say anything about it, because the dignity of the students would not tolerate too frequent suggestions of that kind. But there are occasional "quizzes" or "hour examinations," and such things which are foolishly intended to discover a student's habits of life—"silent judgments of a man's work and character," the chaplain called them in his famous sermon on Pontius Pilate. The approach of one of these took my mind entirely from the story. It was brought back to it with a sharp clash and a sickening thud the night before the "quiz." A german was going on in Forensic, and I went in late as a "stag." I coveted only one dance, and I thought when I had enjoyed that, I would return to my room and do some of the reading I should have done while I was writing and rewriting that prize story. I looked about the hall. Yes, Miss Sheffield was there, and I lost no time in getting to her and asking for my dance. To my utter surprise and consternation she drew up haughtily and replied, with dignity:

"No, thank you. I prefer to dance with Chinese coolies."

In utter amazement, I stammered out, "Miss Sheffield, what do you mean? What have I done? I must insist upon some explanation!"

I will never forget the look she gave me as she walked away with "the other fellow," and said, in a tone that froze me where I stood:

"To think that a *Sewanee* student could write such a thought, or that a *Sewanee* paper could publish it!"

I drew back like a guilty thing, confronted by the ghost of that buried and forgotten story. I don't know how I got out of the hall without fainting, or falling, or at least slipping on the polished floor, but I did. I rushed straight to the editor's room, seized a magazine, and with trembling hands turned to my fatal story.

Prompted by his interest in my literary success, and intending to round out the weak places of my story, and give it what he thought a stronger and more fitting climax, Bowers had inserted the following delightful passage:

"The hotel was crowded with the inevitable summer girl, and, as usual at such watering places, there was a proportionate scarceness of men. Now, it is a curious thing, but nevertheless a fact, that a summer girl will fall in love with a Dago or a Chinese coolie if nothing better comes to hand," * * * and so on for another paragraph.

With a groan I lay back on the sofa. My summer dream was over, the idol of my ambition shattered, and in all innocence the friendly Bowers remarked:

"Well, Jennings, it's a pretty good story, now isn't it? I think you have fairly won your prize."

And I have never told him what it cost me.

Mourn not too much the withered flowers you wore;
The happy flowers that faded in your hair,
Their beauty, added thus to yours, grew more;
So view their death, as they do, without care.

The Birth

The gentle nurse is risen, all is still;
All nature sleeps; nought but the pealing bell
Is sounding in the silence of the night;
The watchman crieth, "Twelve, and all is well!"

The year, the chaste young maiden we have seen
Grow tall and beautiful 'neath summer's sun,
With autumn's brown put on a tender care,
Is dying now, her four-ply thread is spun.

The notes the bells are pealing are twofold,
The solemn sob-like tolling for the dead,
The joyful ringing for the babe new-born—
And Chronos, hoar with grief, bows low his head.

Fond mem'ries cling around the pale, fair form,
And hopes lie crushed, ambition's dreams no more;
But looking on the fresh and smiling babe
Renews them all more strongly than before.

The Nineteenth Century

GREENOUGH WHITE

An age of light and shadow; of buoyant, exulting strength,
 Of increase of life and knowledge, of wide, imperial thought;
Yet a mocking, questioning spirit reduces its pride at length
 To restlessness and sadness and the semblance of one distraught.

Possessed by a passion for freedom, and loud with the hoarse uproar
 Of a million voices raised in apocalyptic rage;
And straining its gaze through blinding tears toward the days of yore,
 Heartsick with hopeless yearning, O strange, inscrutable age!

A beautiful woman now, of incomprehensible moods,
 Of rapt, aspiring glance, most spiritual, intense,
And a voice of melting softness, whose meaning still eludes,
 As it steals in sweetest music upon the charmëd sense.

Anon a man mature, impatient of theurgy,
 With a vision trained to pierce through the show to the substance of things;
Short of speech, of iron will and invincible energy,—
 And Truth, stern Truth unadorned, the one goddess to whom he clings.

On us in a tenfold sense the ends of the ages are come:
 Great empires, awe-compelling, millennial aeons mute,
And Grecian glory and Gothic glamor—in sooth the sum
 Of all human generations devolves upon us to compute.

For ours is a polyglot age, of obelisk, column, and spire,
 And art of prismatic attempts, in endless antithesis;
Invention, action, passion, reflection—and they who desire
 To master the coming age, must conquer the discords of this.


PLEASANTRIE

A Page From a Junior's Primer

The Proc-tor

Oh! would that I could il lus-trate
This po-em, 'twould be sim-ply great
To show you here the proc-tor bold
Who wears a tas-sel of pure gold
And let you see with grief and pain
This hor-rid man who is the bane
Of all our lives. If we de-sire
To quench a thirst which burns like fire,
Or if we think it would be fine
To spend an eve-ning with our wine
The proc-tor comes up all un-seen
And then re-ports us to the dean.
But is he then an un-mixed curse?
No, hard-ly. He might be far worse.
If he were'nt here, one can-not know
How *ve-ry* wick-ed we might grow.

The Sin-gers

Now search this book with dil-i-gence
You'll hit up-on a page from whence
You'll nev-er wish your eyes to stray
There'll be such pleas-ure in de-lay,
You'll gaze and think how fine a thing
Twould be, if you could on-ly sing.
The pic-ture shows with shade and line
The ones who bow at Or-pheus' shrine.
And do they soar on wings of song
And with them car-ry you a-long
To dream-lands fair of peace and rest,
And do they soothe your sav-age breast?
Well, no! but when it comes to pos-tures sweet
For pho-to-graphs, they can't be beat.

The Pur-ple

My child, if you have scanned this book
You've seen a page which made you look
With great de-light and scream and laugh—
It rep-re-sents the *Pur-ple* staff.
The *Pur-ple* staff one might sup-pose
To be a stick, but one who knows
Will tell you that it's those who write
And scrib-ble all the day and night.
A ques-tion I will put to thee:
Now what re-sem-blance do you see
Be-tween the gay news-pa-per man
And one who dyes the wool? You can
Not quick-ly an-swer it a-right?
I fear you are not ve-ry bright.
The one is sim-ply a lamb dy-er.
We call the oth-er a d—n li-ar.

The Ed-i-tor

Now just turn back a page or two,
There'll be pre-sent-ed to your view
A pho-to-graph not long since took
Of ed-i-tors of this here book.
In the mid-dle sits a man
Who writes with all the might he can.
But, tell me, does he real-ly write?
Oh, not at all, he's filled with fright
Lest there may spring up a be-lief
That he's not ed-i-tor-in-chief.

The Sum-mer Girl

If I were Raph-a-el, or yet
Ve-las-qu-ez or Tin-to-ret,
Then might I paint the sum-mer girl.
My child, I'll tell you, when the whirl
Of waltz and two-step I be-hold,
I love the sum-mer girl four-fold,
Like John the Bap-tist, long since dead,
I, too, o'er danc-ing lose my head.

The Laun-dry

A laun-dry we have got, my child,
For which we should not be re-viled.
They'll take no stu-dent to this place
And wash his hands and scrub his face
And put a gloss up-on his nose.
Nay! nay! they'll sim-ply do up clothes.
But still be-ware! For if you're heard
To soil your lips with a swear word,
Or if your ton-gue has spoke in wrath
To those who crossed you in your path,
Straight to the laun-dry you shall go
And have your mouth cleaned like the snow.
And now I know you're re-con-ciled
To laun-dries, tell me, are'nt you, child?



The Tow-er

My child, why do you shake with fear,
As if some Bug-a-boo were near.
Why do you scream, and why look so-ur
At men-tion of the Bres-lin Tow-er?
I have small doubt that when you quail
You re-col-lect that Lon-don jail,
Where men were put, when blood they'd spilt,
To med-i-tate up-on their guilt.
But calm your-self, drive fright a-way,
And lis-ten well to what I say—
The sole re-sem-blance 'twixt the one
And t'oth-er is a source of fun;
For Lon-don tow-er's famed for crimes,
While our Bres-lin's framed for chimes.

The Club

The E. Q. B.—do not go there,
It is no place for you, my dear.
They are a gay, dare-dev-il lot,
And love their beer and pool, I wot,
And this is not the worst, for hark!
Their great-est joy it is to talk.
In them you see, though rea-son mocks,
An ani-mat-ed par-a-dox.
When speech is sil-ver, as we're told,
Why do they cast their votes for gold?

Gibes

In Holy Writ we learn, who read,
That David, in his beardless days,
On the moon-lit paths did lead
The tender sheep by devious ways.

Luke late avers—(True? May be so)—
That David's still a Shepherd bold;
That down's upon his lip, and tho'
Not sheep, yet dears he doth enfold.

Peters said a little damn,
He thought he said it low,
But everywhere the breezes went,
That damn was sure to go.

It bellowed all 'round town one day,
That roaring, fierce "damn fool,"
It made the children laugh and play
To hear those words in school.

I was asked a riddle the other day—
"Know you why Wigs is like
A shoe store?" And I could not say
Any more than if I had been asked
Why he looked like the pyramids.
I answered the usual way, "No, why"?
"Because he has V. C. kids."

You cut off your nose to spite your face,
Is the way the saying goes,
But "Weary" more properly should cut off
His face to spite his nose.

A dillar, a dollar, you young legal scholar,
What makes you come at noon?
Go back and sleep some more, O Scott;
You *must* not come too soon.

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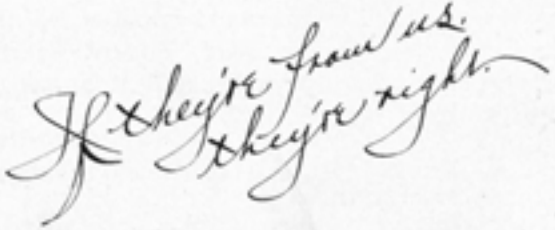
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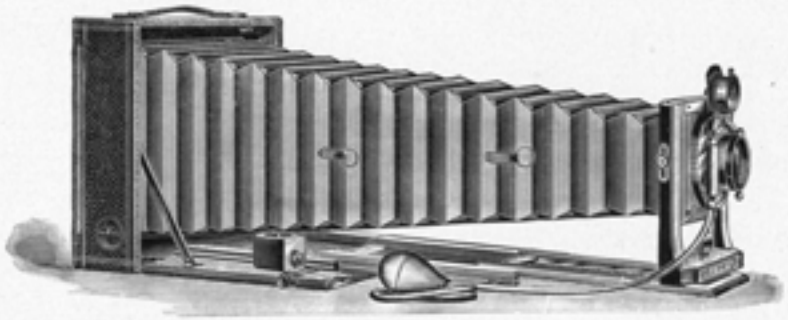
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